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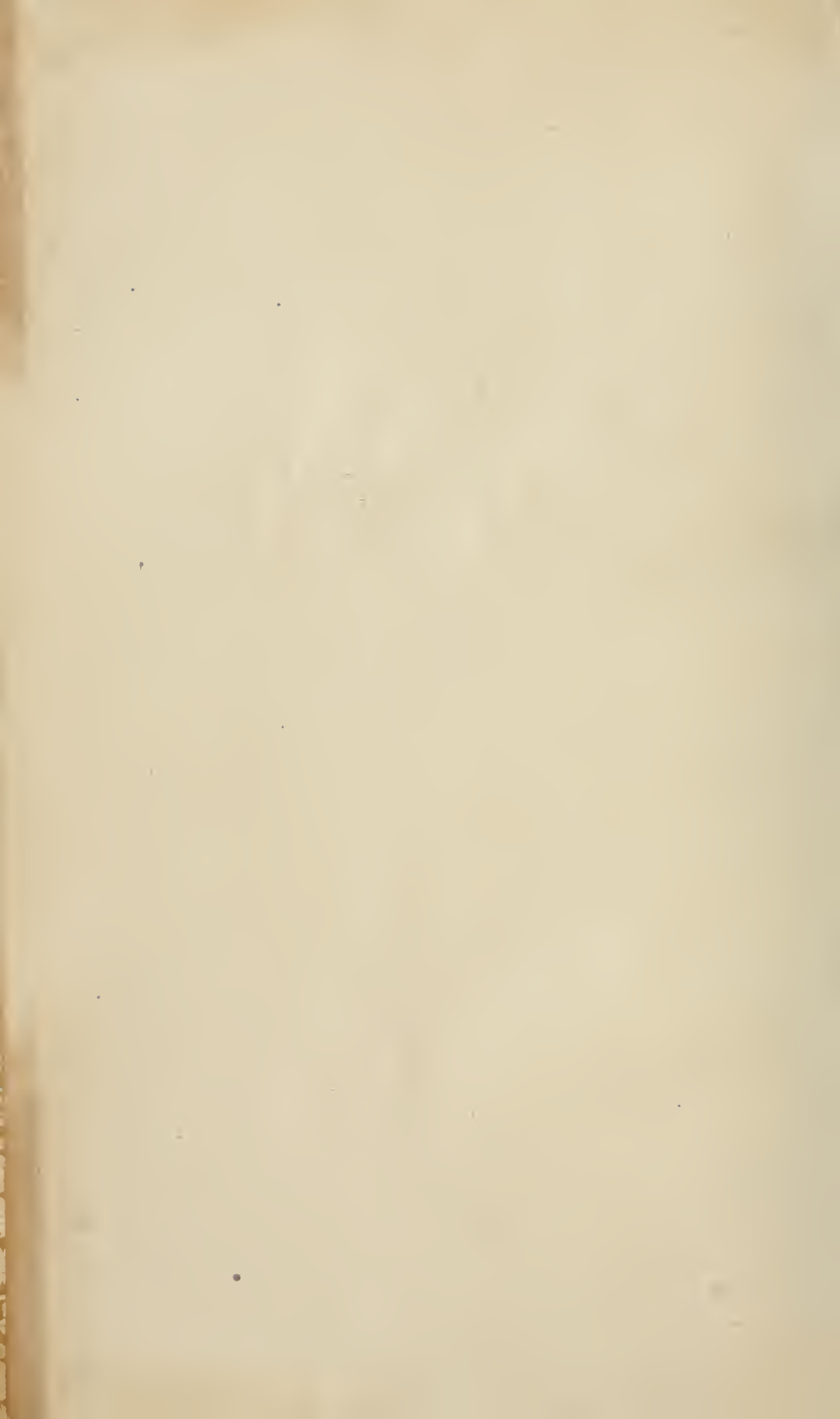
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	295
Accuracy — (ed.)	295
Argument Against It, The —	409
As It Might Have Been Written (poem)	90
Baby and the Breezes, The — Olin Wannamaker	243
Big Bill Pruitt's Trial — R. L. Ferguson	72
Butterfly in November, A —	90
Can You Guess (poem) — E. S. McIntosh	410
Captive Tiger, The (poem) — C. M. Hutchings	354
Charles Eliot Norton — Pearl L. Brinson	52
Children and Flowers —	301
Christmas Spirit, The — (ed.)	144
Club Spirit, The — (ed.)	87
Concerning Verse and Verse Makers — (ed.)	35
Country Life (poem) — H. E. Spence	128
Custom —	256
Dead Beats and Suckers —	150
Dueling Among German Students — G. T. Jenkins	283
Echo From the Past — Mary Loomis Smith	342
Editor's Table —	43, 92, 154, 213, 258, 306, 411
Eternal Feminine, The (poem) — L. I. Jaffe	19
Eternal Quest, The —	406
Famous Saturday Club — Walter West	121
Few and the Many, The — (ed.)	203
Final Word, A — (ed.)	401
Foremost Captain of Industry — J. N. Cole, Jr	189
Fortune's Favorite (poem) —	305
Ghost in the Castle, The — L. A. Puryear	339
Grillparzer's "Sappho" — C. M. Hutchings	183
Grillparzer's Traum, Ein Leben — T. G. Vicker's	237
Guesses about Santa Claus (poem) — S.	152
Haru Wa Kinu (poem) — Kwali	289
* Hans Before the Gate of Heaven — L. I. Jaffe	97
Heaven or Hell (poem) — H. E. Spence	188
Heine's "Sehnsucht" — L. I. Jaffe	241
Homer as a Religious Teacher — Malene Harrell	138
Humorous Sidelights on the Courts and Lawyers of a Century Ago — G. M. Daniel	65



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Immigrants (poem) — C.M. Hutchings	282
Immortality (poem) — Olin Wannamaker	265
Indian Legend, An — W.A. Mahoney	290
Joseph Lee Franklin — R.C. Goldstein	8
Kisses	41
Land of the Lost Souls, The — Edwin L. Jones	350
Letters of Nathaniel Macon to Judge Chas. Tait — W.K. Boyd	368
Literary Notes —	37, 146, 205, 251, 297, 402
Love and Regret (poem) — C.M. Hutchings	25
Lyceum System in New England, The — Claude West	196
Main Chance, The (ed.) —	250
Making Good of Peter, The — E. S. M ^r Intosh	107
Matter of Taste, A —	91
Miserere Domine (poem) — H.E. Spence	106
Mr. Crew's Career — Claude West	80
Mrs. Olive Tilford Dargan — W.M. Marr	230
On Reading (ed.)	86
On the Faust of Stephen Phillips and J. Comyns Carr — W.H.W.	47
On Writing (ed.)	33
"One Thing Thou Lackest" (poem) — S.	91
Only a Tramp (poem) — H.M. North	119
Optimism (poem) — B.S.P.	304
Page from the Memory Book, A. —	209
Paint, Polish, and Powder —	255
Pilgrimage, A — G.S.	355
Poe, E.A.: Writer of Short Stories — E.S. M ^r Intosh	177
Prayer, The — (poem) — E.S. M ^r Intosh	349
Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood, The — Evelyn Jones	193
Rhymester's Art, The (verse) — Louis I. Jaffe	364
Re-Unions (ed.)	400
Rev. Brantley York on Early Days in Randolph County and Union Institute — W.K. Boyd	380
Scuffleton — J.N. Cole, Jr.	23.
Sea Waves, The (poem) — Olin Wannamaker	227
Semi-Centennial (ed.)	400
Serrant in the House, The — C.L. Bivens	244
Since Remus Gon' (poem) — H.E. Spence	9

Sketches	407
Slip-up, A. (poem)	41
Snowstorm, A. — M. A. White	293
Some Experiences in Novel Reading	
I Newcomes — C. F.	26
II Tale of Two Cities — E. K.	29
III Three of George Eliot's Novels — M. H.	31
Some Phases of Ruskin's Life and Work — Claude Flowers	58
Some Social Traits of the Rich Square Quakers	
Song of the Loom, The (poem) — W. A. Bryan	371
Song of the Loom, The (poem) — E. S. M ^c Intosh	64
Song That Lived, The (poem) — H. E. Spence	51
Sorrow-Like Foam (poem) — H. E. Spence	176
Souls of Men, The — C. M. H	137
Spain of Today, The — A. M. Webb	3
Spirit of Autumn, The (poem) — Mary L. Smith	79
Subject Matter (ed.)	144
Sugar Foot	151
Technical Education in the South — C. W. Edwards	266
Thomas Bailey Aldrich — J. L. Hutchinson	358
To Bohemia and Back — E. S. M ^c Intosh	219
To Europe on a Cattle Steamer — Louis I. Jaffe	161
Two Trinity Men In England — L. I. Jaffe	313
Unpublished Letter of J. Fenimore Cooper — W. K. Boyd	366
Warning, A. (poem) — S	257
Wayside Wares	41, 90, 150, 209, 255, 301, 406
Where Ariel Hid (poem) — H. E. Spence	357
Wisdom (poem) — S	211
Wit or Humor (ed.)	204
Work of Daniel Coit Gilman — R. L. Ferguson	150

THE TRINITY ARCHIVE

THE TRINITY ARCHIVE is a monthly magazine published by the Senior Class of Trinity College. Its aim is to promote and develop the exercise of literary ability among the students of the college.

Table of Contents ✓

LITERARY DEPARTMENT

The Spain of Today	<i>A. M. Webb</i>	3
Joseph Lee Franklin	<i>R. C. Goldstein</i>	8
Since Remus Gon' (<i>Poem</i>)	<i>H. E. Spence</i>	9
Clarissa	<i>E. S. McIntosh</i>	10
The Eternal Feminine (<i>Poem</i>)	<i>L. I. Jaffe</i>	19
Scuffletown	<i>J. N. Cole, Jr.</i>	23
Love and Regret (<i>Poem</i>)	<i>Chesley M. Hutchings</i>	25
Some Experiences in Novel Reading		26
EDITORIALS		33
LITERARY NOTES		37
WAYSIDE WARES		41
EDITOR'S TABLE		43

MANAGER'S NOTICE

Alumni, professors, students, and friends of the college are invited to contribute literary articles. All matters for publication must be in by the fifteenth of the month previous to month of publication.

Subscription price, \$1.25 per scholastic year, nine months. Single copy, 15 cents.

This issue is being sent to a number of alumni and ex-students who, we believe, will willingly become subscribers. If you do not wish to subscribe please notify us at once. Otherwise the magazine will be sent to you the next eight months. The names of old subscribers will be continued until the Business Manager is notified to discontinue them.

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11

THE TRINITY ARCHIVE

Trinity College, Durham, N. C., October 1908.



C. L. BIVENS,
MALENE HARRELL, }

MANAGERS.

THE SPAIN OF TODAY.

BY ALBERT M. WEBB.

The average traveler in Spain who follows the beaten path of the tourist, speaking little if any Spanish, naturally divides his attention between the Gothic cathedrals of Castille and the Moorish palaces of Andalusia, the paintings of Velazquez in Madrid, and the Murillo's of Seville, with the picturesque setting of these monuments of former greatness. The people of today interest him in so far as they retain a vast deal of the local color in costumes and ways of former times, and as a part of those distinctive landscapes arid and brown in Castille, smiling and green in semi-tropical Andalusia. Yet with all its rich interest, such a pilgrimage to the relics and shrines of former greatness is apt to leave a sense of decay and desolation, and deepen the popular judgment which writes all things Spanish in the past tense and concludes that there is no future. Magical is the spell of a rich impressive past. Evidences of widespread ignorance and poverty tempt one to turn away and pass by on the other side.

The literature of travel and criticism treating of by-gone days or the external picturesqueness of a land still

half mediæval is daily more abundant. We wish to speak of the other side, of the youth of Spain, of that stormy restless spirit of a new age which only a personal contact with the people and the press can give. If as yet it has expressed itself but little in the language of industrial activity and scientific achievements, it is a fascinating chapter in race psychology. The reality of its fierce aspirations, spurred by a great national defeat, is undeniable the moment one enters a student club or literary society. Of passion there is much, frankly revolutionary and rebellious in tone. The angry criticism one hears of all things Spanish seems to subscribe to the foreign judgment. It is disconcertingly vigorous and pessimistic. Yet running through this tide of negation and pessimism is an undertone of positive resolution, which once caught is refreshing in its contrast with the more tempered spirit of other more favored lands. Youth is positive and aspiring. Spanish youth of today obeys this law. To phrase these positive aspirations is our theme.

Spain is not only far removed from the center of Continental Europe by its outlying position. That alone would mean little. It is surrounded by stormy seas on all but its French border; there the mighty barrier of the Pyrenees effectually bars communication except along either shore. Even there it is a long dreary expanse of mountain and plain one must traverse to reach Madrid. Travel is difficult and slow. No great natural artery of commerce links the country with the outside world. It is this isolation under a distinctive climate that insured the Spain of the past its vigorous individuality. National character developed along its peculiar lines, unchanged by many great currents of European history that have stamped the rest of Europe with many a common trait. Her art and literature have thus attained a peculiar savor. Her liberty and independence was thus

oft assured. But the toll on the other side has been heavy. Industry and education, the great achievements of nineteenth century Europe, have failed to penetrate those forbidding passes. The lack of comparisons with other institutions has bred a fatal pride. And away across the seas stretched her colonies tempting the energetic venturesome spirit with tropical wealth. Everywhere there is contact with weaker races the Spanish colonist was not inclined to criticise his country to which he hoped to return to rest on wealth quickly gained. Slowly dull routine and habit have sunk upon Spanish character. With the heretical rational spirit crushed by the inquisition, neither from within nor without, has the stimulus been supplied to quicken national life. And Spanish pride crystallized into a national trait.

The awakening was rude and sudden. In one crushing blow her flag fell from her island empires. Stripped of her colonies and her navy, Spain woke to find herself the weakest of Continental powers. Outstripped in education and industry and face to face with a stern, unrelenting world competition, the rising tide of a hungry population became at once the gravest of problems. The moral effect of a national defeat in these days of race and national feeling is a tragic test of a country's institutions. It is doubly so in Spain. Democracy, science, popular education have been dearly bought in France. Industry and socialism have tested the fabric of all civilized nations. But in Spain these great problems have not come singly across a long laborious history. Rising against the dykes of nature's barriers they were loosed as a mighty flood by the Spanish-American war. Criticism which imperial pride had lulled to inaction has become a growing, biting reagent in an hour of defeat. The last ten years have seen

Spanish institutions subjected to a bitter test that is far from completed.

Looking across to the example of other nations the Spaniard of today sees plainly lessons long unheeded. Democracy, science, education and industry are the common possessions of every strong nation of today. The government at Madrid has been assailed with an impatient clamor for all these things. On every hand the question has been, Why has Spain not these things? And the government has been called to the judgment bar of an angry people. Fortunately for it defeat has convinced them that all must stand together; so reform and not revolution is the verdict. Dominating Spanish life in every town and village the church and the noble, holders of national wealth and education, have been held to a reckoning. Because their wealth in lands and privilege have not meant education and employment for the masses, the anti-church, anti-aristocracy crusade has swept thousands in the Spanish cities to its banner.

The university student of today is no idle spectator of the great debate. The great world of revolutionary literature, which is an old story in many lands, is to him a discovery of burning interest. Scientific and economic discussion strikes mediævally trained minds with startling emphasis. His standard of living is measured by that of more prosperous lands. Fiercely he longs for the practical active life with its modern rewards. He demands the equipment for this and feels that it is lacking. Of the church he demands a practical working religion of this world and finding but the mystical, a creed and the promise of a future life, he turns aside from the church. Demanding of his teachers modern, scientific instruction, and failing to receive it, he spares not his contempt. Summing all his de-

mands he turns to the government and resolves to replace it by one of more modern mould.

But it is not a simple problem. Of wise and noble officials there are many in Spain. The church is still the keeper of the finest spiritual forces in Spain. Some of the democratic and useful industrial leaders are Spanish nobles. And many students in Spain have grown listless of settling the fate of the world. They plod along the mechanical program and find in the café and cinemetograph the rest from college duties. We have spoken of that chosen few who voice what is deep down in the heart of all. Understanding them, one has the clue to the trend of the hour. Slowly there are emerging from among them vigorous positive spirits who will be the leaders of the future. As they in turn guide and quicken the groping energies of the mass, Spain will find what she so sorely needs, the men of today.

If the American college men of today could read those sympathetic aspirations and resolves they would find much in common. They would turn with a new sense of gratitude to the privileges that the youth of Spain so frankly covet.

JOSEPH LEE FRANKLIN.

BY R. C. GOLDSTEIN.

On June 6, 1908, Joseph Lee Franklin, who would have been a member of the present Senior class, passed away at his home in Swift Creek Township, Wake county, North Carolina. He left college May 1, feeling very sick; and all through the summer he struggled bravely on, but the battle was against him. Besides his parents, two brothers, both graduates of this college, and three sisters survive him. He was born November 21, 1887.

It is with a heart full of emotion that we attempt to contemplate upon the career that has so suddenly and pathetically closed. It is to us a mystery why one so full of promise, in the very bloom of youth and with a burning desire to do something for his fellow man, should be thus cut off. But God is good. Let us remember that we are the beneficiaries of His mercies, who knows when to give and when to take away.

His life in college was as pure as Parian marble. He was a kind and congenial friend. He was esteemed by all who knew him. He took a deep interest in almost every phase of college life. He was a hard and faithful worker. He maintained a high standard in his class.

There is a void in the hearts of his classmates that can never be filled, but we can at least have the blessed assurance that he has heard the voice of his Master saying, "Well done, thou good and faithful servant . . . enter thou into the joy of thy Lord."

"But O for the touch of a vanished hand
And the sound of a voice that is still!"

SINCE REMUS GON'.

BY H. E. SPENCE.

Ol' Gawgy's lonesome ez it kin be

Since Remus gon'.

De 'possum dun lef' de simmern tree,
An' de rabbits air skeerce ez skeerce kin be,
An' de stripe-tail 'coon we no mo' see,

Since Remus gon'.

Fer no man knowed de creeters ez well,
An' whut dey sed ol' Remus ud tell,
An' de frogs in de pon' an' de birds in de dell,
Giving a sad farewell,

When Remus gon'.

De littl' boy wonders, sad an' lone,

Since Remus gon',

He miss de ol' man cheersome tone,
An' de stories tol' by him alone,
Ob de tings nobody else hab known,

Since Remus gon'.

An' Mars' John's sad since he went away,
An' Mis' Sally weep de lib long day;
It's a pitty pore Remus gon' to stay,
For it's sad today

Since Remus gon'.

Ol' Remus dun de bes' he could

(An' now he's gon'!);

He helped all de creeters in de wil', wil' wood,
An' taught de niggers to be right good,
Fer do whatebber a nigger should,

An' Remus gon'!

An' weepin' comes frum hill and dale,
An' ol' Miss Medders turn so pale,
An' de gals all giv' a lon'som' wail,
A farewell wail

To Remus gon'.

CLARISSA.

BY E. S. M'INTOSH.

"One moment, Bandy, old man," I said. "If it's all the same to you, suppose you don't play that one." Bancroft Collier, musical director of the Overstreet Opera House, half arose from his seat at the big, dark piano in the corner of my studio, and looked over his shoulder at me as I sat gazing out into the gray drizzle that beat against the window. His mouth was partly open, as if he were about to speak, but something in the expression of my face must have silenced him, for he only stared at me for a second, somewhat surprised, and resumed his seat to let his fingers run at random over the keys.

Bancroft Collier and I were producing a Wagnerian repertoire that season at the Overstreet house, and this rainy afternoon he had dropped by my studio for a friendly chat. When he entered I was amusing myself by running over some old manuscripts that I had written back in the early days when I was young in the business, and allowed my fancy to fool me that I was cut out for a great composer. There is no cure like experience for that sort of thing, and I got my dose and stopped; so when Collier interrupted the little recital I was giving myself for "Auld Lang Syne," I gave him to understand that such was the case, and started to fold up the music, but when he insisted rather strongly that I let him try over some of it, I consented. So when I somewhat rudely and abruptly interrupted his perusal, he was doubtless surprised, and might have been offended, but instead, he seemed to have realized that unconsciously he had trod upon holy ground, for every true lover of music knows how rarely akin music and memory sometimes are, and how sacred the two. Still I felt that I owed Bancroft some sort

of an explanation, so presently I said, "I'll tell you the history of that fragment you had started to play when I interrupted you just now, if you care to hear it."

"I was just wondering what your secret was," he answered.

"It's a long story, Bandy," said I, "and you have well called it my secret, for I have never told anyone the story myself, although there are, or used to be, one or two others who knew, but I dare say they no more cared to repeat it than I. But I think I would like to tell the whole tale to somebody once before I have my requiem chanted, so I'll tell it to you.

"But, first—do you believe in spiritualism? No? I thought not. Most people don't, but some do. I do. However, I shall not attempt to convert you to my belief, because I wish in my heart of hearts that I did not believe it, but some of us are more sensitive to that shadow world than others, and must believe that these things are, be they of God or the devil as they may."

"There was a certain ancient king," broke in Collier, "who once had an experience with a witch, called that of Endor, and I think that if he were present, he would testify that spiritualism is purely a work of the devil, although a saint may be mixed up in it sometimes."

"You may be right," said I, "but we will not discuss it, if you please. You will understand why I think as I do when I have told the story.

"I composed that piece, which you started to play, about a quarter of a century ago, when I was still young. Jean Valesco and I were working on an ill-starred little opera in our quarters in Venice then. This opera was to have been our collaboration, and we expected to make a neat sum out of it, still while we worked and waited it was necessary to live, and, as neither Jean nor I were overstocked with this world's goods, we took a small class of half-dozen or so students, who

showed particular brilliancy and talent, and from this source we managed to get money enough to buy our daily bread. Among these students was a young Italian maiden named Clarissa, in whom we had great hopes. Her mother was dead, and her father, with whom she lived, was a vendor of flowers on the Rialto. It was there that Jean and I happened to hear her singing one day, and were attracted by her voice. We found out who she was, and persuaded her father to let us cultivate her voice. Clarissa was tall and slender, long of limb, and her lithesome poise was grace itself. Her careless, raven tresses shaded two black eyes, whose shadowy depths were as mysterious and fascinating as night. She was full of the mirth of the sunny skies and the frivolous spirit of the warm south winds of her native land, and the sensitive curl of her full, red lips was forever straightening into a rippling laugh.

“Jean and I both cared a great deal for Clarissa in a very short time. I was afraid to think how much I really did care for her, and Jean—well, he loved her, and I saw it, so I kept quiet. I have seen him sit and watch her playing for hours at the time, and anyone with half an eye could see that his distant stare meant love, pure and simple.

“Things went on like that for a long time. Clarissa’s playing and singing grew more wonderful every day, and Jean dreamed on. I was sure, however, that he had never told her of his love for her, and I often wondered what she thought of this dreaming, gazing shadow of hers, and one day I found out. It was this way. I was just entering the studio, where Clarissa was playing very softly, and Jean was standing behind her, offering occasional suggestions, and when I got to the door, Bandy—I know I oughtn’t to have done it, but, on my life, I couldn’t help it—I stopped

in the shadow of the heavy, crimson portière that hung over the entrance, and watched them for a minute. As the last tender notes of the music melted into silence, he looked down into her upturned face with a silent eloquence in his gaze that ought to have told the whole story to any woman. Clarissa looked at him solemnly for a moment, and threw back her head in a wild, free laugh, then leaning toward him with her arms outstretched behind her, she, half-laughing still, puckered her scarlet lips, and her bright black eyes dared him to—to do it. And—and, Bandy, he didn't do it. No, sir, he never touched them. He just looked down at her, slowly shaking his head and never smiling, and said, 'Not that way, Clarissa. Sometime, perhaps, but not that way.'

"Clarissa looked out at him from under level eyebrows and laughed a little, tremulously, then drew her lips into a tempting little red rosette again, and the little fires that smouldered in the deep shadows of her eyes danced fiercely. Jean looked for a moment and cried, 'Stop it, I tell you! Quit it! I won't do it. I love—you—love you, respect you, reverence you too much to touch those lips for anything except your love in return! Ah, Clarissa, Clarissa, I can't blame you, though, your home has been in the street, and in all your life you've never known a restraint. Some day, perhaps, you will learn to love me, and then you will understand.'

"Clarissa was serious enough now, and she lowered her pretty head with her cheeks burning, and watched the long graceful fingers of one hand toy with the ivory keys for a moment. Then she said wistfully, 'I'm sorry, Jean. I did not know you meant that when you looked at me so. Please forgive me. I don't love you, but, perhaps, some day I will, and understand.'

"Well, after that, things went on as smoothly as be-

fore, and no one except myself was ever the wiser. Jean and I worked on our opera, and it progressed slowly toward the climax, with the music all along full of the love motive gradually darkening as the queen, who was the heroine of the plot, grew more melancholy and desperate over the alienated affections of her husband the king. At length, the poor queen was to go mad, and in the portrayal of this particular point Jean and I differed. Jean composed one expression, and I composed another. We could neither agree upon which was better, nor compromise, so we finally decided to leave off working for that afternoon and take it up again on the morrow.

“That was Friday afternoon, and on Friday night of each week our pupils were accustomed to gather in our rooms for a social evening, to be spent in discussing various things of interest to us. So, as usual, on that Friday night, the students gathered in the studio, and Clarissa was among them.

“It happened that a certain Madam Ruvigado, for a few weeks previous, had kept Rome and Naples in an uproar over some wonderful feats in mental telepathy and personal magnetism, and since she had just arrived in Venice, naturally our conversation drifted toward her. The discussion of Madam Ruvigado and her feats grew very interesting in the course of the evening, and finally resulted in the trial of a few simple experiments in mental telepathy for ourselves. Clarissa acted as our medium, and was taken from the room while we agreed upon certain simple action, which, by concentration of our minds, we compelled her involuntarily to do when she was brought into our presence again. Thus several nice little experiments were performed, such as the finding of hidden bon-bons, with her eyes blindfolded, and the writing of certain words agreed upon by us without her knowledge. Pres-

ently it occurred to Jean that this might be a happy way to decide our dispute of the afternoon. So when Clarissa had left the room he suggested that our two compositions be played over softly for the benefit of those who had not heard them, and then that the crowd be equally divided, half concentrating their minds upon one composition, and half on the other. This was thought a capital idea, and it was immediately put into execution.

“Clarissa was ushered blindfolded into the center of the room. As soon as she began to be influenced by our minds she walked straight to the piano and sat down. Twice, three times she lifted her hands to strike the keys, and as many times she hesitated and did not strike. Then she sat perfectly still for a minute or more, with her hands resting upon the keys lightly and her brow deeply knit. For the fourth time then she raised her hands, and paused. Suddenly her hands dropped to the keys and struck the first chord of Jean’s melody, and a murmur of applause started around the room, but it was quickly hushed by another swift stroke which sounded the keynote of my composition. Then, before we could hardly breathe, she raised her hands to strike again. This time, however, she did not let them fall instantly, but her long, white fingers remained poised and trembling in the air, and the perspiration stood out in beads upon her now pale forehead. When, at last, her hands descended, they struck a chord combined from the first chord of Jean’s composition and the first chord of mine, which resulted in a horrible minor that reverberated through the room and open hallways and shot a thrill of terror through us. Then before any of us knew clearly what was happening, Jean exclaimed, ‘My God!’ and sprang forward, but before he could reach Clarissa’s side she had fallen to the floor unconscious.

“The conflicting influences of our minds had been too great a mental strain on the poor girl, and she was taken to the hospital with brain fever. I was heart-broken, and Jean was frantic, and was confined to his room for sometime afterwards and had to be watched constantly.

“After a long period of unconsciousness, Clarissa recovered enough to be allowed to come to our rooms again, but she never fully recovered her sanity. Jean also improved since he could see Clarissa once more, but that vacant, half-witted stare of her big, black eyes haunted us always and everywhere. She seemed never to notice anything she had formerly known, except her piano. At this instrument she would sit for hours at the time and improvise, and always the music was pitched in that awful minor that she had sounded on the night of her misfortune. This music only made us all the more miserable, forever echoing in our ears like the funeral dirge of a life that had been.

“Under these conditions Jean grew more morose and melancholy. His unfrequent sleep was broken with delirious wanderings, and he would often awake screaming and declaring that Clarissa’s big, sad eyes were staring at him out of the darkness. I watched him all the time and was afraid to let him get out of my sight for a moment. But at the close of one day my vigil was too slack and Jean Valesco’s soul slipped anchor, and today only I and the sad waters that lap the marble walls of Venice know where his body rests.

“After that, about all that was left me was Clarissa, and I was with her most of the time. Although I knew that she could not care for me, every day I found myself loving her more and more, nor did I even care to try to refrain from loving her.

“Now, Brancroft, I will tell you why I believe in the things that I do about our friends just beyond the veil.

One day Clarissa was sitting at the piano in our old studio, and I was standing behind her listening to her weird impromptu minors, and thinking how happy we might have been, when she turned around and looked up at me, with such tenderness and innocence that, scarcely knowing what I did, I stooped down and would have kissed her, but she suddenly sprang to her feet with a scream, gazing in wide-eyed terror toward the doorway. I followed involuntarily the direction of her gaze, and, as I live, that portière, where I had once stood upon a similar occasion, moved and I could have sworn that some one stood behind it, but when I looked I found no one there. What Clarissa may have seen, I do not know. That she could never be induced to enter that room again I do know, and I was not long in discovering the reason. And the reason was that the presence of a person in the room, whom you cannot see nor hear, yet whose presence you recognize as distinctly as if you had seen and heard, is a thing not to be contemplated without a little fear and trembling. I never entered that place again that I did not feel that just as I entered someone who hated me was leaving. A hundred times, when I have turned quickly, I have instinctively flinched with the expectation of running into someone, just as a man sometimes, for apparently no reason, hesitates before entering a door in the dark, and reaching out his hand before him finds the door half open, and his face almost against its sharp edge. A mysterious moving curtain, my little dog's bristling up and snarling at nothing visible to me, and a hundred other things told me that Jean Valesco was present, and that my presence was not desired by him. I wanted to leave, but felt that I could not desert Clarissa as long as there might be any possible chance for me to do anything for the girl, so I stayed.

“After that last day she was in my studio.” However,

instead of improving, she gradually grew worse and worse, and one night in October I was sent for to come to her as quickly as possible, but before I got there, her soul had joined Jean Valesco's.

“Well, I left Venice the next day and have never been back since, nor is there any probable chance that I ever shall go back. Needless to say, our opera was never finished, but that piece of it you started to play an hour ago was Jean Valesco's version of the queen's madness.”

THE ETERNAL FEMININE.

BY LOUIS I. JAFFE.

In Western Carolina where the Blue Ridge towers high,
 Where, poets say, forever gleams the pure cerulean sky,
 Was born to fame,
 A youth by name
 Of Hezekiah Pie.

And Hezzy, as the custom was in that secluded clime,
 Was duly sent to country school, and soon there came
 the time,
 That Hez outgrew
 His studies few
 (Just note that double rime).

Then quoth his grizzled sire, "Listen, Hezzy, my dear
 son,
 What all the school could do for you, she's done already
 done,
 The time is nigh,
 (A smothered sigh)
 Your college time's begun.

"But 'fore you leave your daddy's house, I want to warn
 you lad,
 That all the gals and weemen as a rule are mighty bad;
 And Hezzy, child,
 Be not beguiled,
 Be guided by your dad.

"You'll shorely find at Trinity—they tell me it's co-ed—
 Some mighty peart and lovely gals; but mind out what
 I said!
 And Hezzy, Pie,
 You'll want to die,
 When once astray you're led."

But Hezzy shrugged a mighty shrug, and stretched his
 six foot three,
 And reckoned that no gal could budge his heart's tran-
 quility;

“The whole darn sex
 Could never vex
 Your sonny Hez,” said he.

And Hezekiah packed his bag, and donned his Sunday
 clothes,
 With pantaloons that hung half-mast above his home-
 spun hose,

And rode that night,
 'Till glaring white,
 The morning sun arose.

Full grand he trod beneath the arch inscribed “Religio,”
 And hastened to the Duke Building, into the office doo',
 And saw afar,
 The registrar,
 And hollowed out “Hello!”

The registrar he shook his head and wunk his wicked
 eye,
 And said, “I'm glad to know you, sir,” and Hez thanked
 in reply,

And Hezzy passed,
 And soon was classed,
 As Freshman, H. E. Pie.

“Dear Dad,” he wrote in haste next month, “I'm taking
 Latin One,
 And German, Math and History, and say, it's almost
 fun.

The gals that's here—
 Don't never fear,
 I don't like nary one.”

But soon dear Hezzy blossomed out in coat and trousers pressed,
 In hat with brim turned up in front, in sox and lurid vest,

With bull-dog pipe,
 The college type,
 Most scrupulously dressed.

The moving thing behind this great sartorial burst of late,

An artless little maid it was. O Petticoated Fate!

One Alice marred
 His virgin heart
 'Till it would palpitate.

And Alice wound her little web so tightly 'round poor Pie,

That ever in his waking thoughts his heart within would cry,

“Oh, Alice, dear,
 Oh dear, I fear,
 Without you I should die.”

And soon his studies went the way that all things mortal do;

His marks declined from nine to six, and presently reached two.

Still smiled that sprite,
 With wicked might,
 From eyes of baby blue.

Till once, poor Hezzy, all distraught and fain his fate to know,

Found Alice reading Livy in the Stagg Pavilio;

A smile—a look,
 He hurled that book
 A city block or so.

A smothered cry, "Oh, Hez, you hurt," a softly whispered
"yes,"

And Trinity the next day had a man and woman less.

And here I pause,

Why? Well, because

I find no rhyme for "Yes."

A moral in this tale, O Youth, I fain would have you
see,

Too sure of things with girls involved, you cannot some-
times be;

For once she wants

You, all the haunts

Could never set you free.

SCUFFLETOWN.

BY J. N. COLE, JR.

It was my pleasure during the past summer to spend a week or two in a small town called Maxton, in the southeastern part of this State. Maxton is in the heart of a district known as Scuffletown, and Scuffletown is everything that the name implies and a little bit more.

If you will read an account of the early history of this country you will find that a certain gentleman, Sir Walter Raleigh, undertook to establish a colony on Roanoke Island. The settlers landed, and all went well until provisions ran short. A food ship was dispatched to England. But alas! when it returned, every inhabitant had departed or died, leaving no traces of their whereabouts except the one word "Croatan" carved on a great oak. Many searches were made, but the colony was finally given up as lost. The ship returned with the belated provisions, sad news, and heavy hearts.

You are probably wondering what under the sun all this has to do with Scuffletown. Just this. The inhabitants of Scuffletown are without doubt the descendants of the settlers brought over by Sir Walter Raleigh. It seems that they left the island and were kindly received by the Indians, who gave them food and shelter. Just how they drifted to their present habitation is another story; but the people and the facts are there, and we can deny neither. Today they are half-breeds, being partly English and partly Indian, retaining the blue eyes of the English and the skin and hair of the Indians.

These Croatans, for the word has clung to them, are the people who make Scuffletown greater than its name. Several families usually live together in one small cabin, which seems to be alive with children and dogs. The men refuse absolutely to do work of any kind, ex-

cept ditching and hunting, although since game has become scarce, some do raise a little cotton and corn. Their brogue is distinctly peculiar, possessing a charm and a twang, novel and refreshing. Their words flow easily, almost lazily, yet their vocabularies are limited. Many Indian traits are still prevalent among these Scuffletonians. A stranger is treated with absolute indifference, but a friend receives every favor they are able to bestow upon him.

As to Scuffletown, I doubt if it ever elected a mayor, and if they did he would know just about as much about municipal government as you or I do about the problems of Wall Street. Think of arresting a person in one small section where there are more than a dozen men named William Lowry and a score or more of Betties.

So right here in our own State we have a town refreshingly unlike any I have ever seen or read of. It is a sleepyfied sort of place. A dog may doze in the main thoroughfare unmolested, old men go to sleep in split-bottom chairs leaned against the store. Their flap-eared mules switch their tails faster than they can do anything else, while a 'possum dog is to them a thing of beauty and a joy forever. These good people, if not totally ignorant of Bryan and Taft, are little concerned as to which one will live in the White House and don't care whether Bacon or someone else wrote Shakspeare's plays. They still dream of the Happy Hunting Grounds, that far-away wondrous land, now the home of many a famous chief and warrior; while at night-time the old squaw takes her child in her lap and, pointing to the Milky Way, tells it that the tiny twinkling lights are the camp-fires of the braves who are hunting and feasting there.

LOVE AND REGRET.

BY C. M. HUTCHINGS.

I saw, on the wings of the morning,
A wonderful Woman arise,—
A queen in her might, from the lotus-bound night,
With love in her luminous eyes.

She sang a song sweeter than sorrow,
Tho' the words thereof idle and fond;
Then reared her fair head, and with eyes unafraid,
Gazed full in the darkness beyond.

Her feet kissed the flowers beneath her,
And her brow met the heaven above,
And I knew—from the perfumes that wreathed her—
That the name of the maiden was "Love."

II.

I met her again in the gloaming
By the shores of a desolate sea;
She passed like a ghost, down that desolate coast,
Her dim eyes turned sadly to me.

Her feet they were sandaled with silence,
And her bosom was girded with woe;
On her features was Death, and the voice of her breath
Was the wail of the waters below.

So we met alone on the sorrow-bound shore,
Lo! our sorrow-seared lashes grew wet;
We sang, and our voices were echoes of yore,
And our burthen of sadness: "No more, no more."
And the name of the woman, "Regret."

SOME EXPERIENCES IN NOVEL READING.

I. THE NEWCOMES.

When I hear the name of any of the great eighteenth century writers mentioned, I find myself associating in my mind, the name with a game, known as Authors, which I used to play very much, and a game which I found to be very interesting, and also beneficial. I will not attempt to describe the game in detail, for I know all of us understand it. On each card there is a picture of the author, under which is given the author's works, and in the course of the game you have to guess, or rather, name each author's works.

This game tended to create in me a desire to read novels, and the one which stands out strongest before my mind is Thackeray's *Newcomes*. I can't say that I like *The Newcomes* best, but there seems to be something about it which shows us Thackeray in an impressive way.

The development of Thackeray's "good" characters makes a curious and interesting study. At the outset he appears to have regarded himself as chiefly qualified to describe rogues and hypocrites. But he soon became aware that the public, if nothing more, demanded a picture in which both sides should appear. So finding that virtuous characters were a necessity, he chose at first those which came readiest to his hand, who were not unnaturally of the conventional type. But as he went on, it seemed unsatisfactory to so finished a workman to leave one side of his work inferior to the other and in his second work we have reached at least one good character in George Warrington. In *Henry Esmond* the whole scene is changed, and the center of the picture is occupied by a character against which the keenest critic could find little to say. But the result was in his own eyes not entirely satisfactory. Esmond,

Thackeray himself said, was a prig. In *The Newcomes* he makes one more effort to portray his lofty conception, purifying, and perhaps strengthening, by a slight mixture of weakness, the nobler elements. The result was the perfectly beautiful figure of Thomas Newcome, who stands out in the bold relief of almost ideal beauty, and a number of others. This is the climax, beyond which it was impossible for Thackeray to go. In Colonel Newcome, Thackeray preaches to us the old lesson,

"Virtue can be assailed, but never hurt.
Surprised by unjust force, but not enthralled."

From the moment when we see him leaving the Cave of Harmony, because the songs were not such as his son should hear, we become strangely attached to him. We come to share the fond hopes for the future of Clive, for whose pleasure he had toiled for many years. Though we may think the fond father expected too much, yet we sympathize with him when he begins to realize that despite all his efforts to enter into his son's life, he cannot share in many of his thoughts, joys and aspirations. He sadly contrasts the reality with the vain egotistical hopes he used to form about the boy when he was away in India. How they were to read, play, work together. Together they were, yet he was alone still. When Clive has grown older, and the Colonel has become one of the directors of the Bundelcurd Bank, he freely offers to bestow all his wealth upon him if Sir Barnes Newcome will consent to Ethel's marriage with Clive.

However, it takes the darkness of adversity and sorrow to cause his virtues to shine forth in their true brilliancy. The bank fails, and all his property goes down in the crash. But the loss of his money does not disturb him so much as the thought that many a poor woman may have been induced to invest in the com-

pany because of his influence. He turns over all his early pension, that he may make all restitution in his power. But the poor old man is sadly broken. Feeling that he may be a burden upon Clive, and no doubt wishing to get out of the sound of Mrs. Mackenzie's shrewish tongue, he becomes an inmate of a soldiers' home. What can be more pathetic than his efforts to conceal from his family his real home? But he was not long to remain upon the charity of a country for whom he spent the prime of his life in battle. He was no more our friend of old days. His mind was gone at intervals, and he soon became confined to his room. He lingered on for awhile. One evening his mind began to wander back to his childhood. "At the usual evening hour the chapel bell began to toll, and his hands outside the bed feebly beat time. And just as the last bell struck, a peculiar sweet smile shone over his face, and he lifted up his head a little, and said 'Adsum!' and fell back."

Such are a few of the many virtues of this noble character, but they are sufficient, it seems, to prove that *The Newcomes* does not at least belong to what has been called the "withered world of Thackerayan satire." Satire there is in it, in abundance, but it is applied to objects and persons that deserve it. The English nobility come in for a large share, and surely Thackeray is not to be criticised for doing what every other English novelist has done. It is true that he wields this dangerous weapon in a way that no other English writer except Swift has done, and no doubt his blows were felt.

C. F.

II. A TALE OF TWO CITIES.

There is something painfully dissatisfactory and vexatious about one's consciousness that he is lacking in some of the rudiments of his training and education. It almost approaches the point of chagrin when one reflects on such a consciousness and is deeply sensible that he has been deprived, or has deprived himself, the use of which he now so helplessly feels. One of the bitter regrets of his life must be that during his earlier years, when he might have read for reading's sake, naturally and without the whip and spur of some intolerant and impatient master, he failed to do so. It is hard to acquire the habit of reading after one has passed a certain age, and he is jeopardizing his young, vivid imagination when he falls a prey to that harmful apathy and indifference, which handicap his mind, and retard his mental growth.

I was lucky enough, however, before I had passed that period when a young imagination feeds to satisfaction on real, live books, to come on a copy of Dickens' *Tale of Two Cities*. I did not read the book as I should now read it, perhaps, from a critical standpoint, or with regard to those things foolish and superfluous enough to kill a boy's conception of a good story. I read it simply for the story. I was unable to judge its merits as a piece of constructive art, of its singular dramatic life, and its finer touches here and there. Its merits lay with me elsewhere.

My imagination was fired and I saw two cities, real, restless cities. I saw the French Revolution a real drama of blood and war, and that tremendously terrible public event stood out before me not the least vaguely. The poor unfortunate Dr. Manette, for eighteen long, lonesome, and almost lifeless years a languishing and wasting prisoner of the Bastille, on a

vague, unfounded charge, was real to me. I was glad when he was released and restored to his daughter Lucie. I saw Charles Darnay tried and acquitted on the dangerous charge of treason. I saw the vicious and treacherous wine-seller, Defarge, and his wife, a devil in femininity, through their hellishness, have imprisoned and condemned young Darnay, now the husband of Lucie. And my blood almost boiled as I read. These things, while more or less vivid, I recall with some indefiniteness, not because I lack regard for their place and importance in the story, but because of another character and another scene indelibly impressed on my mind.

Surely Sydney Carton's natal hour must have been fatal, and over it presided the ruthless hand of misfortune. In all fiction there is not perhaps a more complete man than Sydney Carton. But waste forces were in him, a desert all around, and the Fates decreed against him; a man of good abilities, unusual emotions, unable to direct their exercise, incapable of his own help and happiness and conscious of that blistering, blastering blight upon him, and resigned to let it waste him away. Dissipating his talents and energies, leading a wild bohemian life, in the city of London, seemed to him a matter of course. Between him and Lucie Manette there seemed to be an impassable space, yet the garden spot of his life was his love for her. In his degradation he was not so degraded but that thought and sight of her stirred old shadows and brought whispers of voices he thought silent forever, impelling him to begin anew, strive afresh, shake off sloth and sensuality and fight an abandoned fight. But all this was an empty dream to him—a creature of circumstances, a veritable victim of an inexorable and relentless fate, and left the sleeper where he lay down. To this love the poor fellow clings as a drowning man

to a twig, and finally he lays down his life for the husband of the woman he loves, and by one supreme act of devotion redeems a worthless life. Patiently he mounts the guillotine, but the visions of his past life as they pass before him, make his going out a final triumph of serenity, though only the little girl with him going to the hungry axe knows his last secret. And the pathos of his last expression excites an admiration for him, though his life had been wasted :

“It is a far, far better thing that I do, than I have ever done; it is a far, far better rest that I go to, than I have ever known.”

E. K.

III. THREE OF GEORGE ELIOT'S NOVELS.

I can never exactly forget how I felt when I read *Mill on the Floss*. We had just purchased a very meagre library in our school, and this book fell into my hands. I read it morning, afternoon, and night until my good parents threatened to hide the book, as I was neglecting my studies. Poor little “harum-scarum” Maggie, how I did sympathize with her throughout her whole career; even when she cut her hair, and when she fell in love with so commonplace and ordinary a man as Stephen Guest. While I admired Tom Tulliver’s stern inflexibility, he never appealed to my sympathy as did the quick-tempered Maggie, whom I must say that I somewhat resembled in one stage of my life.

In a few months after our first purchase we made an addition to our library. Among the new books was *Adam Bede*. Of course I seized it and read it with as much interest as I did the *Mill on the Floss*. Dinah Morris taught me what it meant to have a love which overflows the narrow limits of private affection and blesses the humble, toiling mass with sympathetic pity.

I had almost as little sympathy for the shallow, frivolous Hetty as George Eliot herself seems to have had. But here I realized as never before what a **hard heart** may be under a most beautiful face.

Not until a few years ago did I read *Silas Marner*. By that time I had learned to appreciate even more how human George Eliot's characters were. I remember very distinctly that I was so interested in this book that one night when I had nearly finished it I retired at ten o'clock, as my mother bade me, and arose at eleven. As the clock was striking two I read the last page, and then went to my room to dream about the redeemed *Silas Marner*. My whole heart at first went out in sympathy for the old man, who received in exchange for his gold the little golden-haired child, who kindled in his heart a warm sympathetic love which he had missed so many years; but at last this redemption of his cold heart by the little child made me see more clearly what a blessing little children really are.

I too could appreciate the humorous scenes and characters. Dolly Winthrop is so much like some good big-hearted country women I have seen. The party assembled in the landlord's kitchen amused me with their witty sayings, reminding one of Sir John Falstaff and Prince Hal in their tavern. M. H.



M. A. BRIGGS,	- - - - -	EDITOR-IN-CHIEF.
GILMER SILER,	- - - - -	ASSOCIATE EDITOR.

ON WRITING.

Of all the thorns in the Editor's cushion, perhaps the difficulty in securing suitable material for publication is the sharpest and the greatest source of worry. This is a difficulty which confronts the editors of all sorts of magazines, and certainly it is a very real thorn in our cushion.

Material of the right sort is always hard to secure in a college community. This condition exists, not because of any lack of literary talent among the students, but because, in a large number of cases, such talent is neglected. It is on account of this fact that we feel justified in our first assertion. If the ARCHIVE means anything at all to the student body, it certainly means an opportunity for the development and encouragement of the power of literary production. In the past only a very few of the students who can write have taken advantage of this opportunity; and while our fears at present may be utterly unnecessary, (and we sincerely trust that they are), we cannot but feel that the same state of affairs may possibly continue.

There are men in college who can write clearly and forcibly; there are men here who have shown marked literary ability. In the past, however, many of these

men have been content to stand aside and let others do the work. It is in the last word of the preceding sentence that, in our opinion, the inertia of the class spoken of finds its real explanation. Writing means work, and to most of us the hardest sort of work. Leaving literary geniuses out of consideration, writing requires of men a peculiar degree of energy, a persistence of effort, and a concentration of thought which the average person is not easily able to maintain. Hence the dearth of contributions.

At no time in the history of the South has there been such a call for men who can write, and it is to the college man that the South expectantly turns for the answer. Never before has the importance of writing been so stressed; never before has the man who can write intelligently and imaginatively had the opportunity to do a greater work or wield a more powerful influence. This, it seems to us, should be a sufficient incentive to every college man or woman who has any ability to endeavor to develop that ability in every possible way. This is where the college magazine comes in; for it purports to be one of the agencies through which one may exercise such literary talent as he possesses. And surely one can find no better time than college days to take advantage of the opportunity to acquire in some degree, however small, practice in the art of writing.

As we remarked above, we would be sincerely grateful to find our fears unjustifiable; and we do feel hopeful that the present year may be a very productive one. We do not make these statements as a complaint, for, as yet, we have none to make, but simply for the purpose of suggesting to some of the most capable men in college that they are resting where they should work and neglecting that which they should develop.

CONCERNING VERSE AND VERSE-MAKERS.

Is the dearth of verse proof positive of a prosaic community? In real concern, a friend of this magazine opened the question of the state of poetic uplift of his fellows. Is it inherent weakness in the collegiate system, that acquaintance with the master singers of our tongue can transmit no part of their power to those who delight in the wealth of its storehouse? To leave this for the solution of profounder minds, it seems more pertinent to examine some of the influences at work here to hinder the development of whatever of musical utterance there might perchance exist and blossom out in rare beauty, if set in a more hospitable and sympathetic atmosphere.

For some reason all efforts to put thought or feeling in verse form have been judged the work of emasculated personalities. Who the august body is which condescends to hand down opinions gratis, no one seems to know; but hushed and hiding for a time is a pent up volume of raillery to meet the first advances of poetic effort, no matter how serious. No doubt simple and unguided, unadvised attempts have appeared, but that makes no more tolerable the sweeping condemnation of all efforts of that nature. Seemingly unaware of the necessity of the combination of rare powers in the production of verse, unmindful of the delicacy of temperament required, a genuine decree of folly is the reward of opinion. Some are not so intense as to style it thus, but assure themselves in passing that it comes from that large class of persons who have ill-matched their talents and their time. Favorable enough is the attention given to bards thousands of miles away, out of the reach of this nipping and crushing reception; but a local attempt to set an idea in verse form is the signal for derision.

The full realization of the benefits of kindly and wholesome criticism cannot come to worthy endeavor of this kind without publication, and it speaks no credit to a community in which any of its members fear the results of meritorious attempts at excellence. No effort is advanced to champion the cause of petty and peevish clumsiness, but it is unfortunate that mixed with the academic atmosphere of serious study should be linked another so destructive of one of its finest fruits.



Literary Notes

PEARLE LEOLA BRINSON,

- - - - -
MANAGER.

It is announced that the celebrated Russian author, Maxime Gorky, whose writings were so much in vogue several years ago, but whose popularity has of late been decidedly on the wane, is now preparing at his home on the Island of Capri a new drama, which has as its subject *Immigrant Life of New York*. The play is a study of the great process of assimilation of diverse elements going on in the New World and typified by the experiences of a Russian woman who is a fugitive from her home and seeks refuge in America. When produced upon the stage of the Literary and Dramatic Theatre of Moscow, it will doubtless present an entirely new phase of life, and one not wholly devoid of interest, to the play-goers of that city.

Not only is Gorky interested at present in the drama, but he has been busy with the novel as well. *The Confession* is the story of the life record of the experiences of a man doubting and tormented, but yearning to find God, finally reaching a satisfactory solution of his vexing problems and concluding in triumph. Some critics contend that it is a record of Gorky's own experiences, but the writer himself attributes these mental struggles to a man whom he has personally known, though admitting that he has put much of his own spirit into the book.

Doubtless all lovers of the South and its literature

will be interested to learn that a new volume is being issued by Charles Scribner's Sons which is entitled *Poem Outlines of Sidney Lanier*, and contains the fragments and outlines of poems left by Sidney Lanier, which have never before been published in any form. Some are very slight, being mere flashes of simile in unrhymed couplets, others definitely rounded outlines, instinct with the beauty of idea, but not yet moulded into perfect form, while one is the beginning of quite a long and pretentious verse narrative. The book is of great value and interest, not only on account of the remarkable beauty of the verses, but also because of the fact that it is the hitherto unpublished work of the beloved Southern poet.

The Coming Harvest (Le Blé qui Lève), by René Bazin, is a tremendous story of the country life of France today. The story is vigorous and stirring, not lacking in picturesque incidents, vivid characters, and marvelous pictures of the country. The center of interest is the splendid, rugged figure of the wood-cutter, Gilbert Cloquet, greatly perplexed by the conflict between his attachment to the old social order, and the influence which the socialist movements around him exert upon him. "It is the greatest work of the foremost French novelist of today."

A new series of publications is being planned by E. P. Dutton & Co., the publishers of Everyman's Library, the first three volumes of which have already appeared. The series is called *The World's Story Tellers*, and is to be edited by Arthur Ransome, who will furnish an introductory essay for each volume on the story-teller selected. The three initial volumes are entitled *Stories by Poe*, *Stories by Gautier*, and *Stories by Hoffman*, and they contain several of the best known and most

characteristic stories of the various writers. The translations from Gautier were made by Lafcadio Hearn and retain much of the flavor of Eastern romance which characterizes the original stories. Other volumes to be presented will be devoted to Balzac, Tolstoy, Boccaccio, Malory, Nash, Chateaubriand, Goldsmith, Addison, and Steele.

The Lincoln Centennial Medal is a volume presenting the famous Roiné medal, together with the most noteworthy or characteristic sayings of Abraham Lincoln. It is issued in two editions, in the first of which the medal is reproduced in bronze, while in the other it is reproduced in silver. The edition is to be limited, for on February 12, 1908, the dies of the medal are to be cancelled and deposited in the collection of the American Numismatic Society, after which date no more copies either of the medal or of the book containing the medal can be produced.

The *Life of Thomas Baily Aldrich*, by Mr. Ferris Greenslet, will be out during the first week in October. This biography is to be enriched with so many of the poet's own letters as to make it almost like an autobiography. There is much resemblance between the biographer and his subject with regard to critical fastidiousness and a greater sympathy than usually exists between men of different generations. The value of the book is further enhanced by the addition of the element of personal intimacy which existed between Mr. Aldrich and his biographer during the last years of the poet's life.

One of the recent works of fiction is *The Land of the Living*, by Maude Radford Warren, a tale of ward politics in Chicago, while at the same time it is a study of two phases of Celtic nature—the idealizing and the

domineering. The spirit of the dreamer seems to have infected every one, even to a certain extent the stern boss, the unique feature of the book being the fact that in this story "the dreamer's dreams come true."

Mrs. Wharton's new novel, *The Fruit of the Tree*, has been rather severely handled by the critics who declare it to be disappointing and unworthy of its author. The book has many defects; it is unorganized and falls into separate segments upon even a superficial analysis; it is evident to even the most casual reader that the plot is overworked; and finally that element which should be the center of attention, that is, the factory life, is made merely a vague background for the study of a few social conditions among the wealthy classes. At no stage of the story is any really deep note touched upon.

The Age of Shakspeare is a new prose volume, by Algernon Charles Swinburne, which is marked by every felicity of thought and expression which characterizes his former productions. The papers, which are devoted to the study of the writers of Shakspeare's time, are both critical and illuminative, and are written in a style which is not to be considered inferior to that of his great poems. It will be a very interesting volume for students of English literature.



Wayside Wares

J. N. COLE, JR.,

MANAGER.

A SLIP-UP.

The Greasy Grind, with the puissant mind,
 Was wending his homeward way,
 When a banana peel, under the greasy one's heel,
 Very suddenly caused a delay.

Now a banana peel has a peculiar feel,
 When felt under one's heel, they say;
 And Greasy, it is said, stood on his head
 In a most unbecoming way.

The posture thus struck ran the people amuck,
 And filled the sight-seers with wonder.
 No longer debonair, Greasy now takes great care,
 Lest his feet again fly from under.

KISSES.

A discussion of kisses is always a very uncertain proposition—possibly on account of the fact that, in the majority of cases, personal experimentation is extremely difficult. However, as they are on everyone's lips at some time or other, and as those who have cheek enough will probably come in contact with them in the future, we feel at liberty to mention them here. Although they are not always significant, they generally smack of

love; and what would the average love story be without them? We are glad to be able to quote from Isaac Erwin Avery on this interesting subject:

“Three college magazines . . . recently contained love stories, in which all the heroes, in climax, asked the heroines if they wouldn’t kiss ’em, please. And, of course, they did. The thing brings to mind a discussion in this town last week as to whether it is usual or proper for a man to ask the interesting psychological question, or whether it is seemly to just proceed. The consensus of opinion seemed to be that a man ought to have sense enough, at a certain juncture, to take action without embarrassing a friend with a useless question. There is a poem about a Danish youth who told a girl that he wished he had a magic whistle that he had heard about; and if he had it he would blow a time or two and then she would let him kiss her. She demurely replied, in effect, that he would be foolish to whistle for what he might take without wasting breath. That’s the idea. You can go ahead—or you can’t go ahead. But most times when you name it you can’t have it.”



Editors Table

H. C. DOSS,

MANAGER.

For our first issue the Exchange Editor has what may be termed a "snap." Our contemporaries have not begun to come in and consequently we have no praising or knocking to do. As a foreword, however, we want to pledge ourselves to a diligent and thorough examination and to an impartial criticism of all exchanges. We hope to offer suggestions with no other motive than the advancement of the college magazine. In return, we solicit the same for the ARCHIVE from other exchange editors, promising to have no other feeling than that of gratitude for anything that may be said, even though it may be "a truth that hurts."

The purpose of an Exchange Editor, as we see it, should be to point out both the good and bad qualities of other magazines with the hope that such criticism may be of some service to them. This we shall try to do so far as our ability and judgment will allow.

If there is one reason, more important than another, why this department begins the year with such promises, it is that the impetus, due to resolutions made now when the frosty mornings take away all inclination toward laziness, may later push us on when that common epidemic, "spring fever," rushes down upon us with its almost inevitable results.

To the Exchange Editors of our contemporaries we send greetings and best wishes for a successful year's work.

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THE TRINITY ARCHIVE

THE TRINITY ARCHIVE is a monthly magazine published by the Senior Class of Trinity College. Its aim is to promote and develop the exercise of literary ability among the students of the college.

Vol. XXII

Table of Contents

No. 2

LITERARY DEPARTMENT

On the Faust of Stephen Phillips and J. Comyns Carr.....	<i>W. H. W.</i>	47
The Song That Lived (<i>Poem</i>).....	<i>H. E. Spence</i>	51
Charles Eliot Norton.....	<i>Pearle L. Brinson</i>	52
Some Phases of Ruskin's Life and Work.....	<i>Claude Flowers</i>	58
The Song of the Loom (<i>Poem</i>).....	<i>E. S. McIntosh</i>	64
Humorous Sidelights on the Courts and Lawyers of a Century Ago.....	<i>G. M. Daniel</i>	65
Big Bill Pruitt's Trial.....	<i>R. L. Ferguson</i>	72
The Spirit of Autumn (<i>Poem</i>).....	<i>Mary Loomis Smith</i>	79
Mr. Crewe's Career.....	<i>Claude West</i>	80
EDITORIALS.....		86
WAYSIDE WARES.....		90
EDITOR'S TABLE.....		92

MANAGER'S NOTICE

Alumni, professors, students, and friends of the college are invited to contribute literary articles. All matters for publication must be in by the fifteenth of the month previous to month of publication.

Subscription price, \$1.25 per scholastic year, nine months. Single copy, 15 cents.

The names of old subscribers will be continued until the Business Manager is notified to discontinue them.

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Address literary correspondence to M. A. BRIGGS, Editor-in-Chief.

Business correspondence to T. A. FINCH, Business Manager.

If we think of it, all that a University, or final highest school, can do for us, is still what the first school began doing,—teach us to read. We learn to read in various languages, in various sciences; we learn the alphabet and letters of all manner of Books. But the place where we are to get knowledge, even theoretic knowledge, is the Books themselves! It depends on what we read, after all manner of Professors have done their best for us. The true University of these days is a Collection of Books.—Carlyle.

THE TRINITY ARCHIVE

Trinity College, Durham, N. C., November, 1908.



C. L. BIVENS,
MALENE HARRELL, } - - - - - MANAGERS.

ON THE FAUST OF STEPHEN PHILLIPS AND J. COMYNS CARR.

BY W. H. W.

Admirers of Stephen Phillips as well as students of Goethe were much interested in the announcement by the Macmillans of a *Faust* by that well known English poet in conjunction with J. Comyns Carr. The explanation added as a subtitle, that it is freely adapted from Goethe's dramatic poem, left room for interesting conjecture as to what the author of *Herod* and *Ulysses* had given us in this ever fascinating theme, handled by many, and immortalized by the greatest of German poets. A reading of the new work, however, brings to one at all familiar with Goethe's work a disappointment commensurate with the hopes the announcement of the adaptation had aroused in him. And along with this keen disappointment comes a sort of resentment at what to me, at least, seems an unwarrantable impertinence shown in the irreverent treatment of Goethe's great work. I have not the space here, nor do I desire, to point out in detail even the most apparent changes from the original. I shall merely explain why I think these English poets have dealt presumptuously with the German original.

Goethe's *Faust* is a world-famed work, which because of its perennial humanness in the artistic treatment of problems, as old and as young as the human race, and because of its vast amount of unsurpassable poetry, is recognized by those who know as one of the few greatest spiritual possessions of the race. It is a great mirror in which almost all moods of man are reflected; and in some of the sublimer passages depicting the abject wretchedness of the idealist crushed in the grinding mill of reality it is without its counterpart in the literature of the world. The utterance of the sacred sorrow of Faust over his defeated spirit in the tragedy of his life becomes, as it were, the cry which brings relief to all noble souls in similar experiences; for artistic expression of the burden of the soul effects the unburdening of the soul. And this, Goethe's greatest legacy to posterity, the work into which he put in crystalized form the wisdom got from his long life, is every year becoming more widely known and appreciated. To pretend, then, to give an adaptation of such a priceless possession of the race and offer instead an enormously condensed form of it, in which much is inserted, not even hinted at in the original; much more, absolutely essential to an appreciation of the chief character, omitted; in which to Margaret, Goethe's wonderful child character, charming alike in conception and revelation, pure even though sinning, words are ascribed which make of her an absolutely different personage; in which lines that have sung their way to every heart and mind are either missing or appear only whimsically tortured,—such conduct on the part of the English poets is surely at best unwarrantable. Their Faust, Margaret and Mephistopheles are altogether different characters from Goethe's creations. They have qualities in common with those immortals, but are not they in new attire. Mil-

ton's Satan offered some hints for this new Mephistopheles, who compared with Goethe's unique creation is heavy and vulgar. And to think of Goethe's sweet child Gretchen saying, in answer to Faust's inconceivable, "I burn for thee": "And I for thee!" And after the fatal promise, "and then I'll unlock the door", to hear her continue: "How heavy come the roses on the air tonight! Kiss me—I must go in", convinces one that Goethe's creation has given place to an opera heroine of Italian passion.

More objectionable, however, than even the above mentioned alterations is the conclusion of the English so-called adaptation. In Goethe's poem Faust's final salvation is brought about by the practical application of an ennobled and chastened conception of life and life's worth. Through wide experience gained in his long and restless chase through life in all its phases, he at last realizes that true contentment can come only from unselfish activity for the common good of mankind. True, brave manhood is after all sufficient in itself and needs not the help of magic to stand undismayed in the presence of great nature, in spite of her inscrutableness, and do a great work in the world. Exulting in the anticipation of the fulfillment of his great project to found a free land for a free people where each will have the opportunity to work out his own destiny, Faust dies and the angels capture his soul from Mephistopheles, declaring that they can save that man who always strives. Thus comes salvation to Faust, not simply through the atoning influence of love, but because his spirit has never stagnated, has ever struggled triumphantly out of all baseness that stains and stifles souls of lesser men. How different is the cause of Faust's salvation in the new work! There it is due solely to his love for Margaret and hers for him. Thus through no conscious effort on his part to save himself or to atone

for his sin, and with no good deeds to plead his cause, a man guilty of the most contemptible conduct finds salvation. Surely this is a dangerously weak sort of philosophy of life. And purporting to be Goethe's! It is the fruits of love, that is, good works that will plead successfully for a sinful man—not merely having loved and having been loved.

What most of all, however, is to be regretted about this new work is that unsuspecting readers and hearers, sincere in their desire to learn what of wisdom and comfort in life's perplexing maze and mystery and hard battles Goethe's poem may offer them, will naturally conclude that in the adaptation they have the heart and essence of the German poem. Such is, as I have suggested, by no means the case.

Of course I realize that there is no legal recourse against such procedure, nor do I pretend to say that the English adaptation will not draw when staged. Indeed, it has much in it to warrant its success as a play. And it is not altogether without its intrinsic merits. The opening lines of the prologue, spoken by the archangels, are, in the main, finely rendered into English, and the exquisite ballad song *Der Koenig in Thule* is excellently translated. I might also refer to some other excellencies in this stage adaptation of Goethe's long work, but it is hardly necessary to do so here; for the poem is short and may be quickly read by all persons interested in such matters.

It may not be out of place here to remind students, so unfortunate as not to read German, that Bayard Taylor's translation of Goethe's *Faust* is the work of a genuine poet and that this translation is the best substitute for the original. A careful study of Taylor's *Faust* should precede a perusal of the adaptation by Phillips and Carr, which will convince the reader then of its mediocrity in spite of a few conspicuous beauties.

THE SONG THAT LIVED.

BY H. E. SPENCE.

The poet gleaned in the land of lore
The knowledge of noble men,
Of the stalwart deeds of an age of yore,
Of battle of moor and fen;
Of stately city and ruined hall,
Of massacred queen and king,
Of revolution and riot, all
Of this did the poet sing.
But his poetry died and, forgotten, he
Was buried beneath his own debris.

Another reasoned in rhythmic rhyme
Of the depths of the human soul,
Of the mystery of matter, space and time,
Of life and its final goal;
He learnedly wrote of the "me" and "thee,"
Of the value of reason's sway;
And told what the future of man should be
When the years have passed away.
But humanity heedlessly passed along,
Nor heeded the poet nor heard his song.

But a simple bard as he mused alone
By the glow of his cheerless fire,
From the depth of his woe in tender tone
Unfolded his heart's desire;
And he wrote of the light in a woman's eyes,
The joy of her handclasp sweet,
The infinite bliss of a vanished kiss,
The patter of baby feet.
And the busy world to its depths was stirred,
For the heart of it felt what the mind never heard.

CHARLES ELIOT NORTON.

BY PEARLE L. BRINSON.

In the death of Professor Charles Eliot Norton, of Harvard University, which occurred on Wednesday, October 21, 1908, the American world of letters has sustained a severe and irreparable loss, for throughout his long life of eight years Mr. Norton has kept in touch and identified himself with the educational movements and the literary life of our country, and has had no small share in their promotion. His life has been one of continual growth and expansion along the lines of thought and experience, and since his reputation rests upon the sound basis of an extraordinary weight of character and charm of personality rather than upon a glittering appearance before the public, he has been spared the fate of so many men of genius—that of having outlived their fame.

Charles Eliot Norton was born at Cambridge, Mass., on November 16, 1827, at Shady Hill, the homestead at which most of his life was spent. He was the son of Andrews Norton and Catherine Eliot Norton, his father being a graduate of Harvard of the year 1804, and subsequently college librarian and Dexter professor of sacred literature. His childhood having been thus spent in a scholarly atmosphere, it is not surprising that he should have developed the remarkable literary and critical talent which he possessed. He early became a student of Harvard, graduating from there in 1846 at the age of nineteen years, as a classmate of Professor Francis James Child, Fitzedward Hall, the Sanskrit scholar, and Senator George Frisbie Hoar.

After his graduation he entered a mercantile house, and after three years went on a voyage to the East Indies as supercargo. However, the whole bent and inclination of his mind was toward a scholarly career,

so upon his return to America he abandoned his business enterprises and devoted his attention exclusively to study. Later he spent some time travelling in Europe, finally returning to make his home permanently at the Cambridge estate, Shady Hill. In the year 1851 he was for a short time instructor in French at Harvard, but soon gave up the position. He was a thorough student of the modern languages, especially of Italian, and produced several important translations. He was also an authority on art and has given many valuable criticisms and interpretations in his lectures upon artistic subjects. He was interested as well in the social life of the period as in the intellectual and he has given permanent expression to his convictions on social subjects in his work entitled *Considerations of Some Recent Social Theories*, which appeared in 1853. In 1860 he brought out his *Notes of Travel and Study in Italy*, the subject matter of which was based upon his personal observations and experiences while travelling in that country.

The year 1862 was an eventful one in the life of Norton, for it was then that he was married to Miss Susan Sedgwick, the daughter of Theodore Sedgwick, and it was during that same year that he became connected with the *North American Review* as joint editor with James Russell Lowell, which position he retained for six trying years. He was frequently interested in such projects as the founding of magazines, being one of the contributors to the first number of the *Atlantic Monthly* which contained productions from so many famous pens and which appeared November, 1857, with Lowell as editor. He also boasted of having been one of the founders of the *Nation* ten years later. During the collegiate year of 1863-4 Mr. Norton was university lecturer at Harvard.

In the winter of 1866-'67 the Dante Club was formed by Longfellow and a number of his Italianate friends and scholars whom he invited to his home to criticise his revisal translation of the *Paradiso*. Those who were most constant in their attendance were Lowell and Professor Norton, but from time to time others came in and there were seldom less than ten or twelve to partake of the nine o'clock supper which followed the reading of the canto. The Club met during the first year of its existence at Longfellow's Cambridge home, the celebrated old Craigie House, in the studio of which Washington had held his councils and transacted business affairs in former days. It was a most brilliant assemblage of wits and scholars which gathered about the festive board, where Tom Appleton excelled in keen repartee, where "Holmes sparkled, and Lowell glowed, and Agassiz beamed," where, in short, all was joy and good fellowship, genius and humor, the most profound erudition yet wholly devoid of the ostentation of pedantry.

The following winter the sessions of the Dante Club were transferred to the house of Mr. Norton, who was then completing his prose version of the *Vita Nuova*, of which Mr. William Dean Howell says in his article on "The White Mr. Longfellow:" "This has always seemed to me a work of not less graceful art than Longfellow's translation of the *Commedia*. In fact it joins the effect of a sympathy almost mounting to divination to a patient scholarship and a delicate skill unknown to me elsewhere in such work. I do not know whether Mr. Norton has satisfied himself better in his prose version of the *Commedia* than in this of the *Vita Nuova*, but I do not believe he could have satisfied Dante better, unless he had rhymed his sonnets canzonets. I am sure he might have done this if he had chosen. He has

always pretended that it was impossible, but miracles are never impossible in the right hands."

In 1875 Norton became Professor of History at Harvard, which position he held until 1898 when he was made professor emeritus. It was during this period that he delivered his remarkable and comprehensive series of lecture courses which dealt with "The History of the Fine Arts and Their Relation to Literature." The individual subjects treated were: "The Rise and Fall of the Arts in Athens and Venice," "The Arts of the Age of Pericles," the art of the Renaissance, Gothic and Romanesque art, and Florentine and Venetian art. His work on architecture, *Historical Studios of Church Building in the Middle Ages*, appeared in 1876, and he filled the position of first President of the Archæological Institute of America for ten consecutive years.

The courses of the distinguished professor were thoroughly appreciated by the students of the University, who thronged to his lecture room in such numbers that the Freshmen had to be excluded from the course. Recognition of his merits came abundantly in his lifetime, for he was conversant with the best minds of two generations and touched them in such a way as to confer as well as receive benefit by the contact. It has been well said of him that "characters like his are self-propagating; and we know that he will long live in lives made better by his presence."

There is much in the popular estimate of Norton which does him grave injustice. He was thought to be austere and to hold himself aloof, whereas he was in reality brimming with warm affection and humanity. No one could have won and retained the affection of such friends as his without being inherently a lovable man. His literary friendships were among the most notable in the history of letters, for he was intimately

associated with Longfellow, Emerson, Lowell, Holmes, George William Curtis, Fitzgerald, Carlyle, and Ruskin. In his autobiography, the *Praeterita*, Ruskin calls him "my second friend after Dr. John Brown, and my first real tutor." Though he was the younger of the two, he assumed a sort of paternal authority and right of guidance though without underating the genius of his protégé, for to quote again from the *Praeterita*, "To me his infinitely varied and loving praise became a constant motive to exertion, and aid in effort, yet he never allowed in me the slightest violation either of the laws of good writing or social prudence, without blame or warning." Norton always shrank from publicity and once expressed regret that Ruskin should have published his tribute to his friend.

Professor Norton stood in the position of literary executor to many of his distinguished friends, and though his associations with him had been most intimate, yet he handled their correspondence with rare skill and perfect taste. When a disagreement arose between Froude and the Carlyle family, he became editor of "The Correspondence of Carlyle and Goethe" in 1887, "The Correspondence of Carlyle and Emerson," 1887, and "Carlyle's Letters and Reminiscences," 1887. In 1891 appeared his prose version of Dante's *Divina Commedia*. He was literary executor of James Russell Lowell, with whom he had enjoyed a lifelong friendship and rare sympathy. His edition of the *Letters of James Russell Lowell* appeared in 1893. He edited the *Orations and Addresses* of George William Curtis, and finally brought out his edition of the letters and works of Ruskin in 1904.

It is remarkable that a man of Mr. Norton's ability should have produced so little original work for which he would seem to have been eminently fitted. Ruskin

describes him as "a man of highest natural gifts; observant and critical rather than imaginative, but with an all-pervading sympathy and sensibility, absolutely free from envy, ambition, or covetousness; a scholar from his cradle." His scholarly activity manifested itself in the capacity of author, translator, critic, editor, and adviser. Though bestowing unstinted praise upon none of the modern writers he was quick to discern merit in new authors, and many a subsequent distinguished writer received his first recognition from Shady Hill. He was not a pessimist, as has been sometimes thought, but had a firm conviction that truth and right would prevail in the earth, and trusted in the final triumph of "the good old cause of civilization—the cause which is always defeated, but always after defeat taking more advanced position than before."

In speaking of his influence the *Evening Post* declares: "To America his example has been precious. It has dignified the scholars calling by showing how the scholar also may have wide human interests; it has ennobled the profession of teaching by proving that the professor may have culture which is more than erudition; it has strengthened the earnest thinkers, the lovers of beauty, the men of conscience who have been baffled or disheartened by the barbaric tendencies of a plutocratic age."

SOME PHASES OF RUSKIN'S LIFE AND WORK.

BY CLAUDE FLOWERS.

Since beginning the study of Ruskin, I have seen art, nature, and the many different phases of life expressed in a way which I had never seen or realized before. I really enjoyed following him in his description of a cloud or a sunset. I enjoyed drawing on my imagination, in his earnest plea for books, and listening to the fine English, which he used in clothing his ideas. Yes, all these are very interesting, as a source of study, but to my mind there is a study, which must be taken up in the incipient stages before we can form an estimate of his literary productions, and that study is Ruskin, the man.

It is an ethical fact that we cannot fully appreciate the writings of any great man, until we acquaint ourselves with the man behind the writing, and it is for this reason alone that I select this subject. I shall not attempt to confine myself to any particular incident or trait in his life, but will rather try to picture him in the light as I see him.

Any one passing through the streets of London between the years 1820-'25 would probably have met a small curly-headed boy, who, in the maturity of his life, was to be the teacher and instructor of such boys as himself. This first meeting would no doubt have been characterized by nothing more unusual than the custom of meeting boys on every street, for it is certain that Ruskin was subject to the same listless attitudes of all boys. In his early childhood days he showed a great ability as a hard student. He said from his early home he learned Faith, Obedience, and Attention, the value of which he realized in the latter part of his life, and tried to impress it upon other youths. Faith, because his parents never gave him a promise without fulfilling

it; Obedience, because his parents expected and requested that he should do what they demanded, and Attention, because his mother was his teacher and required him to commit to memory whole passages of scripture, which is shown by the fact that he quotes so much in all of his writings. All parents should draw a lesson from this, for if the saying—train a child up in the way he should go, and when he grows older he will not depart from them—is true, the negative of it is also true.

It is perfectly natural for us to think that a man brought up in a home, where every necessity of life was to be had, and a man who was soon to come into the possession of a vast fortune, would for a moment entertain the idea of taking up literary work, but we find Ruskin looking for something else other than money. In early life he was strongly impressed with art, and took a great delight in making a close study of nature. This fancy, together with his great imaginative mind, led him to his writing on that subject. Not content with the views of nature which were at his command he took trips into Scotland and elsewhere, where he could get a better idea of nature proper. Ruskin did not, as did so many others, begin his task until he had a definite knowledge of that work upon which he was entering. A few lines quoted from his "Consecration" is perhaps the best example of this:

"Thus in perfect health of life and fire of heart, not wanting to be anything but the boy I was, not wanting to have anything more than I had; knowing of sorrow only just so much as to make life serious to me; not enough to slacken in the least its sinews, and with so much of science mixed with feeling as to make the sight of the Alps, not only the revelation of the beauty of the earth, but the opening of the first page of its

volume,—I went down that evening from the garden terrace of Schoffhausen with my destiny fixed in all of it that was to be sacred and useful. To that terrace, and the shore of the Lake of Geneva, my heart and faith return to this day, in every impulse that is yet nobly alive in them, and every thought that has in it help or peace.”

Thus we see the very heart of the man who was to handle the artistic brush as it had never been handled before. Ruskin again says, “An artist is a person who has submitted in his work to a law which it was painful to obey, that he may bestow by his work a delight which it is gracious to bestow.” This passage, I think, contains the whole mission of art. The great principle which he followed may be expressed briefly, that art is valuable or otherwise, only as it expresses the *personality, activity* and living perception of a good and great human soul speaking to another, and is precious according to the greatness of the soul that utters it.

Ruskin has no sympathy with those artists who work in their chambers, and do not venture out and see nature as it really is. This surely is true, true even today in every day life. For instance, go out into the country, with a fishing pole for a few days. Following the stream we learn some of the most valuable lessons of our lives. It gets us close to nature. It is good to get out of the hypocrisy of the city into the hypocrisy of the country and learn that all the sordidness, all the rascality and meanness of human nature is not confined to our urban population. It makes us better satisfied at home. It shows us that the fellow who sells us eighteen pounds of sugar for twenty cents may not be really trying to swindle us so much as to make up losses on eggs bought from a farmer under the assurance that those eggs were of this week's vintage, when as a matter of fact they

were the remnants of bad hatches in his brood pens. And while our grocer can sell us acetic acid for vinegar, the farmer can marshal the purchaser of his horse around the splints on his legs with a skill that would have made Napoleon green with envy, while the fires he can have from spontaneous combustion when the crops have failed, makes Mr. Hyde's raids on the insurance funds seem like positive preservation. Away out in the quiet places we can think clearer somehow, and we think that all the world is as good as it can be—trying its best to do the square thing, or we feel that a man can be honest anywhere. It is all in the man. Those who are honest for the love of the feelings, are the best fellows, but are scarce. They are not giving away libraries nor making the cause of education a pensioner on their loot; nor will St. Peter have to hang out the "Standing Room Only" sign over the wicker gate, because he has sold out the house to fellows who had a chance to make a big haul and passed it up for principle.

Perhaps this is getting somewhat off the subject, but I merely mention it because it, in a certain sense, leads up to great change which took place in Ruskin's life, in that he left the subject of art and took that of social reform. The more Ruskin reflected on the life of the average laboring man, a life of ugliness and mechanical drudgery, devoid of beauty or aspiration—the more he looked at our cities full of iron, smoke and ugliness—the more clearly he perceived that our ideals were at fault. As he wrote:

"For my part I will put up with this state of things positively not an hour longer. I am not an unselfish person nor an evangelical one; I have no particular pleasure in doing good, neither do I dislike doing it, so much as to expect to be rewarded for it in another world. But I simply cannot paint nor read nor look at minerals,

nor do anything else that I like, and the very light of the morning sky, when there is any—which is seldom nowadays, near London—has become hateful to me because of the misery I know of, and see signs of where I know it not, which no imagination can interpret too bitterly. Therefore as I have said I will endure it no longer quietly; but henceforward, with any few or many who will help, do my poor best to abate this misery.” The chief object of *Fors Clavigera* was a formation of a society called the Guild of St. George. This company was composed of men and women under Ruskin’s leadership with the purpose of buying English land whereon to establish communities free from the rush of competition and the evils of machinery, and mainly devoted to the cultivation of the soil. Although the Guild’s larger aims were never accomplished, nevertheless various significant æsthetic and industrial experiments are due to it. Notwithstanding the fact that Ruskin did not attain completely what he had wished, he did what he thought best to be done. A good example of Ruskin’s undertaking is the Democratic party today. All will agree that we have had enough of Republican misrule. We have been promised prosperity, we have been handed ruin. We have been promised honest administration, we have had notorious subordination of both branches of Congress to the desires of a bunch of people, who have bribed our public servants, debauched our courts and corrupted our people. We have been promised economy, we have had waste. The task of our Congress has been, not how much they could secure for the people, but how little they could take from the trusts. How much longer will our houses of legislation remain executive offices of the forces that plunder the millions? Surely the people now have a chance to give self-government its initial experiment. We could, at least, try it

and if it fails let us sell ourselves to the modern Pharaoh, kneel at the feet of Morgan, and beg to be fed.

So we can see that the Democratic party is now attempting much the same things Ruskin did in the nineteenth century.

People read Ruskin's works for several reasons—some for his teachings regarding man's ideals and duties to his fellowman, some for his teachings on art, some for his portrayal of the wonders of nature, some for the wonderful magic of his style. The chief characteristic of Ruskin's style is the way in which his long sentences are held together. There are no breaks, as in Carlyle. This shows that each step is given close attention, while in Thackeray the reverse is the case.

There are many other important facts that could be given about Ruskin, but space will not allow me to enter upon them. I do not say that Ruskin's life was a complete success in every respect, but although he failed in many of his undertakings, he did to a very great degree, by his writings, awaken the public to the meaning of the age in which he lived.

THE SONG OF THE LOOM.

BY E. S. M'INTOSH.

Weaving forever, and ceasing to never,
The Weaver, so clever, is hurling the shuttle of time,
Which draws so swiftly life's thread that scarcely
We've lived till it's time to sever.

Though we cannot see what the figure may be,
Know surely that He, who is hurling the shuttle of time,
Weaves a wise design, and it's thine and mine
But after the shuttle to flee.

While the clock in the tower keeps striking the hour,
And the Weaver of Power keeps hurling the shuttle of
time,
Let the thread of thy life as it crosses my life
Leave now a bright spot for memory's dower.

For weaving forever and ceasing to never,
The Weaver, so clever, is hurling the shuttle of time;
Let's have little sorrow, for maybe tomorrow
We've lived till it's time to sever.

**HUMOROUS SIDELIGHTS ON THE COURTS AND
LAWYERS OF A CENTURY AGO.**

BY G. M. DANIEL.

While searching in the Library a few days ago for some fragmentary classical writings, I came across a little old moldy, one time red-backed book, a very unpretentious volume, by Hon. Garnett Andrews, Judge of the Superior Court of Georgia, entitled *Reminiscences of an Old Georgia Lawyer*. The book itself is not so very old. It was published in 1870, but the author says in his introduction that the material "is collected from an uneventful but long professional career," and he draws upon his own memory for events which transpired a few years after the closing of the African slave trade, in the year 1808, when the land was full of "outlandish new negroes" and ignorance was all-pervading. So, after all, we are carried back about a century, and ride the circuit with this young lawyer, who in those days was termed a "sprout," and see him lined up with or against other "sprouts" in Wolf Skin, The Lick, Shake Rag, or Dooley District courts. We see and mingle with the people whom he is to prosecute or defend, people like these—"There lived, many years since, in a district in Oglethorpe county, a parcel of dare-devils, who dared and defied public opinion, who were as hard night-riders as 'Brom Bones' and his gang, who would play cards, fight chickens, run horse races, and go to church on Sunday and spend the sermon time in trading horses, swapping knives and such-like sinful amusements, and made no concealment of their wicked ways. They called their sisters Beck, Sall and Suck, and their parents 'the old boy,' and 'old hoss,' 'old mistress, and 'old gal.' Courting they pinched their sweethearts' ears and cheeks until they squealed; slapped them with vigorous love-licks that made them grunt;

hugged with a bear's grip, and kissed them with ravenous appetites. They always took their liquor 'straight,' chewed tobacco with the left jaw, and never took any physic except 'number six' and gin cock-tails. They could beat a negro at the double-shuffle, cut the pigeon-wing three feet from the floor, and 'for pluck,' always ate game eggs and red pepper for breakfast, and drank gun-powder tea for supper. They swore they were no wolves in sheep's clothing, that they wore the wolf's skin because they WERE wolves, and no sheep, and 'didn't care who know'd it.'"

Riding the circuit with Mr. Andrews, I say, we mingle with such people as these, but best of all we hear the sharp sallies of wit and flights of oratory, which, coming as they do for the most part from ignorant untutored minds, are delightfully original and interesting. The author writes in an interesting style and gives us some refreshingly unconventional pictures of the people a century ago, as seen from the lawyer's viewpoint. In order that we may better appreciate the court scenes of the day, I want to insert here a picture, drawn by Mr. Andrews; a type of the magistrate's court of the times. Over this court the "Honorable Justice Wright" is presiding:

Saturday came, and with it every man, woman, child, negro and dog in all creation round about, to witness the legal pitch-battle between the great bully and the editor. The accused employed a lawyer of the village, Mr. Petit, who brought nearly a wheel-barrow full of books to the court, which convened about 2 o'clock on the piazza or gallery of a grocery, under which there was a deep cellar, co-extensive with the house. I opened the case by stating that the warrant had been issued by the learned Justice Wright, whose known accuracy forbade that any exception should be taken to it. Here that learned judge struck the table with his clenched fist, and said, "I pronounce this a bouum fiddle good warrant, by G—d!" I then proceeded to say that being a court of inquiry only, their worships would have nothing to do except to inquire if there was sufficient suspicion of probability of offence to bind over the accused to answer to any indictment that might be preferred against him

at the next Superior Court of the County. But Petit insisting that they should try the question of guilty or not guilty, the four justices assumed the duties of a jury as well as judges, and proceeded to traverse the issue in due form. This involved the examination of many witnesses, and about sundown we had to lay one of the Justices (Smith) out on the wood pile to cool, and would have been glad to have placed the learned Justice Wright beside him; but it being HIS court, he felt in honor bound to hold up under the load of whiskey with which he was staggering. The Magistrates sat on a fixed bench that ran all around the piazza, with a table about four feet square before them; on one side of which stood Mr. Petit with the accused at his back, on another I stood protected in the rear by big fighting Dave, and on the fourth side stood the Constable, while the whole gallery was crowded with the audience. Night coming on, a tallow candle stuck in a bottle occupied the centre of the table.

About ten or eleven in the night, I happened to read something that had been decided by the Court of King's Bench, when the learned Judge stopped me with the question, "What court was that you read, Squire?" "I read a decision, may it please your worship, made by the Court of King's Bench, the highest court known to criminal jurisprudence." "Well it is not prudence to read it to this court. What book is that you are reading, anyhow?" "I read from Lord Hale's Pleas of the Crown, may it please your worship, the greatest authority we have on criminal law." "King's Benches Courts, and Lord's law books! I should like to know what we fout for ef we are to have King's law and Lord's law books; and what the Georgia Justice was made for ef it aint the law in Wrightsboro"—bringing down his hammer fist of the "Georgia Justice." "This here town was named after one of them lords that we run out with his law and law books, and though he was named Wright, I scorn to be kin to him."

At this stage of the case the accused could not help looking across the table over my shoulder at big Dave with a triumphant grin, peculiarly provoking just at that juncture to the "pheelinks" of the bully of Wrightsboro; whereupon he shouted, "You laugh at me, you d—d rascal!" and charged over the table, knocking over the table, and grasping at but missing his enemy. The scene had crowded the piazza as full as it would hold of eager spectators, when the weight and commotion being too much for the old sills, they gave way and slid justices, constables, lawyers, suitors and spectators into the cellar below. I climbed out amid the cocking of pistols and the gleaming of the starlight on the blades of Wrightsboro; and presently followed Dave with a shooting iron in his hand until he cleared the yard. I being his lawyer, was the only one who dared to approach him, which I did—in the rear.

Now then, having seen the people in their native haunts, and knowing in some degree just what sort of people they were, and having seen a typical court in its august deliberations, we are better prepared to comprehend and enjoy the wit and eloquence which impressed itself so thoroughly upon the mind of Mr. Andrews. It was before just such severe judicial bodies that Tom Peter Carnes and Judge Dooley, the two great wits of their time, delighted to appear. Mr. Andrews introduces these gentlemen in this wise:

Tom Peter Carnes and "Judge Dooley" being a couple of jolly young wits, not much observant of the rules of polished society—especially if they stood in the way of their fun—not dressing or travelling in much style, and, probably, a little rude withal, they were not recognized as members of the brotherhood, by the Carolina gentlemen of the Bar, many of whom travelled in carriages with servants, dressed neatly and were too courtly in their manners for the sprightly, careless young hoosiers from the then new and uncultivated state of Georgia. But the two wits had a weapon for revenge that not only turned the Carolinians down, but drove many of the most aristocratic and dignified from the courts of the districts lying contiguous to Georgia, where the two former practiced.

The following selection gives a good idea of the kind of wit appreciated at the time and shows how successfully Mr. Dooley applied it to the discomforture of his opponent:

It seems, in one of the Carolina courts, one of the "gowned gentlemen" (a judge) and Dooley were engaged in a case to establish a nuncupative will, which turned on the point whether the testator was in such extremity when the will was made as would justify a will made without the usual formalities. Dooley having the conclusion, and being opposed to the probate of the will, contended that the testator was not in such *extremis*, as the law required to dispense with the solemnity of a written will, and proceeded to give the jury such a case as the law contemplated to authorize such extraordinary indulgence to the testator. "Now, gentlemen," said Dooley, "I will give you a fair case of a will made *in extremis*. I heard the learned gentleman, who has just taken his seat, say, during the court, that he is fattening a very fine steer, which he intends to kill for beef on his return home. Suppose as soon as he arrives home, feeling ravenous for beef, he should, before disrobing,

order his son or servant to take the gun and go out and shoot the aforesaid steer; that the shooter should return, saying he had shot and only wounded it, and that it turned and chased him out of the field. Now the brave gentleman would no doubt pooh! pooh!! at such a cowardly excuse, and, seizing the gun, would march, with hasty and martial tread to the field of blood as dauntlessly as a Spanish matadore entering the arena—vulgarly called the ‘bull ring’—and, finding, probably, the steer in the shade of a ‘simmon tree, fighting flies with his tail, and shaking his head with defiance, would raise his gun at a respectful distance—I say respectful distance, for though the learned and gallant gentleman may not be afraid of the face of man, he would be excused, gentlemen of the jury, for feeling a little ashamed to look a mad steer too closely in the face—would raise his gun, gentlemen, at a respectful distance and fire. The goaded and infuriated steer, putting his nose to the ground, no doubt would give a bellow, and, having no better manners, would charge the gallant and dignified gentleman who had given offence. What, gentlemen of the jury, could he do but march, and marching, walk Spanish, and walking Spanish, double-quick, and double-quicking—I dislike to put the dignified and learned gentleman in such an unbecoming attitude as running, even in imagination—and double-quicking, run, gentlemen? Now, we will suppose that it is some half-mile from the aforesaid ‘simmon tree to the nearest fence (and it is very reasonable to suppose, in such an emergency, that the gentleman would make a bee-line for the nearest refuge), and the steer thundering behind, it is to be supposed that the gentleman would accelerate his speed without much regard to the dignity of his going, and that the rush through the air would blow off his hat and bring the tail of his robe with right-angles with his body—that is if his body were erect, but it is to be presumed, to aid his flight, his body would be so much bent forward that the tail of his robe would be nearly in a line with it. Be that as it may, the gentleman having no time to consider the becomingness of his toilet—generally in such good taste—the said tail, would, no doubt, give very offensive flutters—and to the steer in his unamiable mood, challenging flutters. And now we will suppose that pursuer has approached so near the tail of the retreating, learned, dignified, and gallant gentleman’s robe, that the former could begin to touch it very significantly with his horns, and to blow his hot breath alarmingly near the wearer, so much so that he would feel he was near his latter end. The gentleman, being considerate, would be expected, very naturally, to think about providing for his family by a disposition of his property; and being a lawyer would, no doubt, then and there, proceed to bequeath in this wise: (here Dooley caught his breath between every few words, as one would in speaking under such circumstances) ‘Being of disposing mind and memory, though

mighty hard run, I will my home-place and house-servants to my dear wife, Caroline, and divide the balance of my property equally between my children, and tell them I died like a Carolinian. Give them my dying admonition to always beware of wounded steers.' And, we will suppose, about this crisis the fleeing testator would reach the fence, and at the same time the steer's horns reach him, as he puts his foot on the first rail, and tilting the learned and dignified gentleman in the air, wrong end upwards, would let him fall on his head in a brier patch on the other side, breaking his neck, stiff as it is. The coroner, after holding his inquest, could only return the truth, that the deceased came to his death in a brier-patch by an old brindled steer. And, gentlemen of the jury, when the lamented testator's will might come to be presented for probate, there could be no question but that it had been made in the utmost extremity."

Here is another sally of Judge Dooley's wit, which is also interesting on account of the light it sheds on one of the fashions of the day:

Forty and fifty years ago all the young medical students of Georgia attended the college in Philadelphia, and on their return brought the latest fashions in dress. If a young man in the neighborhood was about to buy a new coat, he would wait until the young doctors returned to see in what style it should be cut and made. Now it so happened that Dooley—who had great contempt for, and impatience with all kinds of ostentation and foppery—was taken sick in Milledgeville soon after the return of a new flock of young doctors who had settled over the country, and who had, this time, brought brass-heeled boots as the latest foot sensation. Dooley, when in health, was very nervous, and exheruciatingly so when sick. It was his misfortune to have as a physician on this occasion, one of the new importation of doctors, brazenly shod, and to have a room at the head of the tavern stair where he could hear the "sounding brass" ring on every step from the bottom to the top. The young gentleman, seemingly anxious to let it be known by such annunciations that he was heel-clad according to the latest fashion, trod with emphasis on every step in his ascent to his patient's room. At the second visit, Dooley's nerves, responding to every tramp, got the better of him, and as the doctor came to the door, he exclaimed in anger and agony, "Ride in, Doctor."

I will like to reproduce Mr. Andrews' picture of "Peter Bennet, Constable of the French Store District, Wilkes County, Georgia," a "high Jack Straw of an old fellow that didn't care a d—n," also his picture of

Cynthia Hyde, of Cherokee county, "little in body, but mighty big in spirit, as supple as a limber-jack, strong as a jack-screw and savage as a wild cat!" but I must pass on.

We cannot possibly pass over the oratory of Colonel Stamper, so genuine and original. Look at these fragments:

Addressing the jury in a murder case, in which our Colonel must have had a lofty beginning, he said:

"The sun had gone down behind the cloud-capped Yonah (a mountain in full view of the court-house) into the ocean beyond—for I understand, gentlemen, there is a big sea over behind it somewhere called the Pacific—had gone down, gentlemen of the jury, behind old Yonah, and darkness had covered the Narcooch Valley at its foot, when, inflamed by burning malice, Tom Humphrey came and plunged his knife into the body of Peter Crump and he wilted and died. Wasn't it, wasn't it, gentlemen of the jury, wasn't, wasn't it confounded mean?"

Delivering a fourth-of-July speech, after the usual denunciations of the Mother Country and laudations of the United States, he led off in this style:

"Who's afeared? Who's scared, though she does call herself 'Mistress of the Seas?' For if she is mistress we will be masters. And, my fellow citizens, by rights they are our seas anyhow; for if there had been no Mississippi they would have had no seas nohow. And if we were to turn that river into the Lakes or the big Cave of Kentucky we would leave her ships in a puddle-hole at the bottom, surrounded by fluttering fish, turtles, snakes and alligators." (Applause).

I would like to give a few other "bits" from this old book, but I suppose I have used my share of space. I would like to recommend, however, to anyone whom the foregoing quotations may have entertained, the volume—about two hours' reading—*Reminiscences of an Old Georgia Lawyer*, by Hon. Garnett Andrews, Judge of the Superior Court of Georgia.

BIG BILL FRUIT'S TRIAL.

BY R. L. FERGUSON.

Whoever has made the trip over the Southern Road to Atlanta must remember distinctly the rugged mountains of North Georgia. In the midst of these mountains is the little village of Nacoochee, which chances to be the county seat of Doumas county. One Tuesday afternoon in August last I accidentally stepped into the court house of this village where a trial was going on and the stillness of the room was so intense that a stranger could well have taken it for a death chamber. The jury had just returned and the spokesman had arisen to render the verdict.

"We, the jury, in the case of the United States against Bill Fruit, do find the defendant guilty as charged in the indictment."

Such was the verdict, and Bill, the mountaineer, stood up in obedience to the order of the court to receive his sentence.

He was a typical specimen of the Georgia mountaineer. Six feet and three inches, his ruddy figure towered in the airy room, and his stalwart stature was as straight as the barrel of his muzzle-loader which the revenue officers had seized when they captured him and crashed his still. Bill was only an ignorant, rude, uncouth mountaineer, of the old-time Georgia type, but his gaze was firm and steadfast and he gave fourth not a quiver as he rose with an awkward, backwoods dignity, to receive his sentence for the violation of the laws by making whiskey.

Some seats to the rear of the prisoner's box sat Sam Venson in a nervous state of mind, who had been Bill's chief accuser. Both Bill and Sam were rather alike in dress, but beyond that all similarity disappeared. Sam's shoulders stooped, his narrow forehead sloped abruptly

backward at the top of his head and his eyes moved restlessly from place to place, although he gazed for the most part at the floor or the ceiling. His hands were continually twitching and a suggestion of fear permeated his very being. A faint trace of a cynical smile lit up his face for a moment and his dull eyes grew brighter as the verdict was being read—further than that he gave no signs of emotion, and almost instantly relapsed into a state of listlessness which no doubt possessed him formerly.

As I learned later Sam Venson was Bill Pruit's neighbor. They lived about half a mile apart in the region near the head of Raccoon Run, one of the wildest and most notorious regions in the State. For some time they had no other neighbors, and they lived alone, Bill in his little secluded log-cabin by himself—Sam with his wife in circumstances not unlike those of his neighbor, and each tilled a little spot on the mountain side.

As I have heard, mountaineers have something of the same characteristics in almost every mountainous region, and those general characteristics, which all of us are acquainted with to a certain degree, are very deeply rooted in the habits of Georgians. Stories frequently appear in the annals of some Western North Carolina paper relating the capture of some mountaineer's still. In this respect the Georgia mountaineers are reputed to be no less skilful than the North Carolinians. Be that as it may, I soon learned that the origin of this case began in a manner similar to this:

Bill Pruit had been living in the Raccoon Run section for years, but Sam Venson had only moved there within recent years. Some two years after Sam's arrival, rumors began to spread that Bill Pruit owned a still and was manufacturing moonshine whiskey. Sam knew that the government offered a reward to informers who

located illicit stills, consequently he led the officers to them, and having from Bill's own lips sufficient testimony, he immediately began plans to convict his neighbor in order to secure the reward.

Thus it was that Bill Pruitt stood before the court convicted. He was about to receive his sentence, after which Sam's reward would be allotted. But happiness did not come to the accuser as copiously as he anticipated. He attempted to look at Bill, but his conscience was lashing him so heavily he could not raise his eyes. They wandered aimlessly across the room, one moment gazing at the ceiling, at another scanning the planks on the floor.

"Bill Pruitt," said the Judge, "have you anything to say why the sentence of the court should not be pronounced upon you?"

Bill rose, calm, cool, and as frank as a child, resolutely said:

"I don't know's I have, Jedge, leastwise as to why yer shouldn't sentence me. But thar's a few things I would like to say so's to git 'em off'r my mind, if you don't keer."

"You may proceed, sir," said the Judge sternly.

"Well, first o' all," said Bill, as he stretched himself to his full height, and gazed at his accuser, "I want Sam Venson to jest square hisself right around here and look me in the eye."

Here Bill paused a moment and a dramatic stillness seemed to permeate the court room. Bill stood firm and erect, while every eye in the court room turned toward Sam Venson, who fidgeted nervously in his chair and looked in every direction save toward Bill. Several times he attempted to raise his eyes to look at Bill, but the piercing, fixed gaze of that sturdy mountaineer whom *he had help to convict*, overwhelmed him and he hung his head like a whipped cur.

Bill turned to the court again—"You see, Jedge, he can't do it, an' I couldn't neither, if I was in his place. You know, Jedge, me an' Sam lives neighbor up on Raccoon. I live nigh to the head of the holler, an' Sam, he lives 'bout half a mile furdur down. They hain't nobody else that lives nigh either one of us. But Sam's sorter curious like and a leetle hard to git along with, so we hain't neighbored much. But when I go apast his house to town and about I most generally stops in to see how him an' his ole woman is gittin' on.

"Hit wus jest after I had got my corn cut that I dropped in one day afore sundown to see how Bill an' his ole woman wus a-comin' on. I tried to holler 'em up, but I couldn't raise nobody, only the dog. Then I went in an' opened the door, and thar laid Sam an' his ole woman, both flat o' their backs in bed.

"What's the matter, Sam?" says I.

"I reckon I've 'bout come to the end of my row,' says Sam sorter feeblish like, and then he rolled over and groaned.

"Well, you do look pretty poorly, you an' the ole woman, too, but you hain't nowhere's near the end of your row, yit, Sam,' says I.

"Hit didn't take me long to find out as how Sam an' his ole woman both had fever, an' you know, Jedge, when you got fever you got to have somebody to look atter you an' give you physic. So I drawed some water out o' the well and fetched a gourd full and set hit by the bed so dat they could help themselves an' then started down ter the store to git some physic. Hit's a right smart piece down ter the store an' 'fore I got back hit wus comin' on night. But I given 'em both some of the physic, an' then I 'lowed I'd git 'em a bite to eat, because I knowed they hadn't had nuthin' to eat for two days. But, Jedge, when I started to git a bite fur 'em thar wusn't a cup o' meal in the whole house or slice o'

bacon. Thar wusn't nuthin' in the house to eat at all, an' I began to think as how maybe it wusn't fever so much as it wus hunger 't was the matter with 'em. I wus pretty hungry myself by that time, so I went on up to my house an' got out some meal an' made some bread an' fried some bacon an' taken hit down to Sam and his ole woman. You never seen such eatin' in all your born days. I don't believe they'd had a bite fur a whole week. After that they dozed off asleep an' I 'lowed 't maybe agin' mornin' they'd be a feelin' pretty peart like.

"But the fever come on 'em agin an' thar they laid, as helpless as kittens. They wouldn't do nuthin' fur themselves, and thar wusn't nobody to do nuthin' fur 'em, so I stayed right thar as much as I could and taken care of 'em. 'Peared like as they didn't have no appetite for bacon, so I went out wunst with my gun and killed a mess of squirrels. That seemed to brace 'em up a bit, an' so I got another mess fur 'em.

"The physic given out wunst or twicet, an' I had to go down to the store fur more. When I came back one day, with the physic, Sam, he 'lowed I hadn't arter done that, because he never could pay fur all that physic he'd drunk up—him an' the ole woman—an' it hadn't done 'em no good no how. But I told Sam he could rest easy on that pint. I had a leetle money 't I didn't have no use fur an' if the physic pulled 'em out all right, I'd jes' as leave spend it that er way as any other.

"Then Sam wanted to know how I come to have so much money up thar in the mountains whar thar wusn't no money spent. 'Sold eggs and buyed it,' says I to him. Becase you know, Jedge, I didn't think hit was none o' his business if I did sell a leetle licker now an' then.

"One day, atter Sam an' his ole woman had begun to mend a leetle, Sam says to me, 'Bill, I reckon me an' the ole woman had a pretty close call,' says he.

“Well, you wus a pretty bad sick creatur’ part o’ the time,’ says I, ‘but you’re a-mendin’ now.’

“ ‘Pears like its moughty slow mendin’ to me though,’ he says. ‘You know, Bill, I feel ’s if a dram o’ licker would go funder than ’most any thin’ else, only I know I hain’t got no licker an’ I ain’t got no money to buy none neither. Maybe’s the reason I want it ’s becuse I can’t git it, but it does seem as how ’twould taste powerful good.’

“Now, Jedge, what would you’er done? I didn’t want Sam to know ’t I wus a-sellin’ licker, but he ’peared to hanker so after a drink ’t I went to the still and got him a pint o’ the best I had. Sam’s mouth watered when he seen it, and he says, ‘Bill, hit ain’t fair fur you ’t spend so much money fur me—a-buyin’ physic and licker fur me an’ the ole lady jest becuse I’m too poorly to git about. I don’t reckon I can ever pay you back,’ he says, but I ’lowed ’t I could spare all I had spent on him, an’ ’t if he wanted to, when he got up agin he could hoe me some corn to make up for it.

“Then Sam, he taken a drink o’ the licker an’ smacked his lips an’ says, ‘That’s mighty fine licker, Bill. What did it cost you?’

“Now, Jedge, I never wanted to lie so bad in all my life, fur I didn’t want Sam to know ’t I wus a-makin’ it, becuse he never could keep nuthin’ to hissself. So I didn’t say nuthin’ at all; but pretty soon he took another swig an’ smacked his lips agin an’ said, ‘Bill, this is pow’rful fine licker. Where did you git it, an’ what did you have to pay fur it?’

“Then I says to Sam, ‘To tell you the truth, Sam,’ says I, ‘hit didn’t cost me nuthin’ only a leetle elbow grease.’

“Sam’s eyes opened wide an’ he said, ‘Seein’ as how it didn’t cost you nuthin’ you might give me another bottle sense I’m so poorly.’ So I give him another bot-

tle and the licker seemed to put new life in him. Hit wusn't long 'till Sam could git about, an' then his ole lady, she got better too.

"One day I told Bill he would have to care fur hisself now. I had cared fur him nigh onto four weeks, an' fed him an' his ole lady, an' now I had to work a leetle fur myself. You see, Jedge, I wanted to make a leetle more licker fur I wus most out. I taken him a bottle o' the licker an' a piece o' bacon an' some meal, an' Sam, he said he wished he knowed some way o' makin' a leetle money so's 't he could buy some licker when that wus gone. An' I jest laughed an' said 't it would last him a right smart while ef he didn't make a hog of hisself over hit.

"An' the next time I seen Sam Venson wus the fol-lerin' week, when him an' the marshals ketched me a-makin' licker, an' cut up my still, an' now you see why he won't look me in the eye.

"Now, Jedge, I don't deny that I been a-makin' licker an' I hain't paid no tax on it neither, but I swear to God I won't never make no more. I got ketched an' I reckon it would serve me right to go to jail. I hain't got nuthin' to say why you shouldn't send me up. But, with the penitentiary looking me in the face, I want to ask you, Jedge, to look at me an' then look at this here man's 't has convicted me, an' I ask you, Jedge, or any other man in this here court room, if you wouldn't rather be moonshine Bill than ole Sam Venson?"

Bill Pruitt stood up in silence awaiting his sentence. Sam Venson, stooped and quivering, was gazing at the floor in an overwhelmed manner. Every other eye in the court room was fixed upon the frank, honest mountaineer, and the silence was broken only by the Judge, who, in a husky voice, remarked, "The court will entertain a motion to set aside the verdict of the jury and grant Bill Pruitt a new trial."

THE SPIRIT OF AUTUMN.

BY MARY LOOMIS SMITH.

Thro' all the forest, gaily-decked and glad,
In robes of many a bright and vivid hue,
Flutter the mellow gusts of autumn wind
Wafted from smiling skies of hazy blue:
The languid Indian-summer lingers long
Amid the mists, in the last woodland song.

The drowsy breath of poppies fills the air
With sweet, unsought-for memories of sleep;
The harvest slowly ripens in the sun,
Inviting every passer-by to reap;
The dew'y fragrance of the long-leav'd pines
Floats o'er the dales and meadows clad in vines.

O spirit of the autumn, tho' so fraught
With dreamy nature, yet thou art the power
Of work accomplished; on thy brow there twines
The sheaf, sun-ripen'd, and the full-blown flower
Of promise, while thy joyous heart-throb thrills
A song of triumph to the echoing hills.

MR. CREWE'S CAREER.

BY CLAUDE WEST.

This, the latest of Mr. Churchill's novels, deals with present conditions. Most of the others that I have read were written about occurrences in the past that have only an historical interest for us. I was very much pleased to find that the author in this book leaves subjects of a former time and takes up an issue that is being waged in our country today. He treats the present political situation in a clear, distinct manner. On the one hand we have money and capital striving to gain control of the government for narrow selfish ends. On the other, truth and honesty, trying to bring about reforms that mean political purity and individual freedom.

The scene of the story is laid in the small town of Ripton, New Hampshire, where the principal characters live, and around which the struggle centers. Hilary Vane, the great massive intellectual force of the community, the father of the hero, the able lawyer, astute politician and counselor of the Northeastern Railroad, has his law office here, and issues his commands that make or unmake careers. It is largely through his genius that the railroad has gained the position it now holds.

Lined up on the same side with Hilary Vane is Augustus Flint, the president of the road, and the real power behind the throne. He has a daughter, Victoria, the personification of goodness and nobility of character, who has infinite confidence in him, and is opposed to everything crooked or dishonorable. The manner in which she loves and trusts her father, believing that he is doing what is right, until she becomes firmly convinced otherwise, makes a beautiful picture.

There are numerous railroad officials, political bosses,

newspaper editors, Senators and Representatives in league with Flint, but since they are merely instruments and occupy insignificant places in the book, they will not receive a space in this article. There are two men, not yet mentioned, however, who deserve especial notice since they take very important parts in the book, Humphrey Crewe and Austen Vane.

Crewe is a philanthropic millionaire living in the community. He organizes many absurd societies and foolish systems for the betterment of the condition of his section, but usually they amount to nothing of practical importance. The idea finally seizes him that he is peculiarly fitted for a public life and immediately he has an ambition to become a member of the State Legislature. Gaining the support of the boss of the district, he secures the nomination and is elected. The truth of the matter is, Crewe desired office, not so much with the betterment of mankind in view, but for the gratification of his inordinate ambition. Just so long as his pride and desire for distinction were satisfied by the railroad authorities he was their tool. He traveled to the capital on a free pass, and, as he himself stated, was for the "party that paid." But when the politicians, under the pay of Flint, failed to show the respect and approval he so much longed for, he suddenly realized that something was wrong with railroad government and decided to wage a war for reform. The trouble with Mr. Crewe's position is this: He didn't reform for reform's sake, but because upholding the principles for which the reform party stood would add to his power and influence. But even the Hon. Mr. Crewe is not to occupy the prominent place in this story. As one of his fellow representatives said of him, "Of all the eternal darn idiots, he is the worst;" and from now on he will appear only as he bears relation to the three principle characters.

I now come to Austen Vane, the finest figure in the entire book. He is the son of Hilary Vane, the railroad's attorney. In his youth he had lived a wild, reckless life, but when he first emerges upon the scene he is a strong, powerful man, conspicuous for his great physical strength and intellectual ability. As early as he could remember he and his father had invariably disagreed upon every subject. They never saw things alike, held opposite political views; in fact had nothing in common. Hilary Vane was a giant among men, carrying all before him by sheer mental force. But strong as he was his son was stronger. The vital difference between the two was this: The older man fought for established institutions, never for once considering their bearings upon honesty and fair play. He was a typical type of the old political boss. Austen Vane belonged to a new generation, a new order of things. His mother was a child of nature. She had that gentle look of wild things that is so tender, loving, and trustful. She understood the unwritten law of creation, that law by which flowers and plants live and grow. It was from his mother that Austen inherited that love of nature and those elemental instincts so prevalent in his life. From his father he received his mental and physical strength.

For many years the great Northeastern system has been having its own way. No man with sufficient courage had yet appeared upon the scene in opposition, until Austen Vane comes back from the West and sets up his little law office in Ripton. His father offers him a partnership in his business with glowing promises of future power and the position of chief attorney for the railroad. But the young man is made of the right stuff and decides to stand upon his own feet and fight his own battles. Soon after settling down he receives an

annual pass from Flint as a retainer. He immediately returns the pass and tell Flint that since accepting such an offer would prevent him from taking cases of the poor who had just claims against the railroad, that he absolutely refused to accept it and that no fee or bribe could induce him to become the hireling of an unscrupulous body of men.

Having a first hand knowledge of an accident that happened to a poor farmer through the carelessness of the railroad employees he took the case and won the suit. This, with other occurrences of a similar nature, among which was the discovery of the violation of a certain act under which the railroad was chartered, could have but one result,—the separation of father and son.

The way bills are handled in the State Legislature, which is owned by the railroad, is an interesting thing. The Speaker of the House has his room in the Pelican Hotel, next to that of Hilary Vane, who occupies the famous number seven. It is needless to say that he is in the pay of Flint and receives his orders from the attorney. The different committees are also bought and no bill, detrimental to the railroad's interest, ever comes before the House. It goes into the hands of the committee, is considered, reconsidered, and finally forgotten. The Governors of the State are always chosen, nominated and elected by the money of the company. No man, prior to the advent of Austen Vane, had dared stand up against the reign of wealth, and even if he had his influence and power would have amounted to nothing. But the influence of the reforms set on foot by him, the bold stand he took against impure politics, the presence of one strong man, who had no other object but the welfare of his fellow-citizens, have begun their work. The people have awakened to the true condition of affairs, have formed the habit of thinking and acting

for themselves, and as a consequence the railroad's power is rapidly declining.

The separation of Austen Vane and his father sets the old man to thinking. He wonders if the policies he has been pursuing are wrong. A mere contemplation of his past leads him to the truth, and being honest at heart, though misled by a false conception of right, he decides to break away from Flint and begin a new life. His son's position, his strong, able arguments for reform, and an inherent honesty and common sense have broken the old man's spirit. Accordingly he sends in his resignation to Flint, but promises to aid him until after the election of Governor. This is the old man's last great fight. Austen Vane refuses to become a candidate and his refusal aids his father in the struggle. The railroad wins in this election and secures its Governor, but it is for the last time. Its power has been broken. After this the opposite party, with such men as Austen Vane at its head, will rule.

Intertwined with the great political struggles which form the frame-work of the novel, is the strong and beautiful love story of Austen Vane and Victoria Flint. Their marriage forms a fitting conclusion to this delightful book.

The dominant feature of the whole book is, in my opinion, the forceful personality of Austen Vane. His is the figure that stands out head and shoulders above all others. His character is remarkably well delineated. Vane is pictured as a man with a stern purpose, yet not without a sense of humor. He is a reformer, but not a fanatic. In a State where the influence of corrupting wealth dims the eyes of many, his moral vision is never blurred, and he clearly distinguished the path of honor and duty. He is of the type to whom he alludes when he says: "A new generation has come—a generation

more jealous of its political rights. Men of this type who could be leaders are ready to assume their responsibilities; are ready to deal fairly with railroads and citizens alike." If the book contained only the sketch of this noble character who has convictions backed up with courage to support them it would be worth the reading.

A more personal interest attaches to the book by reason of the fact that in the life of Austen Vane the reader finds a striking parallel to the author's own life during the past three or four years. Churchill has thrown himself headlong into the fight, that has been waged not only in his own State, but all over the nation, and has done wonderful things for the reform party. The dedication of his book, "To the men who in every State of the Union are engaged in the struggle for purer politics," is not a banner for others alone, but one under which he has been working and fighting with tireless energy. I can't help but take this book as a sort of prophesy for the future. The day has come in our nation when individual freedom is no longer a meaningless term, but a convincing actuality. The reign of party bosses and political demagogues is over. The rule of commercial honor, honest legislators, just laws, personal liberty and untrammelled freedom is not far distant.



M. A. BRIGGS, - - - - - EDITOR-IN-CHIEF.
 GILMER SILER, - - - - - ASSOCIATE EDITOR.

ON READING.

Too few college men realize the opportunity they have to do a large amount of uplifting, mind-widening reading during their college careers. A more regrettable fact is, that, of the few who do realize the opportunity, a still smaller number take advantage of it. Possibly the average college man spends a due proportion of his time in reading; but the important question is, Is he becoming intimately acquainted with the best in literature?

The growth in the amount of reading done in this country has been marvelous during the last few years. The deplorable point about it all is, however, that this growth has confined itself to a quality of recent writings which may hardly be termed literature. The vast majority of recent books and magazines are written to be read in a hurry, to be absorbed at a glance. A reading of them may furnish pleasure, but never edification for the reader. Once read, they are thrown aside and forgotten, whereas if a book is worth reading at all it is worth reading twice. The modern method of reading hurriedly and noting the contents superficially has developed in many people a sort of impatience with standard production. To understand and appreciate standard literature one is required to exert a greater mental ef-

fort. The substance of the work may not be skimmed from the surface as in the case of modern fiction. But if there is a different degree of effort necessary, how much greater is the difference in the results!

The point which we want to emphasize then is that the average student should exercise a nicer discrimination in the choice of his reading. It is his opportunity to choose either to waste his time or spend it in gathering the richest treasures of the best and richest minds. Ruskin puts the case before us finely in these words:

“Will you go and gossip with your housemaid or your stable-boy, when you may talk with queens and kings; or flatter yourselves that it is with any worthy consciousness of your own claims to respect that you jostle with the hungry and common crowd for *entrée* here, and audience there, when all the while this eternal court is open to you, with its society, wide as the world, multitudinous as its days,—the chosen and mighty of every place and time.”

There are few greater pleasures than that which comes to one through companionship with the best that has been written. Every one has the privilege if he desires to gather about him the finest characters of the past. Imaginatively he may converse with the most accomplished and cultured talkers, applaud the greatest actors, or gaze restfully at the panorama of human history as it is gracefully re-unrolled by the pen of some versatile writer. And no one has a better opportunity to experience and enjoy all this than the college man during his college days.

THE CLUB SPIRIT.

This season of the quadrennium sees brought to its most vigorous aspects the club spirit of the nation. Unsatisfied to have a thought worth thinking go untold, the

members of these groups meet to plan, discuss, jest, or revel. The political club has in its nature an unhealthy growth and development of enthusiasm. The fiber of its make-up responds only to the strain of political contention and swells to its greatest height when the conflict is the ripest. Sinking to a miserable collapse when the stimulus of its growth is ceased, the widespread calm in its wake can prompt naught but brooding contemplation of its passage.

Far different is the serener aspect of small groups congregated for calmer talk. Whether known outside their circle as a body or not, their members are in place to know the wealth of genial comradeship and the power of common purpose. The unseen transfer of flashed impressions goes on to build a common store of interest and gives occasion for a softened view of varied personality. The thought of firmer bonds of form holding them together, contributes to the sympathy of the body, but where no ties exist save common grounds of agreeableness, then may be felt the surety of their presence. It is the efficacy of such associations that calls forth the fitting moods for writing. From them comes the almost tangible idea and the desire to make it tangible for others. Moods do control a master's work, and it is mastery of his moods that gives him surpassing excellence. How much more profitable then for lesser lights to ply what talents they may to frame a worthy expression.

The club spirit is much too old to afford new thought unless it be for its new application. Not all the geniuses of the world have found pleasure in the company of friendly minds, but such companionship has been both joy and incentive to many lofty souls. Nothing is required for the building of such a storehouse but the earnest control of pleasant situation. Two or more

kindred spirits may realize its wealth and know nothing of its building. It is the elusive charm that flees the frets and fumes of ranting dissention, but comes at the nod of pleasant intercourse to be the solacing balm for many weary hours. It is from such contact that immeasurable influences take their rise and often shine as guide posts in the sombre times of gloom. When all else seems a press of confused sorrows they stand to beckon back to hope and confidence.

The elaborations of this thought into the communing with past spirits is in no way out of harmony with its possibilities. Some find acquaintances more pleasant when removed from the physically concrete and its attendant annoyances. To feel come through the years the salient features of a nature judged worthy of continuance, is the joy of living with select souls. Academic study only partially arrives at this. In the grind of routine and strenuous assimilation, but rare moments are left open to catch the subtler aspects of the studied power. The more intimate pleasure can only come of an extension of this companioning spirit to the unselfish admiration of towering personalities. The lambent glow of arch types of human souls then comes down the years with hallowed benediction. S.



Wayside Wares

J. N. COLE, JR.,

- - - - -
MANAGER.**A BUTTERFLY IN NOVEMBER.**

A scarlet and golden butterfly fluttered across the brown seared fields on a crisp November morning. The sun shone warmly, but flowers and companions had long since passed. Yet it seemed happy and gay, little thinking of the chill night so soon to follow. The thought comes to mind that often we, like the butterfly, are prone to neglect our opportunities and too late spend the short days in vain search for the nectar of life which we might have had so easily at the proper time.

**AS IT MIGHT HAVE BEEN WRITTEN.**

When lovely woman lives too jolly,
 And finds her hair at last turned gray,
 What charm can soothe her melancholy,
 What potion wash her age away?

The only art her years to cover,
 To hide her age from every eye;
 To bring again the youthful lover
 Back to her bosom is to—dye!

J.

"ONE THING THOU LACKEST."

A funny little thing occurred,
 A maiden made a cake,
 She put in sugar, eggs and spice,
 And set it in to bake;
 And why the cake was flat and bad
 Was this beyond a doubt:
 She put the extra fixings in,
 But left the flour out.

A poet wrote a little rhyme,
 Unto his lady love
 Correct in rhyme and meter too
 A gushy lovey dove;
 And why his loving lyric failed
 Respect or love to win:
 The poet swain correctly wrote,
 But put no ideas in.

S.



A MATTER OF TASTE.

I met a goat and said to him,
 "The question, pray, excuse;
 Why do you always wag your chin?"
 Quoth he, "Because I chews."

—Ex.



Editors Table

H. C. DOSS,

MANAGER.

There is a general criticism which should be made regarding the lack of promptness in the appearance of the college magazines. Even the October numbers of some of the colleges have not yet appeared.

UNIVERSITY OF VIRGINIA MAGAZINE. The voice of the October Virginia Magazine rings out clearly and distinctly with a tone and timbre all its own.

Although the fictional literature of the magazine runs rather too much to the mystical and mysterious to be entirely without monotony, the stories are written with thought and in good literary style. We think "The Daughter of Lazarus" deserves special mention for originality of expression. The article entitled "Early Versifying in Virginia" is an interesting history told in a straight-from-the-shoulder style, but it appeals to us not so much for its intrinsic value as that it is an indication of a tendency which we hope to see grow, namely, that of recording local history in the South. Events in New England, from the greatest battle down to the smallest incident containing any element of historical interest or romance, has repeatedly found expression in both poetry and prose. Yet how many events, incidents and traditions teeming with interest and romance are yearly drifting from memory, unrecorded in the South!

The poetic literature of this magazine is the simple, æsthetic expression of a felt and not an imaginary emotion, which is true poetry. "Vignettes in Ebony" is deserving of special comment in that it lends a true South-

ern atmosphere to the magazine and crystalizes the spirit of a fast dying type.

**FURMAN
ECHO.**

The mechanical make-up of the *Furman Echo* is neat and attractive. Some of the reading matter is equally interesting.

A foreword by an alumnus is entitled "A Plea for Journalists," in which the field of journalism is portrayed in a clear, forcible manner, the opportunities made alluring, and the objections answered by encouraging comparisons to other walks of life. One is reminded of a cripple's attempt to climb a mountain when he reads "The Realm of the Ideal." The subject is evidently too large for the writer, and while there is much truth in what he says, yet the whole line of thought clusters around the one idea, "as a man thinks so is he." There is too much cant. Hardly any new thought is given us, but rather are we readers of the same sermons and teachings we have heard since our childhood.

The editorial "To New Men" ought to be read by every man who is beginning his college career and by some who might well begin again. The editorial "Good-bye, Big Stick," dealing with Mr. Roosevelt, seems to us to be too political for a college magazine with literary aspirations. It is certainly not literary, and surely too partisan.

**UNIVERSITY
OF NORTH
CAROLINA
MAGAZINE.**

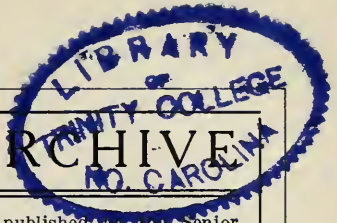
It is refreshing to read such magazines as the *University of North Carolina Magazine*. It is a very creditable publication, and contains much weighty matter. The leading article in the October number of the magazine is "American Democracy and Its Third Crisis." The article is a sane, thoughtful, and clear-cut outline of the gradual growth and rise to supremacy of democratic

thought and principles, through all the crises that have attempted to retard its progress. That the laborer must be recognized as an important unit in industrial society is the principle on which the writer claims Democracy will only be able to maintain itself.

"A Tragedy of the Banks" is an unusually interesting and lively story showing an author of no mean ability. "Newspaper Work for the Beginner" should be read by every amateur journalist, for it contains some invaluable hints and suggestions to one contemplating a writer's career. "An Ether Experience" is an amusing narrative, and is written in a striking style. In the editorials and "Things Talked About" there is much readable matter, very timely and significant.

THE There is too much local color about The
HAVERFODIAN *Haverfordian* to make the magazine attractive to those who are not particularly interested in Haverford. It may be the aim to deal with affairs of Haverford mainly. If so, there can be no question as to the success of the magazine. However, the article "Haverford College in Its Infancy" is good historical reading. A poem "To You" makes it impossible to believe that "it is better to have loved and lost than never to have loved at all."

We acknowledge with thanks the following exchanges for October: *Columbia University Quarterly*, *Vermont Monthly*, *Red and White*, *Furman Echo*, *Guilford Collegian*, *University of North Carolina Magazine*, *Wake Forest Student*, *The Erskinian*, *Buff and Blue*, *The Haverfordian*, *Niagara Index*, *Emory and Henry Era*, *Wofford College Journal*, *Davidson College Magazine*, *The Mercerian*.



THE TRINITY ARCHIVE

THE TRINITY ARCHIVE is a monthly magazine published by the Senior Class of Trinity College. Its aim is to promote and develop the exercise of literary ability among the students of the college.

Vol. XXII

Table of Contents

No. 3

LITERARY DEPARTMENT

Hans Before the Gate of Heaven.....	<i>Louis I. Jaffe</i>	97
Miserere Domine (Poem).....	<i>H. E. Spence</i>	106
The Making-Good of Peter.....	<i>E. S. McIntosh</i>	107
Only a Tramp (Poem).....	<i>H M. North</i>	119
The Famous Saturday Club.....	<i>Walter West</i>	121
Country Life (Poem).....	<i>H. E. Spence</i>	128
The Work of Daniel Coit Gilman.....	<i>R. L. Ferguson</i>	130
The Souls of Men (Poem).....	<i>C. M. H.</i>	137
Homer as a Religious Teacher.....	<i>Malene Harrell</i>	138

EDITORIALS.....		144
LITERARY NOTES.....		146
WAYSIDE WARES.....		150
EDITOR'S TABLE.....		154

MANAGER'S NOTICE

Alumni, professors, students, and friends of the college are invited to contribute literary articles. All matters for publication must be in by the fifteenth of the month previous to month of publication.

Subscription price, \$1.25 per scholastic year, nine months. Single copy, 15 cents.

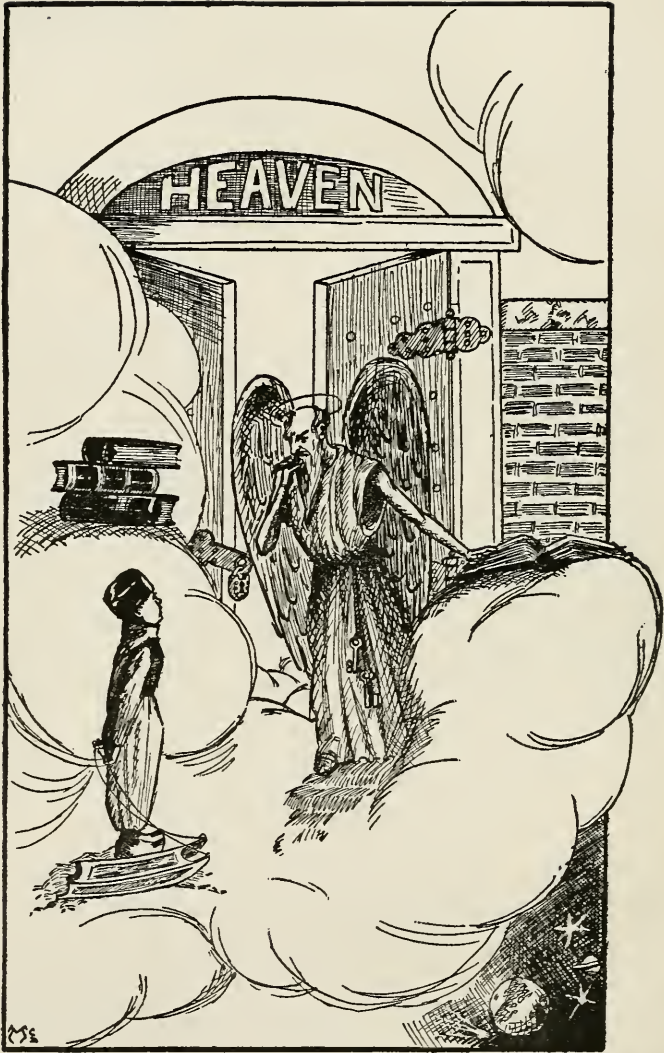
The names of old subscribers will be continued until the Business Manager is notified to discontinue them.

Changes in advertisements may be made by notifying the Business Manager.

Only one copy of the ARCHIVE will be sent to advertisers who take less than a half page.

Address literary correspondence to M. A. BRIGGS, Editor-in-Chief.

Business correspondence to T. A. FINCH, Business Manager.



"There is Enough Without That Already," said St. Peter, and thoughtfully stroked his chin.

THE TRINITY ARCHIVE

Trinity College, Durham, N. C., December, 1908.



C. L. BIVENS,
MALENE HARRELL, { - - - - - MANAGERS.

HANS BEFORE THE GATE OF HEAVEN.

From the German of Helene Boeckel.

BY LOUIS I. JAFFE.

It was the night before Christmas.

How long the day had seemed to little Hans was hardly to be told in words. But now at last belated night had come.

Out on the street the gas-lamps were being lit. In the living room, already growing dark, sat little Hans, his big sister Lina, and Gussie, his little brother, waiting for the sound of the bell which was to call them in to the Christmas-tree in another room. How long it took the bell! But now—at last it had come—*klung-a-ling-a-ling*—and Hans rushed into the room with Gussie and Lina hard behind him.

There stood the Christmas-tree—tall, beautiful, glittering; but the children, after a hasty glance at it, rushed with one accord to the gifts that lay spread out upon the table. What a magnificent array it was! Everything that a child's heart could possibly have wished for was piled up there upon the table—toys and picture books and warm things to wear.

What pleased Hans most of all, however, was a little sled that stood under the table.

"Gussie, just look at this sled! Mamma! Papa! A sled! Lina, I've got a sled!" shouted Hans joyfully as he pulled the sled up and down the room as if he were already on the snowy street outside.

Then he fell to examining the other gifts, but the sled-string never left his hand; and when he went to bed that night, he still grasped it tightly. So tired was our little Hans that he fell asleep at once. And sleeping thus he had a wonderful dream.

It seemed to him that he lay in his little bed desperately ill. His father and mother were standing near him, in distress; his sister Lina, sobbing bitterly, hid her face in his pillow; even Phylax hung his ears sadly; little Gussie alone was sleeping quietly in his cot.

All at once it dawned upon him that he had died and was even now on the way to heaven.

How strange it was! From one cloud to another the way led upward, ever higher and higher. The clouds were so white and soft that he felt as if he were walking on newly fallen snow. The little boy trudged on bravely, pulling the sled after him, the string of which he still grasped tightly in his hand. The way was long. Already the little fellow was about exhausted when something golden glistened in front of him in a rift between the clouds. As he drew nearer it grew more and more resplendent. Now he stood very close in front of it.

It was the great Golden Gate itself, and the old man in the long mantel, with the halo around his head, carrying the keys in his hand, was St. Peter, himself, keeping it. Little Hans recognized him at once; in his little book of Bible stories there was a picture in which he looked just like that.

"Please, dear St. Peter, am I really at the Gate of Heaven?" asked little Hans modestly, as he stepped up to him.

"Yes, that you are," said St. Peter. "What do you want?"

"I should like to get into Heaven," said little Hans, pointing with his finger to the Golden Gate.

"Indeed! Who are you, anyway?"

"I am little Hans, of Broad Street, No. 8, second floor."

"Hm! And you died last night and want to enter Heaven already? God will have to decide about that first. Well, let me see what I can say to Him about you. Let's see—I suppose you said your prayers to-night before you went to sleep?"

Little Hans' face grew long. "Yes," he said, then very hesitatingly, "I say my prayers every night, but tonight—tonight I do believe I forgot all about it."

"You didn't pray on Christmas night! O, O!" said St. Peter, "I don't like that at all. I'll have to look up the records of your evening prayers and see if you missed any more!" He took down one of the large thick volumes which were lying on a cloud near him and began turning the leaves. "Little Hans, of Broad Street, No. 8? Ah! here he is already. Hm, I see you pray pretty regularly as a usual thing, but—well, here for instance, nothing has been entered on November 20; what was the matter that day?"

"That was my birthday," said Hans in a weak voice, "and I forgot to pray for pure joy."

"All the more reason that you should have prayed," said St. Peter. "And here on October 3?"

It was truly remarkable how little Hans remembered everything so distinctly. "I was naughty that day," he admitted hesitatingly. "I wouldn't say my prayers until everybody else was asleep, and then—and then—"

"And then you fell asleep yourself before you knew it. Well, we won't look any further in this book. But,

although you forgot to pray tonight, you surely thought reverently of the dear Lord to whom we owe the birth of the little Christ-child on this day?"

Little Hans grew red for shame. "I don't know—I believe—" he stammered; but even if he had wanted to tell a falsehood he knew that it could not avail him here before the Gate of Heaven. "No," he admitted, therefore, honestly, "I didn't think of Him."

"Didn't think of the Lord on Christmas Day? O, O!" said St. Peter again. "Not even when you were standing before the glittering Christmas-tree? But maybe you didn't have any Christmas-tree?"

"Oh, what a great large one!" cried little Hans animatedly. "Why it reached from the table to the ceiling! And the beautiful things that were on it—you just ought to have seen them, St. Peter! Soldiers and picture-books, a box of building-blocks and a fur cap and gloves and warm stockings and picture sheets and a color-box! And here this pretty sled too! Don't you think it will go fine?"

"Why, I'm not sure about the sleighing up here," said St. Peter. "It's so mild, you know. But surely since you got so many gifts you thanked your mother and father for them over and over again?"

"Thanked them?" Little Hans looked perplexed. "I don't know, but I gave them each one a kiss."

"Indeed, and nothing else?"

"I bought papa some cigars for a Christmas present!" cried little Hans eagerly.

"With the money that you had saved?"

"Mamma gave me the money!"

"O, that's nothing," said St. Peter, with a disparaging gesture, "anybody can buy something with someone else's money. Why didn't you at least write your father a kind Christmas greeting?"

"I was going to do that too," said little Hans, shamefacedly, "but I got the paper full of blots."

"Well, a fellow ought not to be such an awkward scrawler then. But your mother, what did she get from you?"

"Why I was going to make her a new sewing-table. I already had several good straight nails and some wood that was just right—you can believe that—but I didn't finish it."

"I can imagine. You ought never to have undertaken such a big thing. I see you haven't especially distinguished yourself in your gifts to your father and mother. But maybe you brought a little happiness to some poor people. Did you?"

"I don't know any poor people," said Hans dolefully.

"Just listen to the boy!" cried St. Peter, rattling his keys angrily. "He doesn't know any poor people. Just tell me; who lives there in your back-yard—up those rickety stairs—up there where that piece of paper is pasted in front of that broken window-pane?"

"There? The cobbler lives there."

"I suppose he is a pretty rich man, isn't he?"

"He? O, no! You just ought to see how ragged his children run around. Francis—that's the oldest one—he goes to school with me—he says they are glad if they have salt every day for their potatoes. And he wears an awfully torn jacket, and I believe he hasn't even got any stockings to wear with his shoes."

"Really? And then, of course, you asked your mother if you could give him your old stockings—you got some new ones, you know. And to the stockings, I suppose, you added some of your old playthings and a book, perhaps?"

"No," said Hans, thoroughly confused, "I didn't do that. I didn't think of that at all."

"And that blind man on the corner? What did he want from you today when your mother sent you to the grocery for some raisins?"

"Why, he wanted a penny because it was Christmas eve. I would have given it to him too, but you see, it's so hard for me to get into my vest-pocket—I always have to unbutton my overcoat all the way down first—and, because I wanted to get home soon, I ran by him thinking to give him something tomorrow."

"And you died tonight! Now you see what one gets for putting off things. But tell me, were you good and obedient at least, the whole of Christmas eve?"

"I'll have to think a little," said Hans somewhat uncertainly. "Indeed, I wanted to be very good," he said, and turned his large blue eyes frankly up to St. Peter, "but I don't know—it was such a long time before night came, and when mamma told me that I shouldn't be so impatient, I said: 'If Santa Claus is going to take such a long time to come he needn't come at all.'"

"You said that?"

"Yes, and then at dinner I wouldn't eat the peas and papa sent me out of the room. And then Gussie said, if I should get a sled I would have to let him ride on it, and I said I wouldn't; but he kept on saying I'd have to, so—"

"Well? So—"

"So I gave him a good licking."

"On Christmas eve?"

"Yes, and I told Lina she was a silly goose and if she'd meddle with me she'd get what's coming to her, too."

"Well! Are you through now?"

Hans thought a little. "I kicked Phylax because he kept on running between my legs, but he didn't seem to mind it much, and—"

"What! Something else?"

"I stole a doughnut out of the frying-fan when mamma was baking, but I burned my mouth awfully with it, and mamma said that was my punishment for doing it, right on the spot."

"Well, since you have already been punished for that, we won't take any account of it. There is enough without that already," said St. Peter, and thoughtfully stroked his chin. "Now really, what can I tell the Lord about you so that He may let you enter Heaven? You didn't pray on Christmas eve—didn't think either of the Lord or of the Christ-child—didn't bring any joy to anybody and you quarreled with your brother and sister!"

Poor little Hans' blue eyes filled with tears. "But I do love my papa and mamma very much, and Lina and Gussie too,—please believe me. And if God will only forgive me this one time, I'll be good and well-behaved from now on."

"Well, I'll attend to it; wait here a little while," said St. Peter, as he unlocked the Golden Gate. Hans caught just a glimpse of the scene within the Gate. How everything in there glistened and gleamed and what heavenly melodies trembled in the air. Little Hans sank to his knees and pressed his hands over his beating heart. Here was St. Peter, already back, standing before him again. Trembling, the little fellow looked up to him.

"Your entering Heaven can't be thought of—I thought so from the beginning," he said.

"So I can't go in there?" asked little Hans as the tears rolled down his cheeks.

"No, but you needn't cry so soon. The Lord is going to let you go back to the earth again to remain there until you have become good and obedient, and have learned to celebrate Christmas as He would have it done. And now you may go—I haven't any more time

to waste with you. The angels there inside are already polishing the heavens anew and practicing the holiday music for tomorrow and I want to be present there too. Sit down on your sled and you'll be there in a jiffy. I'll give you a guide so you won't lose your way. "Ho, there! Come here!" he called to a cherub that was peeping out curiously from within the Golden Gate, "See that this little boy gets safely to Broad Street, No. 8, second floor, do you hear! And now good-bye, and may we see each other again some happy day."

Hans sat down on the sled and the cherub gave him a starting push. How it fairly flew! Hans had to hold tightly to the sled with both hands to keep from tumbling off. "Not so fast, not so fast!" he cried alarmed. Biff! He was already below. He sat up in his bed and rubbed his eyes. Through the window the morning sun shone in and was reflected on the shining ornaments of the Christmas-tree; his mother stood before him smiling.

Little Hans threw his arms around her neck, "O Mamma, Mamma, I'm so glad that I can still be with you and I thank you ever so much for everything that Santa Claus brought me yesterday. And I will never be naughty again, and I'll eat the peas too!"

"There won't be any peas to-day," said his mother. "But do get dressed first. Lina and Gussie are already up."

"I'll never call Lina a silly goose again and I'll let Gussie ride on my sled!"

And he did too. They took turns about—Hans took one ride and then Gussie one, always alternating; and when Phylax ran between them at times, Hans no longer kicked at him, but said very kindly, "Phylax, please get out of the way!"

After dinner he rummaged among his things and gath-

ered together a lot of apples and nuts and ginger-cakes and some of his old toys.

“Im going to give these to Francis who lives in the court and, Mamma, can he have my old stockings too? And I’d like to give the dollar, that Santa brought me, to the blind man on the corner, to cheer him up. May I, Mamma?”

“Yes, you may, my darling, said the mother, and locked her little son tenderly in her arms.

At night, however, little Hans, kneeling at his bed, folded his hands devoutly and prayed:

“Make, O Lord, from sin me free,
That I may the heaven see!”

He knew now that only good children go to heaven.

“Are you satisfied with me now, St. Peter?” he was about to ask—but he was already sleeping.

MISERERE DOMINE.

BY H. E. SPENCE.

God pity hearts like these:

These tender hearts of orphan girls and boys,
Who had a few short years of Christmas joys;
This Christmas night above new mounds they weep
Where o'er their loved-ones angels vigil keep.
But pity most the waifs to whom there comes
No dream of pretty dolls and little drums,
To whom no mem'ry comes of childish joys.
God pity most these little girls and boys.

God pity hearts like these!

God pity hearts like these:

These aged hearts of men and women gray,
Who see through tear-dimmed eyes the far-away,
And tiny stockings hanging in a row;
Whose children left them in the long-ago.
But pity most the hearts that never knew
The magic music of a baby's coo!
God pity homes in which no Christmas toys
Brought Christmas cheer to merry girls and boys.

God pity hearts like these!

God pity hearts like these:

These barren hearts of men who blindly grope
In dreary darkness with no Christmas hope,
Who glimpse no radiance from the starry fire,
Who hear no anthems from the angel choir,
Who scorn the wise-men as they gladly bring
Their costly gifts unto the Christmas-king.
God pity these who 'wait no Christmas dawn,
Whose superstition and whose faith are gone.

God pity hearts like these!

THE MAKING-GOOD OF PETER.

BY E. S. M'INTOSH.

It was two o'clock in the morning and the halls of Parkside Club were silent; the ivory balls had ceased to click on the green tables and the stale tobacco smoke clung to the ceiling over them like a blue veil; the newspapers were somewhat disorderly restored to their places, their scandals forgotten, and the cards lay deserted on all the tables but one. At this one sat a group of four men engaged in a quiet game, while a servant dozed in the corner.

"Four kings here," confidently sang out the small chinless young man, with his hair parted in the middle; Jones was his name.

"Four aces," coolly replied Underwood, at the same time exhibiting his hand.

"Beats me," from Stanton and Ashley.

"Curse the luck!" said Jones, banging the table with his fist. "Wake up, John, and bring us something wet!"

The negro in buttons awoke with a start and hastened to produce the "wet."

"Come, fellows, it's on me—what, Underwood not drinking?" Jones said, with more in the invitation than he hoped Underwood would see.

"No, thank you," he answered. "Cigarettes, John."

As the night wore on uncertain chance favored first one and then another, but with a strange certainty which men are in the habit of calling "luck," but which might oftentimes be better attributed to somebody's level-headedness, the gains gradually piled up in front of Underwood.

Everybody drank heavily except Underwood, who only smoked a cigarette occasionally and kept right in the game.

Jones lost, cursed and drank for awhile longer, and

then dropped forward on the table in a dead sleep, and John carried him across the room to a couch.

Later on Stanton got tired of losing, paid up, and quit.

The clock was striking five when Ashley threw down his cards in disgust and said:

"What's the use, Underwood? You've got me, and I'm tired anyway. The game's not worth the candle."

Peter Underwood, Jr., tossed his hand on the table and leaned back in his chair, with his long heavy jaw resting on his chest and his blonde hair falling down across his forehead. For a moment he gazed wistfully through his drifting cigarette smoke at the two men across the room in their drunken slumber, and presently he knocked the ashes from the end of his cigarette, saying slowly:

"You are right, Ashley, boy, the game is not worth the candle. And," he added, "I think I'll not be sorry when the candle snuffs."

"Peter," earnestly said Ashley, leaning his elbows upon the table, "what's the matter with you? We have known each other ever since we were boys; I was always as wild as a buck, but this didn't used to be your sort. Why, I remember when we went off to college together you thought you were going to be a preacher, and then I never shall forget how it stunned us all that last commencement night when you stumbled into my room drunk as a fish. Then you got delirious and talked all that rot."

"Rot? What did I say, Jim? You never told me this before."

"O, I don't remember—it was something about the 'whither' and the 'whence' and 'water willy-nilly flowing,' and then you got dreadfully worried about some chaps named Voltaire and Ingersol and—"

"Did I say that?"

"Yes," continued Ashley, "and you quoted a lot from the Bible—Ecclesiastes, I think it was—and you said that men were damn fools to believe in—"

"That's all right, Jim; don't say any more, please," interrupted Underwood, and he got up and, walking over to the window, raised the shade. The sun was just up over the house tops and the arc lights glaring weakly in the broad daylight flickered and went out, even as he looked at them. People were stirring briskly in the street below; boys whistled to each other on their way to work; motormen clanged a morning greeting to each other as their cars passed, and from the eaves above the window he could hear the sparrow's cheery call on the crisp air of the December morning. He looked and listened, but he could not catch the good spirit of it all; it only depressed him more. There was within him a restless longing, for he knew not what; a blind groping after an intangible something; a vain agonizing desire to get away from himself, and after a few minutes he turned from the scene in sickening disgust.

As he walked back to the table he glanced at the unconscious forms of Jones and Stanton, and whispered to himself:

"The cup that clears
Today of past regrets and future fears."

Then he filled a glass from a bottle on the table and drank; and when Ashley asked him why he didn't wake the negro to wait on him, he said that it was too cruel to make a man remember when he could forget.

After a silence Ashley yawned and stretched his long arms.

"I feel tough as hell this morning," he said, "and I'm dead broke. Favor me with fifty, won't you?"

"Sure," replied Underwood, shoving several bills toward him from the pile that still lay on the table, and gathering up the rest he stuffed them in his pockets.

"Now, let's take a cold shower and get into some fresh linen, and we will feel like breakfast."

Thirty minutes later Ashley and Underwood, immaculately clad, stepped out on the sidewalk, hailed a cab, and started for breakfast, after which they felt comparatively straight, notwithstanding hot lips and cheeks and slightly heavy heads. As they parted Ashley said:

"Shall I see you at Mrs. Willoughby's ball tonight?"

"Don't know yet—perhaps."

"That pretty Miss Hale, who is visiting Mrs. Pemberton for the holidays, will probably be there," added Ashley. "Have you met her?"

"No, I haven't met her yet."

"She's a stunner. You ought to meet her. So long."

"So long."

* * * * *

It was about dusk when Peter Underwood, Jr., left the office of Peter Underwood & Son. The place had been hot and stuffy all day and he had nodded over his desk a few times in the afternoon, but the cool fresh air outside was invigorating and it put a new spring into his step. As he walked rapidly up the street absorbed in thought, he almost stumbled over a crying child before he saw her. She was wandering aimlessly down the street, with a chubby fist in each big brown eye.

"Why, little lady, what's the matter?" said Underwood, stooping down to the child.

"P-please, sir, I'm losted," cried the little girl.

"Losed, eh?" said he kindly. "Well, that's too bad. What is your name, little lady, and where do you live?"

"My name is Emily, an' I comed up town with Miss Margaret, an'—an'—" The sobs broke into a prolonged wail, which refused to be quieted by any vain promises of Underwood, and he was just about to call a policeman

and rid himself of his unexpected charge, when a feminine voice cried joyously:

"Oh! Emily! Where *have* you been?"

Quickly the little one broke away from the big man's grasp and flew to the open arms of a slender lady in a Gainsborough hat and a big black fur coat just in front of him. Underwood heaved a sigh of relief and stood for a moment smiling at the ecstatic hugs and kisses of the woman and child. After the storm of affectionate manifestations had blown over the lady remembered him and began thanking him most profusely. Having done so little to deserve them Underwood was slightly embarrassed by her expressions of gratitude, and hastened to close the scene by saying:

"I was only too glad to help the little lady, madam. May I call a cab for you?"

"You have been too kind already, sir, but I should be greatly obliged to you if you would," she replied.

Underwood hailed a hansom standing across the street and when the lady and child were seated within, he asked:

"Now, where to, madam?"

"749 Wayne Street, Middlebrook, please," she said.

Underwood whistled softly in surprise. Middlebrook! The lowest, toughest, most dangerous portion of the city, and a lady, evidently of refinement, calmly asking to be sent there with a child alone and unprotected! Try as he might he could not reconcile the opposing elements of the situation.

Something was brewing. He felt it. So he immediately resolved, if possible, to satisfy his curiosity at least.

"Pardon me, did I understand you to say 'Middlebrook?'" he asked politely.

"Yes; 749 Wayne Street, Middlebrook," she replied.

"I do not desire to appear in any way intrusive,

madam," said Underwood, "but may I ask if you are aware that Middlebrook is a rather dangerous district for a woman, or a man either for that matter, to venture into at night unprotected?"

"Yes, sir, I know," she replied. "I have never been there at night before, but I have been in the daytime often enough to know that Middlebrook is no Sunday school. That is one reason why I am going there to-night. Is it really very dangerous?"

"Very dangerous, madam," replied Underwood, "and I feel that no little responsibility rests upon me if I knowingly allow you thus to imperil yourself. If it is impossible to postpone this journey until tomorrow, may I not offer my protection? My name is Peter Underwood, Jr., junior partner in the firm of Peter Underwood & Son. Do you know the house?"

"O yes; I am quite sure, sir, that you are a perfectly trustworthy gentleman, and it is very generous of you to offer your services," she said. "But I am afraid it would greatly inconvenience you."

"Not in the least," he answered, giving the address to the driver, and taking his seat beside the lady.

This was going to be a real adventure, thought Underwood. A mysterious lady, in a big fur coat and big hat that almost concealed her face, taking a child to wicked Middlebrook at night, and he had it from her own lips that one reason for this trip was because she knew "Middlebrook was no Sunday school!" It looked bad. Thus Underwood reflected and unconsciously twirled a cigarette between his fingers, as they drove eastward from the business district, through the wide residence avenues toward their destination.

He had not yet seen his fair charge in light enough to tell what she looked like, so he further engaged his fertile imagination in wondering whether she might be a facsimile of Venus or an Irish Bridget. He could get

an occasional glimpse of a haughtily tilted chin and a classic little nose silhouetted against the brightly lighted windows they passed, both of which features pointed decidedly toward the Venus theory. Her eyes, however, might be blue, black, brown, green, or even a little crossed so far as he could distinguish, for that exasperating wide hat, whose brim had already made him severely strain the third commandment twice by catching the edge of his derby and gently tipping it over his left eye, cast an impenetrable fascinating shadow across them, which reminded him very much of the purple twilight through which they rode with all its tenderness and mystic depth.

Presently the lady beside him interrupted his reverie by pointing to his cigarette and saying:

"Light it, if you wish."

"Thank you," he said, lighting the cigarette, and then added, "You have forgotten to tell me your name, haven't you?"

"You have been so highly entertained by your own reflections that I do not believe you have been interested enough to ask for it," she answered, and had it been lighter he might have seen the suggestion of a twinkle in her blue eyes.

"You forget that I am your protector and not entertainer," said Underwood laughingly. "But I should like to know how to address you when I have occasion to speak to you, anyway. 'Madam' is so stereotyped, you know, besides you may be 'Miss' and not 'Madam' at all, and to call you simply 'say' is not very polite."

"Well, then, you may call me 'Miss Hale,'" she said.

"Miss Hale!" exclaimed he.

"Certainly," she answered. "Do you think it strange that I should have been named 'Hale' instead of 'Smith' or 'Jones?'"

"O, no, of course not, mad—, I mean, Miss Hale, but are you Mrs. Pemberton's guest?"

"Yes."

"The plot thickens," whispered Underwood dramatically, and then, "Why, we ought to have known each other already, for I knew Mrs. Pemberton well."

"I have heard her speak of you. That's why I allowed you to come with me."

"I thought that you would be at the Willoughby ball tonight, and I was just regretting that I would miss you," said Underwood.

"No, I had to decline. I don't dance, you see."

"Don't dance! Why, Miss Hale, I'm sorry for you. You miss half of your life!"

"That depends upon what your life is, Mr. Underwood," she answered seriously.

"Pardon me, Miss Hale," he said. "I didn't understand."

A silence followed. Underwood was seeking a logical solution to the strange circumstances, and Miss Hale, divining the trend of his thought, first broke the silence.

"You are wondering what is the object of this wild goose chase, aren't you?"

"To be candid, I am," he replied. "Do you mind saying?"

"Not at all. I am doing mission work in the Middlebrook slums, and am now taking this little girl home from an afternoon's outing."

It was all as clear as day now, and the whole thing took on a wonderfully tame aspect. And to think of himself, Peter Underwood, Jr., formerly a gambler, drinker and all-around man-of-the-world, now knight errant, slum-worker, missionary—it was too ridiculous to be true! Yet he could not help but admire the girl's nerve.

They were in the heart of dark, dirty, murky,

tumbled-down Middlebrook now, and as they passed through the dim streets Miss Hale told him pathetic stories of widows, waifs, drunken husbands and myriad crimes, all of which Underwood tried to imagine he was enduring with the spirit of a martyr, but often he found his attention quickening with new interest and wonder at the stories of this plain-spoken girl. He thought he had never before seen a woman who understood life and saw the mystery and misery of it as she did.

The topic of slum life was not nearly exhausted when they stopped in front of "749 Wayne street." The child was fast asleep and Underwood picked her up in his strong arms and carried her to the door, while Miss Hale led the way. At the door the child waked up enough to look up in his face and say, "You are such a nice, good man," and "Good-night, Miss Margaret." As they turned away it occurred to Underwood that it was about the first time he had ever heard anybody call him "such a nice, good man" without any cynical emphasis on the "such."

"Now, then," said Miss Hale as they approached the cab, "let's get in and hurry back. It's getting late and Mrs. Pemberton will be uneasy."

They were still riding through the dark labyrinth of the narrow streets of Middlebrook, when a door flew open on the sidewalk very close to them and several drunken men and women came out laughing and singing boisterously. They caught sight of the hansom and several of the men shouted:

"Stop that cab!"

The driver anticipated trouble and whipped up his horse, but the men were too quick for him and sprang into the street and stopped him. Miss Hale uttered a little shriek of terror and clung close to Underwood.

"Hey, fellows, it's Underwood!" cried one man, peering into the cab.

"Underwood, and who's with him?" asked the man holding the horse. As he spoke Underwood's fist smashed heavily into the peering face of the other man, and the light shone full on the face of Miss Hale. The man holding the horse saw her. "My God!" he exclaimed, releasing the horse and giving him a smack that started him off at breakneck speed, "Here's hell to pay!"

When Peter Underwood collected his wits five minutes later and took his bearings, he found himself in a cab going like the wind through the main thoroughfare of the city, with the encircling arms of a sobbing hysterical young lady adorning his neck.

"P-please don't tell!" she was trying to say between broken sobs.

"Why—er, why, Miss Hale," he stammered, "of course not; I—I—that is, I mean, a gentleman couldn't think of telling a thing like this."

"O, I d-don't mean this," she cried, "I—I mean the fight. Miss Pemberton would never get over it."

"Forget it," he said, "that little tilt with those toughs didn't amount to a row of pins."

Underwood felt more comfortable when the crying ceased and he had safely delivered his charge at Mrs. Pemberton's front door; it always made him swallow hard when a woman got to crying around him. Before he left, however, he asked permission to call and discuss slum work again.

A few hours later he walked into the Parkside Club, and, as he expected, found the some old five or six over their ivory chips and drinks. One or two of them nodded coolly, and Stanton, with a bandage over his right eye, did not so much as look up.

Underwood had anticipated something like this, so

he lit a cigarette and sank into the depths of a leather chair to await developments.

Presently the game stopped and Jones came over by Underwood.

"Underwood," said he, "we know who was in that cab with you in Middlebrook tonight, but we don't understand why you should take a lady like she is to a place like Middlebrook."

"Do you mean to reflect on her?" asked Underwood.

"No. But you are already casting the reflection unless you explain."

"Shut up, Jones!" he snapped. "If you insinuate a thing I'll break your back. It's all right, and you've got to believe it because I say so. When it's time you'll understand."

"Fellows," broke in Ashley, "I believe him."

"To be sure," said Stanton, arising with all the dignity a broken face would allow, "Mr. Underwood is sincere in what he says, and all that, but this club voted tonight to suspend him until a satisfactory explanation is given for his conduct, and of course we shall have to stand by its decision."

"I expected this when I had to smash your face tonight," replied Underwood. "I am perfectly willing to be suspended, but remember this, that the first whisper I hear of this in connection with the lady means trouble for you."

Without waiting for further talk Underwood left the room.

* * * * *
It was Christmas eve, and James Ashley was chasing about over Middlebrook with a newspaper reporter, who was a friend of his, trying to ferret out a story for the Sunday Supplement. As they passed a small lighted chapel, they heard the sound of singing and children's laughter within.

"Let's have a peep in there, just to see how these poor near-mortals spend Christmas," said the reporter. So they slipped up to the window and looked in.

In the back of the room sat a dozen poorly-clad women and several old men, with their faces beaming with happiness as they watched the children around a big Christmas tree up in front. The tree was illuminated with a hundred candles and was heavily laden with presents, much to the joy and wonderment of the children.

A lady in a big Gainsborough hat and fur coat stood upon a step-ladder and handed down presents to a jolly red-coated, long-whiskered Santa Claus, wading knee-deep in gleefully shrieking children.

The two men watched the merry scene until it was over, and all had left dear old Santa Claus and the lady alone.

Then Santa Claus took off his whiskers and said to the lady:

"Aren't you happy!"

"Yes, very," she replied, and Santa Claus took her hands in his and looked into her eyes for a moment. Presently her arms crept up around his neck.

"Peter," she said.

"Margaret!"

"By Jove! I knew he would make good!" said Ashley.

"This ain't no good place for us," replied the reporter; so they went to the Parkside Club and told the boys.

ONLY A TRAMP.*

BY H. M. NORTH.

"Only a tramp was killed," they say,
"A ragged tramp;" he lies today
 With 'body drenched in gore.
And careless strangers pass the place
To gaze upon the still, cold face
 By want and hunger vexed no more.
'Twas tramp away the light,
With barn and hay at night,
 And dreams and nothing more.

A soul divine in noble frame,
And mission in the Master's name
 To do his people good.
He shunned the labor and the strife,
And would not lift the load of life,
 But begged from men his food.
It's tramp away the light,
With cold, wet ground at night,
 And morning without food.

The midnight wreck, the fearful din,
A tramp, the darkened car within,
 And death, alone, and God.
And wherefore not since hope is dead,
And love and faith forever fled,
 While earth in vain he trod?
It's tramp away the light,
It's steal a ride at night,
 And the wreck of death, and God.

*NEWS ITEM.—The east-bound passenger train crashed into a through freight, totally wrecking the latter. Fortunately no passengers were seriously injured. Only a ragged tramp, who had probably been riding beneath one of the box cars, was killed. . . .

Without a woman's tears or song
They hurry the mangled form along,
 The potter's field his end.
He's just a tramp, and only one,
With none to love, and loved by none,
 And death without a friend.
It's the reeling car by night
And the wreck before the light,
 And death without a friend.

THE FAMOUS SATURDAY CLUB.

BY WALTER WEST.

To me nothing is of more interest, or better reveals the literary life of the time than does the Saturday Club of Boston the New England Renaissance. Somehow an organization of this nature, which exerts a vast influence over its members, and over the literary production of the period, adds a peculiar interest to a study of American literature. Americans should be proud that we can boast of a club which compares more than favorably with that of Johnson or the Scribblers. If it had not been for the existence of the Saturday Club, the revelation of the most personal, most intimate side of the lives of our greatest men of letters might have been wholly lost to us. It seems to me, if we had not produced a club of this nature, that an element would have been lacking in our literature that would have meant an irreparable loss to it. I like to think of this group of eminent men, seated at dinner, as William Dean Howells saw a part of them at Longfellow's Dante Club: "At a table where Holmes sparkled and Lowell glowed and Agassiz beamed, Longfellow cast the light of a gentle gayety, which seemed to dim all those vider luminaries." This is a picture that lingers; one that can hardly be forgotten. Perhaps it would be of interest to say a few words about the club's establishment.

The famous Saturday Club of Boston, which survives to the present day, was established at Boston in the autumn of 1857. The same year gave birth to the widely known periodical, the *Atlantic Monthly*, whose first editor was James Russell Lowell. The magazine and the club have been thought to have some organic connection. Some have called it the Atlantic Club. This confusion is natural and easily explicable. For besides being coeval in birth, the contributors of the magazine were

members of the club. But the most logical reason for the error is found in the fact that there was at this same time a so-called Atlantic Club, which had its beginning in a dinner given by Moses Dresser Phillips, who, in conjunction with his partner, Charles Sampson, first conceived the establishment of the *Atlantic Monthly*. Present at this dinner were Emerson, Longfellow, Lowell, Holmes, Cabot, and Underwood. As Phillips himself said, with the exception of himself and Underwood, it would have been extremely difficult to have collected a group of more famous literary characters anywhere in the world. Phillips invited these friends, that he might reveal his plans to them and ask for their approval and aid in the undertaking. During the first month of strong interest, other dinners were given from time to time, under the auspices of the publishers. From these meetings grew the Atlantic Club. The Saturday Club, however, met at the same time. This latter club, after some time, appears to have completely supplanted the former. It is a little strange that Dr. Holmes, though a constant attendant at the Atlantic dinners, later in life, denied the existence of such a club. Probably he did not regard it as a club, and in fact there was no such intention in its organization. Longfellow, in his diary says, that the Atlantic is not the Saturday Club, and mentions his attendance at dinners of both. The Saturday Club had its beginning in Emerson and several friends who had formed the habit of meeting him for dinner at "Parker's," known as "Will's Coffee House of Boston." From this little nucleus expanded the famous Saturday Club of Boston, made famous by its preëminently distinguished membership and noteworthy because of its long and interesting career.

The club has a peculiar interest for us in that it was here, each fourth Saturday night, the chief literary per-

sonages of the day assembled and throwing aside all formalities and conventionalities, gave themselves up wholly to the unalloyed enjoyment of each other's company. They rarely ever met that someone didn't have a new poem to read, or a new book to present to the company for their approval and criticism. Holmes, in his memoir of John Lothrop Motley, says: "It offered a wide gamut of intelligencies, and the meetings were noteworthy occasions." And then, alluding to the fact that the profane sometimes called the club the "Mutual Admiration Society," for it is related that when a book by one of its members was reviewed by a fellow-member in the *North American Review*, some outsider wrote below the heading of the article, "Insured in the Mutual," he further says: "If there was not a certain amount of "mutual admiration" among its members it was a great pity and implied a defect in the nature of men who were otherwise largely endowed. The vitality of the club has depended in a great measure on its utter poverty in statutes and by-laws, its entire absence of formality and its blessed freedom from speech-making." As some one has said: "It is unfortunate that the club had no Boswell and its golden hours passed unrecorded." Lowell, in one of his letters, gives us an admirable insight into the nature of the gatherings. At a dinner given to Sillman the autocrat gives an account of his learning to play the fiddle. His brother John, who sat opposite, exclaimed: "I can testify to it; he has often fiddled me out of the house as Orpheus did Eurydice out of the infernal regions." And again the autocrat was relating how Simmons had sent him the two finest pears—"of trousers"? interrupted somebody. These little incidents, occurring at one dinner, reveal to us more than could anything else, the nature of the meetings. Here it was that the social side of Boston litera-

ture culminated. They were "nights off," informal good times, welcome recreation from the ceaseless grind of arduous daily duties. But to my mind about the best description of the meetings is found in Holmes' poem, *At the Saturday Club*. After giving a vivid description of the place of meeting, opposite "King's Chapel in the Second George's day," he continues:

"Would I could steal its echoes! You should find
 Such store of vanished pleasures brought to mind:
 Such feasts! the laughs of many a jocund hour
 That shook the mortar from King George's tower;
 Such guests! What famous names its record boasts,
 Where owners wander in the mob of ghosts!
 Such stories! Every beam and plank is filled
 With juicy wit the joyous talkers spilled,
 Ready to ooze, as once the mountain pine
 The floors are laid with, oozed its turpentine!"

We gain some idea of the eminent achievement of the members in Morse's biography of Holmes. Among them were not only poets and other writers, but college presidents and professors, great statesmen and leaders in other professions. Morse mentions the following—all typical Boston gentlemen of the Renaissance: Emerson, Motley, Holmes, Whittier, Lowell, Longfellow, President Eliot, Professors Felton, Norton and Goodwin, Charles Sumner, William H. Prescott, T. G. Appleton, J. M. Forbes, J. Elliot Cabot, Henry James, W. D. Howells, T. B. Aldrich, William M. Hunt, Charles Francis Adams, Francis Parkham, James F. Clarke, Judges Lowell and Hoar, George F. Hoar, Bishop Brooks and many others less well known. Of the six least widely known of the company, two had attained more than local reputation as men of letters. With a knowledge of such distinguished membership we are not surprised that members of the club were more concerned as to what the Saturday Club might think of

their productions than they ever deigned to be about the opinion of the public.

To me the most interesting phase of the subject is the wonderful hold the club had upon Lowell and Holmes and in a lesser degree upon Hawthorne and Emerson. I will briefly give Emerson's and Hawthorne's connection with it, but Lowell and Holmes deserves separate paragraphs. Emerson was a regular attendant at the club and continued his visits until a few years before his death. Information as regards his relation to the club is very limited. We have a splendid description of him in Holmes' *At the Saturday Club*. He appears as the "Concord Delphi's chosen priest," the "Buddha of the West."

"He seems a winged Franklin, sweetly wise,
Born to unlock the secrets of the skies."

Hawthorne was not an infrequent visitor. Although always a silent and reserved person in such gatherings, his enjoyment of the occasion was as great as he could ever desire from literary companionship, and many of the members were old and familiar acquaintances. Holmes sees him, in his poem referred to a moment since, as one "whose massive frame belies the maiden shyness of his downcast eyes"—"the great Romancer, virile in strength, yet bashful as a girl."

No member felt toward the association just as Holmes did. To him, "in the little narrow Boston routine," who had traveled but little and who appeared at his best as a conversationalist, "these monthly gatherings were like nuggets of glittering gold in a gravel field." He had a great love for the club and nothing gave him more genuine pleasure than its meetings. When writing to Lowell and Motley in Europe, he seemed to think that nothing could make his letter more welcome than merely to name the club and tell all about its meetings.

He would tell who were present at the last meeting, where they sat, etc.,—matters which his correspondents knew perfectly well. In the latter days his attachment for the club became pathetic. One by one the original, charter members had dropped off, only Lowell, himself, and a few others were left. In 1883, he wrote to Lowell: "I go to the Saturday Club quite regularly, but the company is more of ghosts than of flesh and blood for me. I carry a stranger there now and then, introduce him to the members that happen to be there, and then say: 'There at that end used to sit Agassiz; here at this end Longfellow; Emerson used to be there, and Lowell often next him; on such an occasion Hawthorne was with us, at another time Motley, and Sumner, and smaller constellations,—nebulae if you will, but luminous more or less in the provincial firmament.'"

In this congenial circle Lowell was a principal figure. The club admired and loved him. We are told that his chief pleasure and relaxation, during his professorial and editorial labors, was at these monthly dinners. Afterwards, when Ambassador to England in 1880, he writes from the midst of London's entrancing society: "I have never seen society, on the whole, so good as I used to meet at our Saturday Club." That the club was very dear to him and that its tender associations still lingered with him is proven by a study of his poem, *Agassiz*—the best ever written on the Saturday Club. It is in this poem that the club will live longest. Lowell was in Florence when he heard of the death of Agassiz. On the eve of leaving for Rome he was moved to write this elegy. Removed by an ocean's width from his old comrades and his familiar haunts, he mingled the dead and the living in his imagination. He says: "I had gone out of myself utterly, I was in the dinning room at Parker's." The bulk of the poem consists of elegy on

Agassiz. When he began the poem his intention was to deal with Agassiz alone, but it would have been incomplete without bringing in his connection with the Saturday Club, and naturally the other characters crept in. As did Holmes he sees all his fellow-clubmen, "immortal, changeless creatures of the brain," both the living and the dead, seated around the table, his chair alone being empty. Agassiz first crosses his vision:

"Ample and ruddy the board's end he fills."

He speaks of the smiling benignity of his face, and

"The eyes whose sunshine runs before the lips."

Next appear Emerson and Hawthorne, but as space is not limitless and since I have already brought in, in part, Holmes' description of them, I will have to pass them over here. Then other forms arise. With dimmer eyes he sees Clough, a passing visitor, "who brought ripe Oxford's culture to our board"—young in years, boyish in face, but old in wisdom. His opinion and encouragement, Lowell most valued. Last, Felton, too, was there, "whom learning dulled not nor convention tamed," the "heartly Grecian of Homeric Ways." Then, after the club adjourned, the parting scene, and the walk to Cambridge with Agassiz for company. He dwells especially upon his part in the conversation, for "much worldly wisdom he kept for others' use." The passage begins with these lines:

"Now forth into the darkness all are gone,
But memory still unsated follows on,
Retracing step by step our homeward walk,
With many a laugh among our serious talk."

This may well suggest that they are all gone into the world of light, but it is pleasant to linger over their memories and think how much this club meant to them and how much it has meant to American literature.

COUNTRY LIFE.

BY H. E. SPENCE.

God made sumthin' 'bout the country
 Thet jest beats the grandest town;
 What, I jest kaint tell egzactly,
 But it's lyin' all eround:
 Flashing in the mornin' sunshine,
 Glowing frum the full-blown rose,
 Wafting up frum beds of vi'lets,
 Murm'ring where the brooklet flows.

Appetites in town air diffrunt,
 Finest kind of "pum de tere,"
 Don't taste nuthin' like a tater
 Smeared across frum year ter year;
 Coffees, teas, and all sech fixings
 Ain't ez good'z the spring thet poured
 Frum the hill-side, er the cow-juice
 Drunk frum out the kitchin-gourd.

All yer opperatick music
 With yer orkistry in tune,
 Jest kaint tech the keerless warbling
 Of a mocking-bird in June;
 All yer mighty master-paintings
 Jest kaint bring a thought of God,
 Like a paster filled with clover,
 Or a field of golden-rod.

Ye air dou'tless fixed fer comfort,
 With yer plunge-baths, hot and cool,
 But it ain't like truant-swimming
 In the old crick swimmin'-pool;
 Ye may flirt with dames of fashion
 But I doubt ef thar's the bliss
 Like the day ye courted Peggy
 An' she let ye steal a kiss.

So you weary city fellers,
When ye sorter mope and pine,
Come "down home" ter Carerliner
Whar the pine-knots blaze and shine;
Feel onct more the hand of Mother
Fix the piller 'neath yer head,
While the angels of yer childhood
Vigil keep above yer bed.

THE WORK OF DANIEL COIT GILMAN.

BY R. L. FERGUSON.

Among American educators of all times none has received such unbiased and merited praise as Dr. Daniel Coit Gilman, who suddenly died on Tuesday, October 13, 1908. This universal praise was chiefly caused by the high and unique position he occupied in behalf of American university education. From the earliest stages of his educational career he had a suggestive mind, eager for forming gigantic plans and quick to devise means for their execution. Accordingly, from the influence he has had in shaping university life it is fitting for college men to review his life and the work he accomplished.

Little is known of the early life of Gilman. He was a direct descendant of the best New England blood. Among his ancestors was John Gilman, who ventured to this country in 1638 from England and became councillor in Exeter, New Hampshire. His father, William C. Gilman, was a man of culture and married Miss Eliza Coit, who likewise came from a family of repute.

At the time of Daniel's birth, July 16, 1831, his parents were living in Norwich, Connecticut. Like the majority of New England's educators, he grew up in the most favorable literary surroundings in all the country. At the early age of sixteen he had finished the course at the famous Norwich Academy. At seventeen he entered Yale and graduated with the class of 1852. During his college career he became widely distinguished for his immense breadth of scholarship and extraordinary thoroughness in his studies.

After graduation he attempted to do some graduate study at New Haven in 1853, but on the whole his efforts profited but little. Prof. Hadley refused to read Greek with him and Prof. Porter and Prof. Dana gave

him but little assistance. In the fall of 1853, he went to Cambridge, but found no better opportunities for graduate work than those offered him at New Haven. However, of this year he later said: "In both places I learned to admire the great teachers and to wish that there were better arrangements for enabling a graduate student to ascertain what could be enjoyed and to profit by the opportunities."

Following his stay in Cambridge, he spent several years in travel and study abroad. For a time he was attached to the United States legation at St. Petersburg. After this he studied Greek and Philosophy at the University of Berlin and was later a commissioner to the French Exhibition in 1855.

On his return to America in 1856, he was appointed librarian of Yale College. Later he became Professor of Physical and Political Geography and Secretary of the Sheffield Scientific School of Yale, which probably owes more of its present prestige to Dr. Gilman than to any other individual—save possibly its founder. It was through the Sheffield School that elective studies were introduced into Yale and through Dr. Gilman that the elective system became so much extended and such a vitalizing influence in college life. Here Dr. Gilman remained with his alma mater until 1872. During this period he was a trustee of the Winchester Observatory and a visitor to the Yale School of Fine Arts. He was also superintendent of city schools of New Haven for a short time and later was secretary of the Connecticut Board of Education.

By the year 1870 Dr. Gilman had become widely known as a progressive educator. He was soon offered the presidency of the University of California. He accepted, and entered upon his duties as the head of the California University in 1872.

With the consummate skill of a true administrator he

devoted his energies to the work of instituting a high standard of education in that University, as well as throughout the entire State of California. Before his advent to the West the famous Berkeley institution was merely a ranch farm, but the gigantic organizing energies of Dr. Gilman soon converted it into one of the greatest educational institutions in the West. In organizing this work he carried with him some of the most thorough educators in the East—chief among whom was LeConte. After securing a small endowment fund he obtained a number of important gifts—among which are the Francis Leiber Library, \$50,000 from Michael Reese, a chair of philosophy, \$100,000 for the law college, a gymnasium and the endowment of the Agassiz chair. He also assisted in securing the Lick Observatory.

It was during Dr. Gilman's stay in California that the great Baltimore merchant, Johns Hopkins, died in 1873. His legacy provided seven million dollars for the establishment of a hospital and a university—both of which should perpetuate the name of the founder. So, with the means to pay for the best that was in American scholarship, the trustees, who had been selected by Johns Hopkins, sought far and near for a true administrator whose work should be to organize the new institution. Their choice fell on Dr. Gilman, who accepted only on the condition that he should have full sway in using the funds without any restriction. This request was granted him, and he entered upon his duties as first president of Johns Hopkins University in 1875.

The trustees' idea of the university was vaguely similar to Dr. Gilman's. Up to this time there was not an institution in America that could be justly styled a university. Dr. Gilman's purpose was to establish a university which should be an institution devoted

strictly to graduate work and original research. Since there was no institution that could be called a university it is safe to say that the establishment of the Johns Hopkins University was to inaugurate one of the greatest periods in the development of American education. However, Gilman's task was no easy one. Up to this time Baltimore had been lacking in educational facilities. Great tact was required to interest it in an educational enterprise of an advanced type.

Before beginning his immense problem he was encouraged to travel widely at home and abroad. This he did in the early months of the year 1875. Among the places of distinction which he first visited were Oxford, Cambridge, Glasgow, Dublin, and Manchester—all of which gave him a cordial reception and showed much interest in his new undertaking. On the continent he visited Paris, Heidelberg, Berlin, Strasburg, Leipsic, Freidburg, Munich, and Vienna. "In all these places," he said, "the laboratories were new and even more impressive than the libraries. Everywhere the problems of higher education were under discussion." On these journeys he became acquainted with men like Lord Kelvin and Professors Tyndall, Huxley, Hooker, James Bryce, and Von Holst, most of whom later became lecturers at the Johns Hopkins University.

Thus, with his previous experiences and the added knowledge of these journeys, Dr. Gilman was prepared for his task. The question of buildings had been settled by the first meeting of the trustees. They had bought a temporary dwelling in the heart of the city until they could determine what wants should be revealed.

The first really difficult question was the selection of a faculty. This was done by the skill of a diplomatic investigator. He made bold announcements that the best men who could be found would be first appointed without respect to the place whence they came, the col-

lege wherein they were trained or the religious denomination to which they belonged. This brought the most representative men from various quarters of the world. Such men as Sylvester, the great English mathematician; Prof. Adams, from Heidelberg; Henry Newell Martin, from Cambridge; Prof. Rowland, the great physicist, who said on beginning his professorship with Dr. Gilman, "All I want is the back kitchen, and a pier built up from the ground;" Gildersleeve, the classical scholar from the University of Virginia, and Prof. Remsen, the chemist, who is now president of the University. Among the lecturers whom he brought to the University were Huxley, Lowell, Lord Kelvin, and Dean Stanley, who gave to Baltimore an intellectual atmosphere heretofore unknown.

Perhaps Dr. Gilman's most striking scheme was the establishment of twenty fellowships, with a value of \$500 attached to each and open to graduates of any college. It was due to this step as much as to any other one force that the confidence of other colleges was won by the new university and that the most promising graduates in America were attracted to it.

As a stimulus to research and a repository to undergraduate studies the publications and monographs founded there had almost as widespread an influence as the University. The establishment of such publications as the *American Journal of Mathematics*, *American Chemical Journal*, *American Journal of Philology*, *Studies in Historical and Political Science*, *Contributions to Assyriology and Semetic Philology* and *Memories from the Biological Laboratory*, was as unprecedented in American education as the launching of the university which for the first time brought German ideas into American universities.

In 1901, after Dr. Gilman had laid the foundation of

the university deep and strong and had "watched the structure grow into the thing of life, usefulness and beauty, and finally when he beheld the completion of the stately edifice," he resigned his position and became president emeritus.

In this same year Andrew Carnegie set aside a gift of \$10,000,000 for the extension of education. This gift took the form of the Carnegie Institution with headquarters at Washington. The presidency of the new institution was tendered to Dr. Gilman, who had already passed his seventieth year. At first he refused, but later was persuaded to accept. Under his guidance the work was organized on a huge and systematic plan. Like the university it was born "full grown" and is doubtless doing more original service for education and helping more scholars in their research work than any other one force. These two institutions alone should be an everlasting monument to his name.

But his activities were not confined entirely to an academic life. He was one of the original trustees of the John F. Slater Fund, for the education of the freedmen, and was president and secretary of the board. He was a trustee and vice-president of the Board of the Peabody Educational Fund. When the General Educational Board was organized to promote the educational interests of the South he was made a member of that body and became active in its work.

Nor were his interest limited strictly to the educational field. He was appointed, by President Cleveland, as one of the commissioners to ascertain the boundaries of British Guinea and Venezuela. He succeeded Carl Schurz as president of the National Civil Service Reform League. In 1900 he became chief among three general editors of the New International Encyclopedia. He was one of the trustees of the Russell Sage Foundation for the Improvement of Social and Living Condi-

tions, to which Mrs. Sage gave \$10,000,000 in 1907. For many years he was president of the Baltimore charity organization and was also president of the American Oriental Society and vice-president of the Archæological Society.

Among his noteworthy addresses were those made at the opening of Sibley College, at Cornell and Adelbert College at Cleveland. His published works are: *Bicentennial Address*, at Norwich, Conn.; *Inaugural Addresses*; *Life of James Monroe*; *University Problems*; *Introduction to De Tocqueville's Democracy in America*; *Life of James D. Dana, Geologist*, and *The Launching of a University*. He received the honorary degree of LL. D. from Harvard, Yale, Columbia, Princeton, North Carolina, Toronto, St. Johns, Wisconsin, and William and Mary.

It has been said of Gilman that he was never idle one moment. Even in his seventy-seventh year he accomplished many things. His example to American education has been unique, and his influence lasting. It is enough to say of him that whatever he did he made and kept his position as leader in the world of education and the larger world of affairs.

THE SOULS OF MEN.

BY C. M. H.

Oh strong is the call of the morning—red-sprung from
the heart of the night
And the cloud crownèd, blue shrouded mountain, with
its gloom and its grandeur and height,
And they grip our full hearts with their glory: the sky
and the sea and the plain;
They are great, but another is greater—the call of the
souls of men.

Oh fresh is the mist of the morning, and foul is the
smoke of the street,
And the dogs and the children that haunt it, soul-crushed
in the struggle for meat.
Yes, I love the cool breath of the meadows, and the
emerald bowers—but then;
They need me, I cannot forsake them, these soul-shriveled
children of men.

Yes, I hate the foul stain of the city; the squalor and
dirt of the poor,
But they are my kinsmen, my brothers, they are men,
with the promise of more.
The wanderer lost on the desert, the children ensnared
in the fen:
They are calling, then hasten to answer—the call of the
souls of men.

Yes, I hate the foul way of the city, taking children and
making them clods,
How she crushes the warm life within them; they are
her's, let us make them God's.
Oh strong is the wild call of nature, the mountain, the
moreland and glen,
But my red blood has heard and it answers—the call of
the souls of men.

HOMER AS A RELIGIOUS TEACHER.

BY MALENE HARRELL.

The modern student is so accustomed to look on Homer as a poet and nothing more, that it is difficult to conceive of him as a great religious teacher who had a practical influence on the lives and conduct of the Greeks. His wide influence is by no means strange, however, when we remember that to the Greeks a poet was a "schoolmaster of grown men," and they even went so far as to maintain, "that all lessons of statesmanship, war, religion, and morality were to be found in Homer; and that the sole requisite for living well was to know this poet thoroughly." Now in view of this fact let us briefly consider his religious ideas and see if we cannot find that some germs of our modern Christianity have come to us from him through the Greeks.

One of the fundamental beliefs of Homer seems to have been that the very frame-work of the universe was peopled by multitudinous deities. The Greek truly might have said with the Psalmist: "If I ascend into heaven thou art there; if I make my bed in Sheol, behold thou art there."

These deities ruled everything, often even in defiance of nature's own laws; and on them man was entirely dependent. On Mount Olympus was the capital of the celestial commonwealth

"Forever firm and fast,
And by no wind is it shaken, nor wet by the rainy drift,
Nor the snow comes ever anigh it; but the utter cloudless lift
Is spread o'er all, and white splendor runs through it everywhere."

Each God had his palace "built with cunning device by renowned Hephæstus" in the folds of this mountain. Here Zeus, superior in knowledge and understanding, ruled supreme; often calling his peers together for counsel, but never acting according to their

judgment rather than his own. Although he was omnipotent, we rarely find him interfering with the jurisdiction of the lesser gods, each of whom presided in a separate sphere. His statue at Olympia is said to have been a supreme embodiment of divine beauty, benignity, and calm such as to demand admiration and reverence. Dio Chrysotom, having seen it, writes: "He who is heavy-laden in soul, who has experienced many misfortunes and sorrows in his life, and from whom sweet sleep has fled, even he, I think, if he stood before this image would forget all the calamities and troubles that befall in human life. In the sovereignty of this mighty omnipotent Zeus we have the nucleus out of which developed something analagous to monotheism.

The Homeric world, however, as we have said, was supposed to have been full of gods, who were immortal men descended from human beings, and possessed of soul and body "combined into an indissoluble union of these two elements throughout all time." It may be said that as in the Old Testament man is made in the image of God; so in Homer God is made in the image of man. Like men these Greek deities required material nourishment and sleep to keep up their corporeal existence, and each had a local habitation in an allotted portion of the universe. In power and authority they were superior to mortals, but not omnipotent, being often subject to discomfort and pain. About these Homeric gods there seems to have been what Wordsworth calls "the presence and power of greatness," which inspired religious veneration as well as a sense of tranquility and peace.

All good and evil to mortals were thought to come directly from the gods. It is true that it is hard for us to conceive of a great God who would bring suffering and evil to mankind, but when we go back to the Pagan-

istic golden rule, "Love your friends, and hate your enemies," we find Zeus true to this rule. Homer, however, in another part of the Iliad tells us that men blame the gods for their woes which they have brought on themselves by their own senseless acts. For instance, the Homeric gods were envious gods and if an alliance was made between a mortal and a goddess, they would punish the mortal; as when "rosy-fingered Dawn" took Orion they forced Artemis to slay him in Ortygia "with the visitation of her gentle shafts." Too they envied those who had enjoyed a very long and prosperous life and often cast them from their lofty seats without even a suggestion that it was intended as a punishment for their sins. Bellerophon, on account of his prosperity alone, was driven to wander in the "Aleian plain, devouring his soul and avoiding the pathways of men." In our modern Christianity the story of the Tower of Babel is a parallel to this belief in an envious God. Another dark feature of the Homeric god was that he beguiled mankind by falsehoods and deceits. We too may detect a survival of this belief in a later theology, as for example, the "lying spirit" which Jehovah put in the mouth of the prophets who prophesied to Ahab. Here Homer's theology lags far behind. God is not to him as to Saint James, "Father of light with whom is no variation, neither shadow of turning."

On the other hand, however, Homer has a higher and purer conception of the God-head. All of our blessings of body or soul come to us through divine beneficence. His deities wandered through cities watching the justice and injustice of men, and awarding their righteous acts. From this point of view we may consider the Odyssey as a great drama to "justify the ways of God to man" by showing how justice triumphs over sin.

As men were utterly dependent on the Homeric gods

it was their duty to acknowledge their divine authority by means of cult and adherence to certain divinely-appointed principles of life. Their chief observances were in the form of sacrifice and prayer. The sacrifices were thought to have been demanded by the gods in return for their gifts to mortals. This belief in barter trade between man and God was a very weak point in the Homeric theology. But we must remember that it was many years before any race of men rose to the religious level from which we learn, "To do justice and judgment is more acceptable to the Lord than sacrifice," and "to hearken than the fat of rams." Homer's view of prayer is more spiritual and refined, but we have the same theory of relation of God to man. They prayed with hands fearlessly uplifted to heaven for favors, not so much as an act of grace, as a return for past services to the gods. Seldom, however, we do strike a prayer whose basis is "God of our fathers, be the God of our succeeding race." Their faith in prayer was marvellous; never would they undertake any great task without first invoking a god, whose aid alone could give victory. Not yet had they learned to pray for purity of soul, but only worldly things, such as deliverance from toil or danger; or pleasures of revenge and victory.

Homer is convinced that sin disturbs the moral equilibrium of the universe and the duty of the gods is to restore the balance by punishing the sinner. This law that the "doer must suffer" is fulfilled in both the *Iliad* and the *Odyssey*, yet the Homeric gods would accept a sin offering as an atonement for sin. This offering was conceived as a gift to change the gods into a friendlier attitude, the "fragrant fire-distilled essence" ascends to heaven and the "sweet savour" turns away the wrath of the gods. But the acceptance of this sacrifice was very doubtful, as it depended solely on the mood of the

gods. Truly "human life in Homer is a life without certainty of grace."

We have briefly reviewed the theology of Homer, and now we come to his conception of immortality. The Homeric man was regarded as a union of body and soul, the separation of which meant death. When a man died his soul, which was a material substance of the nature of breath or air and in the shape of the living man, alone existed. It hovered about the body it had left until the last funeral rites were fulfilled and then crossed once for all the river Oceanus or Styx, which separates the land of the living from that of the dead. The realm of the shades lay in the depth of the earth where black night brooded eternally. The kingdom of the dead itself was a "land of thick darkness, as darkness itself; a land of the shadow of death, where the light is as darkness." Its meadows were covered with asphodel, through which flowed four great rivers—the Acheron, Pyriphlegethon, Styx and Cocytus, whose names were heard with a thrill of terror by every Greek. The existence of the soul in these gloomy shades was even more terrible than the place which they inhabited. Shakespere must have had in mind their pale ineffectual shadow of life when he spoke of the "sheeted dead that squeak and gibber in the Roman streets." They were alive enough to feel that they were dead, but not dead enough to forget that they were alive. In some respects the departed spirit might be said to be only a spectral copy of its life on earth. For instance, Orion still chased the beasts along the meadows of Asphodel. The distinctions of rank and honor which prevailed in the upper world were still maintained in Hades, but man was not punished there for his good or evil deeds on earth. It is true that Tantalus and Sisyphus were punished, but these are semi-heroic figures whose crimes against the

gods deserve and meet with everlasting punishment. As we see, the Homeric conception of the future life was one of utter gloom. The Elysian plain is referred to in one passage as the "islands of the blest," but when we consider it, this is only an earthly paradise peopled by a few fortunate individuals who are exempt from death, not because of their merits, but by the grace of the immortals.

We must confess that Homer did not have such a lofty conception of God as to think that,

"Every virtue we possess and every conquest won
And every thought of holiness is His alone,"

but we can truly say that he was a great religious teacher of Greece. In his poems we find great lessons of piety, moderation, and truth. In them are embodied imperishable examples of virtues of family, social, and political life, chivalry and courage. Truly he was melancholy, but he was not a pessimist who "bewails with folded hands the miseries of human life." On the contrary it is the dark destiny of man which prompts his great heroes to action. This very motive determined Achilles, the ideal of Greek chivalry, to choose a brief and strenuous life rather than an "unlaborious length of days at home." Everywhere is that same inspiring note of indomitable determination to climb the rough and steep path of the hill of excellence.



M. A. BRIGGS, - - - - - EDITOR-IN-CHIEF.
 GILMER SILER, - - - - - ASSOCIATE EDITOR.

THE CHRISTMAS SPIRIT.

There is something so bright and joyous and wholesome about the spirit that pervades the Christmas tide. This is the one time in all the year when men open their hearts and purses freely and good cheer abounds on every hand. It is the one universal holiday—a blessing to rich and poor alike, filling all humanity with finer impulses and more cheerful thoughts. Like showers refreshing upon a parched and desert land, there comes upon the souls of men, ringing through twenty centuries, the sweetest benediction that ever fell on mortal ears: “Glory to God in the highest, and on earth, peace, good will toward men.”

SUBJECT MATTER.

Quite a number of those who first attempt to write often excuse the bareness and colorless style of their productions on the ground that their own experience has been too meagre, that they have not travelled widely enough and have not seen foreign lands and strange sights. Their limited sphere of action and their monotonous, humdrum existence, they say, is lacking in opportunities, is too commonplace to furnish the necessary

wealth of material about which to write in an interesting and entertaining manner. They feel that they have neither the subjects to inspire them nor a sufficiently broadened intellect and enlightened point of view wherewith to handle such subjects, if they had them.

There is, of course, a large element of truth in such an assertion. Certainly, one who has travelled widely among various types of people and studied human life in all its complexities ought to have a richer, fuller experience and a more comprehensive mind than one who is lacking in these experiences.

It is often the case, however, that the fault lies in the lack of insight rather than the lack of a broad outlook upon life. Enough significance lies in the common, everyday things around us, in the affairs of men and women, with whom we meet daily to quicken the world's pulse and stir it to the heart, had we but the power to see it and feel it. Mystery and romance, tragedy and comedy, joy and sorrow—these abound on every hand. One does not have to go to some far off, mysterious country to find these things. Wherever human hearts are, there may be found the story of mankind in all its lights and shadows, trials and triumphs, horrible crimes and good deeds, loves and hatreds, which, when interpreted by a master hand, is of never-failing interest.

The thought we wish to suggest here is, would it not be more profitable for the writers of college magazines, for instance, to concern themselves to a greater extent with the things with which they are familiar and with the development of a sympathetic appreciation of the many phases of life with which they come in contact?



Literary Notes

PEARLE LEOLA BRINSON,

- - - - - MANAGER.

L' Ile des Pingouins is the title of a recent book by the brilliant French author, Anatole France, in which, besides displaying all the delicacy, purity and distinction of style which have always characterized his work, he exhibits as well the mellow anarchism, the seductive nihilism, the generous indulgence and the playful pity for the failings and frailties of human nature, which were such noticeable elements in his early writings before his attention and energies were drawn into the reform movement to which he devoted himself almost exclusively for a time. *L' Ile des Pingouins* is a satirical fable in the form of a burlesque history of France, which, like the *Knickerbocker History of New York*, takes unlimited liberty with facts, is recklessly indifferent to chronology and deliberately disguises the famous characters dealt with in its pages. It treats in a mockingly serious way the cycle of human life, showing how "history repeats itself" from generation to generation.

Anatole France is a pessimist though not a bitter one. His attitude is rather that of serene skepticism, kindly cynicism, essentially human dilettantism, looking upon all efforts as fruitless, and all knowledge and systems as vain. *L' Ile des Pingouins* has been compared with the writings of the satires of Swift, and with even more justice, we think, with those of Voltaire. The wit and graceful style of Voltaire can hardly be classed as superior to those of the later writer and "since the *Ile*

des Pingouins exists, *Zadig* and *Candide* have ceased to be incomparable masterpieces."

Mrs. Edith Wharton's new collection of stories bearing the title of *The Hermit and the Wild Woman* has received most favorable comment from various reviewers. In these stories she shows unimpaired all of her most admirable qualities as a writer, and has here produced unquestionably the most brilliant of her short stories. They form a very real addition to the literature of our day and are of absorbing interest as regards plot and development.

One of the recent books which should be of interest to all lovers of poetry and its makers is the *Life of Keats*, by Albert Elmer Hancock. Probably no modern poet's fame has made more startling advances than that of Keats. As the poet's writings have come rapidly into prominence his own life and character have taken on increased interest for the reading public. Recent investigations and researches of scholars and critics have brought to light many interesting and significant details concerning his private affairs which were unknown to his earlier biographers, and as Mr. Hancock is thoroughly informed on the subject of the poet's career, this book promises to be a very important one in the list of biographies.

In *The House of Rimmon* Dr. Henry Van Dyke has produced a drama whose tone is lofty and admirable. Based as it is upon the beautiful and thrilling story of Naaman, the Syrian, it is stirring and deeply poetic, of profound religious feeling and strong dramatic interest. It is in every way worthy of its author and "will add another fine stone to Dr. Van Dyke's poetic cairn," as says the *New York Sun*.

Mr. Thomas Nelson Page, in his *Life of General Robert E. Lee*, has given us a brilliant study of the great Southern hero, both during and after the war, as a man and soldier, as a general on the field of battle and as a citizen and President of Washington College. A Northern critic has called it a "Southerner's tribute to a great Southern hero" and expressed the conviction that though the "enthusiastic appreciation" will be read with interest throughout the South, yet the book will not be universally accepted as presenting quite a fair and just estimate of Lee's military achievements as a commanding general, and that though it will delight Southern readers, still in the North it will be sharply criticised on the ground that the pride of the Virginian writer in one of Virginia's most glorious sons has too greatly influenced him in the making of his book. However that may be, it is indeed a work of merit and will no doubt be very widely read and enjoyed.

The Philippine Islands, 1493-1898, is a History in 55 volumes of the Archipelago, beginning with the explorations by early navigators, containing descriptions of the islands and their inhabitants, their history and the record of the Catholic Missions as related in contemporaneous books and manuscripts which have been translated from the originals, edited and annotated by Emma Helen Blair and James Alexander Robertson. It is a monumental work on the Philippines and represents unlimited patience and tireless effort—a splendid accomplishment of which American scholarship may well boast.

The Conquest of the Great Northwest, by Agnes C. Laut, presents a new page of American History to its readers. It is the story of the English adventurers, known as the Hudson Bay Company, and reveals many

new pages in the history of the Canadian Northwest and Western States. Though the style of the narrative partakes of the picturesque grace of a Parkman, it is also characterized by a fire and fervor not unworthy of a Macaulay. Surely "this great work which contains more thrilling adventures than the story of the Spaniards or Mexico, is bound to be an epoch-making book."



Wayside Wares

J. N. COLE, JR.,

- - - - - MANAGER.

DEAD-BEATS AND SUCKERS.

Charles Lamb, in one of his essays, divides mankind into two classes—borrowers and lenders. Were he living today I fear that he would find that these classes have evolved or degenerated into just plain dead-beats and suckers.

The writer was recently riding in an ordinary smoking car. The air was reeking with smoke and the odor of stale cigar stumps. Enveloped in this cloud of smoke and soot, were crowded the passengers, bored looking men who rode in silence. Across the aisle, spread out over the seat like a sitting hen on a nest of eggs, sat a big, red-faced man, staring ahead—at nothing. His pudgy, freckled hands were folded contentedly over his expansive stomach. His triple chin rested easily in his collar. Cut into his bulging, fluffy cheeks were two slits, these were eyes, and over them heavy, flabby lids. Always, he was smiling, smiling, yet a smile which suggested neither good humor nor intelligence. He had come into this world, had found enough to eat here, and was satisfied.

The man next to him, mashed into the far corner of the seat, took out a box of cigarettes and said:

“Have you got a match?”

The big one looked at him, but was silent. His freckled hands fumbled in his pockets and finally pro-

duced a small box of matches, the kind you buy at the corner grocery for a penny. Carefully opening it he selected one and handed it over. Meantime the little man had opened the box of cigarettes.

“Have a cigarette, won’t you?”

Again, nothing was said, but a fat hand received the box. He took out a cigarette and put it in his mouth. The man who received the match, smiled and said, “Thank, you.” The man who received the cigarette did not change expression or speak. The train rattled on for some miles. The little fellow finished smoking and began reading. Quietly, almost stealthily, the fat man removed the cigarette from his mouth and put it carefully into his pocket.

Sugar Foot is the best boot-black in town because he is the most conscientious and because he tries hardest to please. Once inside the shop door and you cannot evade his welcoming smile, and you have not the heart to ignore it. He radiates good cheer like a depot stove radiates heat.

But Sugar has not always worked at boot-blackening. Not many years ago he was a strong, active, young negro, doing blasting in a railroad cut. One day he failed to see the signal of warning, a charge exploded near him and a huge rock crashed into his leg, necessitating amputation. Since then he has hobbled around on a crutch and has made a living shining shoes.

Sugar’s one purpose in life was to make enough money to buy a cork leg. He dreamt about cork legs night and day. The possession of one was his ruling passion. Finally, after three years of toil and economy, he had saved forty dollars. To him this was a huge fortune. Every penny had been a sacrifice, every nickel a denial.

Moreover forty dollars meant a cork leg and truly that was everything to Sugar.

One bright morning a man in a striped suit, wearing a bright red tie, a huge scarf pin and a brown derby, blew in. Yes, he was agent for the company which made first-class cork legs. Sugar fairly beamed. The smile grew and grew. It spread over his whole black face, showing two rows of dazzling teeth. Here at last was the opportunity, the goal of all his effort.

Five dollars for taking the measure, five dollars down, and thirty dollars to be sent as soon as the leg was made. That night Sugar Foot sat up late counting out nickels and dimes which he poured from a dirty sack. Scarcely thirty dollars remained, but that was enough, and he fell asleep dreaming as usual about cork legs. In a few days a letter came saying that the leg was complete and would be shipped on receipt of thirty dollars. Sugar hastened to comply; the money was sent—. The man in the striped suit and red tie opened the letter and chuckled.

Sugar Foot still hobbles on a crutch. The bread of anticipation was turned to ashes in his mouth. The cork leg never came.

No, Charles Lamb, we are not borrowers and lenders. We are just plain dead-beats and suckers.

GUESSES ABOUT SANTA CLAUS.

I'd like to know if Santa Claus
Wuz onct a boy like me;
I sometimes think he wuz because
He wouldn't know what things to bring,
Like tops and horns or some such thing,
That pleases us you see;
He surely knows what kind of toys
It takes to suit us little boys.

I'd like to know if Santa Claus
 Had onct a little brother
That cried for all his C'rismus toys,
An' mekked such drefful lots of noise
 You'd half 'em with him ruther
'N hear him cry. If it were so,
Then Santa 'd bring me more I know.

An' yet I think if Santa Claus
 Had been a boy like me,
He'd know what fun it is to fight
An' sass instid of being p'lite
 An' goody-goody—Gee!
He'd think of all the fun he had
An' treat alike the good and bad.

S.



Editors Table

H. C. DOSS,

- - - - - MANAGER.

**RANDOLPH-
MACON
MONTHLY.** It is with very great delight that we welcome this magazine to our table, for it is, in our judgment, one of the leading college publications. The November number contains many fascinating stories whose variety of style makes them all the more interesting. "A Change of Atmosphere" relates in a very real way the experiences of "a gentleman of color" and his best girl at the County Fair. "A Trip Through Southern Ireland" is a splendid production and one deserving much praise. Aside from the fact that it is to be admired for its historical value, it is also of value because of the excellent descriptions of the natural scenery along the Killarney Lakes. The quotations used by the writer are appropriate and well-placed. "The Pendulum" does not impress us very favorably because of the lack of originality of the thought. "Reminiscences," the only bit of verse, is fairly good and makes us see ourselves again in the "happy childhood days." "An Adventure" is an exciting story of adventure. It is a well-written piece of fiction. "Socialism" is very good. The writer seems to know what he is writing about and we like the manner in which he tells it. The article clears up the almost universal misconception of what the better Socialism really is. "The Voyage of the Spray" teaches us a lesson in perseverance. The editorials are all good and show this department to be alive to questions of interest to the students.

**CLEMSON
CHRONICLE**

The *Chronicle* for November is a very praiseworthy edition. "The History of Thanksgiving" is an appropriate narration of the founding and perpetuating of that universal holiday which suggests to us turkey and cranberry sauce. It enables us to appreciate this day more fully when we think of it as a heritage from the sturdy pioneers of Plymouth. The author also gives attention to the struggles of the early settlers, which is another story that never grows old. A story, "The Razorback," at first attracts attention because of its title. One begins to read with the expectation of finding something new and out of the ordinary, and as he reads he is not at all disappointed. The story is one of the few we meet nowadays with a distinct touch of individualism, and we should like to see more stories from the author. "The Fruits of Ambition" merits especial comment. True it is that the lives of ambitious men teach us that "nothing is too late till the tired heart shall cease to beat. Cato learned Greek at eighty; Chaucer wrote the *Canterbury Tales* at sixty." The editor's idea as to what an editorial ought to be suggests thought worthy of much consideration by all editors. A poem, "Autumn," is good. The figure used to describe summer's yielding to autumn is quite poetic. The editors of the different departments do their work well.

**DAVIDSON
COLLEGE
MAGAZINE.**

The November number of the *Davidson Magazine* speaks well for the editors and is a credit to the institution. The opening article, "A North Carolinian of the Revolution," gives us, in a short story, a representative account of the antagonistic relations of Patriots and Tories in North Carolina during the Revolutionary period. A description of Montreal is a vivid picture of

Canada's queen city and the St. Lawrence. The city is described as one "combining quaintness with the push and go of modern city life." The idea is good, and the writer, who has evidently travelled, should be persuaded to write descriptions of other places which he has visited. The chief criticism to be offered is that there is too much attempted in the space used—it is too brief. "Our Filipino Subjects" is instructive and pleasant reading. The article deals with the racial, religious and industrial life of the Filipino. The writer had a purpose and his efforts are not ill-spent, for it is lamentably true that the "ignorance of Americans generally in regard to their country's first imperial possessions is surprisingly great and widespread." While the verse is very good, we think too much space is given to it which might well be used for more weighty matter.

**WILLIAM
JEWELL
STUDENT.**

The last number of the *Student* is a very creditable issue. "The Two-Tament Man" sets forth the real worth and responsibilities of the mediocre. "Tad" is the most prominent poem and shows some signs of ability along this line. Too much cannot be said about "Here a Little and There a Little." It reveals a great principle, and its permeating thought in "self-confidence is the moral fiber of achievement." "A Balled-Up Affair" is an example of artistic confusion and literary mixture. It is humorous and entertaining. The only striking deficiency of the *Student* is its lack of an Exchange Department, the addition of which would be beneficial to its readers and, at the same time, helpful to its contemporaries.

**EMORY
PHOENIX.**

The material used in the *Phoenix* is well selected and tastefully arranged. The Literary Department adds a great deal to the magazine and serves as a guide to the modern books. "The Value of a Definite Purpose" is good even though the subject suggests something rather stale. This magazine is the only publication among our exchanges which uses the double column. While this makes it odd (and oddity sometimes lends attraction), yet we believe the appearance would be improved by the use of the single column and larger type.

We acknowledge receipt of the following exchanges for November:

The Haverfordian, Niagara Index, William and Mary Literary Magazine, Wake Forest Student, Emory Phoenix, The Transylvanian, The Mercerian, Red and White, Clemson Chronicle, Davidson Magazine, McMaster Monthly, Randolph-Macon Monthly, Virginia Magazine, North Carolina Magazine, Mansfield Collegian, Grenadian, Emory and Henry Era, Park School Gazette, The Acorn, The Concept, Harvard Illustrated Magazine, William Jewell Student, Furman Echo, Guilford Collegian, The Chatterbox, Florida Pennant, Southwestern Magazine, Tennessee Magazine, Buff and Blue, College Message, The Radiant.

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THE TRINITY ARCHIVE

THE TRINITY ARCHIVE is a monthly magazine published by the Senior Class of Trinity College. Its aim is to promote and develop the exercise of literary ability among the students of the college.

Vol. XXII

Table of Contents

No. 4

LITERARY DEPARTMENT

To Europe on a Cattle Steamer	<i>Louis I. Jaffe</i>	161
Sorrow-Like Foam (<i>Poem</i>)	<i>H. E. Spence</i>	176
Edgar Allan Poe, Writer of Short Stories.....	<i>E. S. McIntosh</i>	177
Grillparzer's Sappho.....	<i>C. M. Hutchins</i>	183
Heaven or Hell (<i>Poem</i>).....	<i>H. E. Spence</i>	188
The Foremost Captain of Industry.....	<i>J. N. Cole, Jr.</i>	189
The Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood.....	<i>Evelyn Jones</i>	193
The Lyceum System in New England.....	<i>Claude West</i>	196
EDITORIALS.....		203
LITERARY NOTES.....		205
WAYSIDE WARES.....		209
EDITOR'S TABLE.....		213

MANAGER'S NOTICE

Alumni, professors, students, and friends of the college are invited to contribute literary articles. All matters for publication must be in by the fifteenth of the month previous to month of publication.

Subscription price, \$1.25 per scholastic year, nine months. Single copy, 15 cents.

The names of old subscribers will be continued until the Business Manager is notified to discontinue them.

Changes in advertisements may be made by notifying the Business Manager. Only one copy of the ARCHIVE will be sent to advertisers who take less than a half page.

Address literary correspondence to M. A. BRIGGS, Editor-in-Chief.

Business correspondence to T. A. FINCH, Business Manager.

“Humility is never so lovely as when arrayed in scarlet; moderation is never so impressive as when it sits at banquets; simplicity is never so delightful as when it dwells amidst magnificence; purity is never so divine as when its unsullied robes are worn in a king’s palace; gentleness is never so touching as when it exists in the powerful. When men combine gold and goodness, greatness and godliness, genius and graces, human nature is at its best.”—Watkinson.

THE TRINITY ARCHIVE

Trinity College, Durham, N. C., February, 1909.



C. L. BIVENS,
MALENE HARRELL, } - - - - - MANAGERS.

TO EUROPE ON A CATTLE STEAMER.

BY LOUIS I. JAFFE.

Here's to old Yale,
She's so hearty and so hale,
Drink her down, drink her down,
Drink her down, down, down!

Lying in various attitudes of relaxation on the bow deck of the good ship "Merion," at that time about sixteen hundred miles from nowhere in particular, a group of college men were making merry. That there were men from New Haven in the group was evident from the gusto and frequency with which this familiar refrain broke out upon the night air.

It was a cosmopolitan group. Men from Yale, Princeton, Pennsy, Brown, Chicago, and Trinity commingled their voices and intertwined their legs in that ready good-nature that makes all cattlemen akin. There was not lacking, also, the foreign element to make the group truly Bohemian. In the party was Jack, a young Englishman, bound for New Castle on the Tyne, after a varied career of two years in the States. Jack was minus many front teeth. This, together with the Englishman's natural aversion to the letter "h," accounted for the many new words a song invariably acquired when Jack joined in the chorus.

Other songs followed. Songs of all the colleges represented except Trinity, for the only half of her delegation that could sing was curled up in his bunk below. Songs, patriotic, sentimental, idiotic, followed each other in glad profusion. Songs dead and forgotten were resuscitated and given a new lease on life. It was a veritable mid-ocean Renaissance of melody. Then abruptly all became silent.

From the bridge a bell rang out penetratingly. Six times the sharp staccato peals pierced the night. Eleven o'clock. High up in the crow's-nest the lookout stretched his frame wearily, leaned over, and pulled the deep-toned ship's-bell six times. "A-l-l-s w-e-e-e-l-l," he sang out in his peculiar long drawn out Yorkshire drawl. Far up in front where the steamer's nose was cutting the waters, the bow-watch answered sharply—"All's well!" A minute of silence followed. In two more minutes the deck was deserted—everybody was below in his bunk.

On a certain German recitation hour last spring two students of this college put their heads together and evolved the idea of a vacation trip to Europe. It isn't very difficult to evolve an idea. Having been duly evolved the idea waxed large and prospered. The two students, be it said, were Gilmer Siler, of the present Senior class, and I, of the Sophomore class, the humble scribe. The fact that our allowances had been arranged with the view of leaving us exposed as little as possible to the many temptations that beset those who have a superfluity of money, precluded at once the idea of our engaging the royal suite on the *Lusitania*.

Our finances being thus in inverse ratio to our Wanderlust [I have since learned that such a condition is not unusual among undergraduates in Southern colleges] no other course was left open to us but the cattle-steamer. We opened negotiations with a big packing house in Philadelphia for passage across. We intimated that it was essential to the

safety of the steers that we be taken along to minister to them on their first and only voyage across the Atlantic. I shall not dwell on the many delays we had to contend with before we got the final letter telling us to come on. This was early in May. We borrowed a few guide books from Professor Wannamaker, of the German Department, and began planning our itinerary on the other side. It is surprising how soon distances between cities become crystalized in one's mind when once considered from the standpoint of the cost of mileage. By the time commencement came around we knew definitely what places we should visit and within a few dollars the total cost of the trip. Our knowledge of the topography of England and Germany, by the 10th of June, was greater than it had ever been before.

One week after commencement we left Durham carrying a suit case apiece. Both of these were crammed to the bursting point. A careful analysis after we got back showed that we used little more than one-half of the clothes and other articles that we took along. We were guided in our packing by a magazine article and by the suggestions contained in the invaluable guide books of Herr Baedeker. Among other things we took along a few homely remedies for seasickness, etc., which stood us in good stead.

We arrived in Philadelphia without incident and proceeded at once to the shipping office. Here we found that owing to the large number of students who had applied for passage on this steamer, we were to pay five dollars each for the privilege of working our way across. There was nothing to do but come across or go back home, so we promptly deducted five dollars from the sum we had set aside for wine suppers, "D" trains, and automobiles, and made up our mind to do more walking. We departed from the shipping office with a receipt for five dollars and a ticket stating that we were full-fledged cattlemen, entitled to all the sacred rights and privileges of cattlemen, and a return passage free of charge.

Early on Saturday morning, June 20, 1908, we boarded the steamer. She was much larger than we expected her to be, being fully five hundred feet long. In addition to the cattle, of which there were some six hundred head, she carried three hundred and fifty passengers besides the crew and a large cargo. There were about twenty of us cattlemen in charge of a fat, good-natured Irishman named Jim Hagan.

The cattle had been driven aboard the night before and were now quartered in two widely separated sections of the vessel, fore and aft. Hagan divided us into two crews of unequal number, assigning our, the smaller, crew to quarters in the forecabin. Over us he placed a sub-boss, whom we came to know as Jimmy, the man who was to initiate us into the gentle art of feeding steers. Jimmy—he may have had another name, but we never found it out—was a wiry little Englishman of forty-five, who had been taking cattle across the Atlantic for thirteen years. He was good-natured, very fond of his bottle of Bass and devoted to the cup that clears. In his waking hours a grimy clay pipe, whose stem was partly broken away, never left his mouth. When not on duty or asleep he usually spent his time in cursing the rations, the quartermaster, and, not infrequently, the captain. To us cattlemen he was uniformly kind and was always ready to lend a helping hand when the nameless sickness laid one of our number low.

Our division was composed of eight men, including Jimmy. Besides Jimmy, Jack (whom I have mentioned), Siler and myself, there were three Sophomores from Yale and a young Scotchman named Alexander, whom Jimmy nicknamed Ginger because of his fiery temper and combative disposition. Ginger's vocabulary of "cuss" words, although he himself was by no means a dilettante, was the envy of Jimmy the whole trip. The Yale men were: Barber, a husky fellow from Toledo; O'Brien, a blue-eyed little Irish-American from Chicago; and Jewett, a

tall, raw-bony New Englander from the Green Mountains of Vermont. On account of his excessive altitude Jimmy promptly nicknamed him Longfellow, disproving at once the current idea that the American poet is unknown in England. Longfellow he remained the whole trip.

The room assigned to us was a comparatively large one and was lighted by two port holes and one incandescent lamp. On three sides were arranged bunks much after the fashion of the upper and lower berths in a steamer cabin. Each one of these bunks was furnished with a straw mattress, one end of which was bolstered in the form of a pillow, and a pair of blankets made of dark colored wool. Owing to the natural color of the blanket the date of its last visit to the laundry was largely a matter of conjecture. However, it smelt reassuringly of carbolic acid. There was also a row of iron lockers on one side in which we deposited our bags. In the center of the room was a plain wooden table clamped and riveted to the floor. It was ornamented with a weird array of deeply cut initials and dates for all the world like the Cuneiform Inscriptions in the British Museum. On each side running the length of the table was a low-wooden bench.

Adjoining this room was a bath-room, assigned for our particular use, with sea-water on tap. The large porcelain-lined tub looked inviting and we had visions of luxurious saltwater baths—visions, however, that never materialized. For some unaccountable reason the water came in torrents when we didn't want it, but always in dribbles when we did want it. We had to content ourselves with a bucket of scalding hot water from the galley and a sharp rub down with a coarse turkish towel.

Our first meal on shipboard was anything but happy. The dimly-lighted room, together with none too-inviting dishes and still less inviting viands, was not calculated to put an edge on our appetites. It was five o'clock tea. Tea,

or a liquid much resembling it in color, not in taste, was served from a large two-gallon tin pot. Good wholesome bread, butter fresh from the cold storage, cold sliced beef, and mixed pickles constituted the rest of our bill of fare that evening.

With the exception of Ginger and the Englishmen everybody ate sparingly. We threw everything that was left over into the sea through the port holes, and went up on deck to enjoy our first night at sea. As yet we were still in the bay a good many miles from the Delaware breakwater, but land was nowhere in sight. That night we went to bed early, for we were to rise at four o'clock the next morning to water the cattle. Most of us slept well in spite of the incessant throbbing of the engines and the cradle-like motion of the ship, felt more strongly in the forecabin than in any other part of the steamer. In the berth above me, however, Barber was evidently far from comfortable, for once in awhile when the steamer pitched deeper than usual as we passed the breakwater and struck the high seas, a little groan escaped him which was anything but promising to me in the berth directly underneath. All were soundly asleep when Hagan, who had been up all night on guard duty, aroused us with his hearty "All up fellows, four o'clock."

It was a sleepy-looking crowd that climbed out of their bunks that morning. Suit cases were snapped open and the old clothes which had been carried along for this purpose were hauled out. Last year's suits, kahki trousers and coats, and overalls were pressed into service. Most of us had been thoughtful enough to take along heavy wool sweaters; they felt exceptionally good that morning, for the air was cold.

There were two hundred and fifty western steers in the section assigned to our care, quartered on two decks. Narrow iron stairs led from the first cattle deck to the second. On this deck the port holes were only a few feet above the water line. The steers were tied in long rows facing each other.

Between these rows ran long alleyways, four or five feet in width, in which we walked when feeding them. Heavy wooden bars kept the steers from jumping into the alleyways.

Our party of eight was divided into two squads of four, one in charge of Jimmy and the other in command of Longfellow. The latter squad was composed of Siler, O'Brien and myself. Longfellow, in a pair of overalls six inches too short for him and with the sleeves of his Jersey reaching hardly below the elbows, was indeed a sight for the gods. With a few touches here and there he could have posed easily as the re-incarnation of Ichabod Crane. The rest of us, however, were equally as disreputable.

The method of watering needs a little explanation. Each squad was provided with a long rubber hose and a dozen galvanized iron buckets. At regular intervals throughout the length of the ship were hydrants to which the hose was attached as we moved up the alleyways. One of these buckets was placed directly in front of each steer. Then all were filled in rotation by one of the squad who carried the hose. It was the duty of the other three to see that each steer drank only out of his own bucket and that he got three buckets of water—apparently an easy matter, but in reality anything but that.

Some of the steers, evidently those from the dry States, drank faster than the others, and when one of these got through he lost no time in forcing his weaker neighbor to give up his bucket. In the struggle that followed the bucket was usually overturned and the water spilt. When one of these burly fellows got through with his bucket, and unable to wait until the hose came around again to refill it, began to insert his nose in the bucket of his neighbor, we had several means at our command of forcing him to desist. To be sure they were all more or less radical, but they brought results. One was to deliver a swift well-aimed kick in the

nose—this generally had the required effect. Another was to stick the thumb deep into his starboard eye. Still another infallible method of persuasion, but one to be used in extreme cases only, and only by experienced cattlemen like Jimmy, was to get astride of the steer's back and twist his tail!

It is none too warm early in the morning on the ocean, even in midsummer. An hour of this work with an occasional accidental drenching from the hose made us long for something hot, so that when our Peggy yelled, "Hot coffee, fellows," about five o'clock we dropped the buckets and hose gladly and climbed up to the cabin for a half-hour's rest. A word of explanation as to who and what kind of a personage "Peggy" was.

The wants of the passengers, both cabin and steerage, are looked after by stewards. They set the tables and clear them, look after the staterooms, assign deck space, etc. For the crew, however, and we were part of the crew, no stewards are assigned. Each section of the crew has to select one of its number to look after the table and keep the quarters clean enough to pass the daily inspection. This one on an English ship is called the Peggy. Our first choice for Peggy was Barber. It was his duty to go to the galley for the food, wash the dishes, and sweep the room once a day. At five o'clock in the morning Peggy went to the galley for coffee, and bread and butter. As soon as he had poured out the coffee in the large heavy china cups he called us.

The coffee was exceedingly black, and strong enough to walk. Its one saving virtue was that it was hot. Having disposed of the coffee and several slices of bread we went up on deck for an early morning view of the sea. A few minutes of the raw misty morning air sufficed and we went below to our cattle with renewed vigor. Having finished the watering we fed the cattle hay which had been hauled up from the hold the day before.

The method of feeding was simple. We rolled the bales of hay down the alleyways and left them lying there at intervals of fifteen feet. Then we cut the bales open with a hatchet and kicked the hay apart, spreading it like a thick carpet over the entire alleyway. The steers had been tied with enough play of rope to permit them to reach out under the bars and eat the hay. This feeding took until seven o'clock and we were off duty from then until eleven.

At seven o'clock came breakfast. The peculiar dish of this meal, and one that later wrought havoc with our digestion, was "scouse." Its principal ingredients were water, potatoes, onions, and beef cut into small bits. All of this and much more that we were unable to identify was boiled to a semi-liquid consistency and was served steaming hot. Nutritious it undoubtedly was and at first we were inclined to like it. The liking, however, changed to hate a day or two later and after that no one ate scouse. We had coffee again for breakfast—this time with the addition of a little milk. Bread, butter and marmalade completed the repast.

At eleven o'clock all the cattlemen on the ship, fore and aft, met at the forward hatch to haul up provender for the following day. We worked in pairs. Each couple hauled up from the hold several bales of hay and two or three bags of corn by means of a rope and pulley. It took an hour to haul up hay and corn enough for a day's feeding. The usual daily allotment for our section of cattle was sixty bales of hay and thirty bags of corn.

At twelve o'clock we had dinner. Like the meal of the preceding evening it was far from being a success. O'Brien had been assuming a paler and paler hue all the morning. Peggy himself kept to his feet and served out the food by dint of superior will power alone. These two positively refused to eat anything. The rest of us, however, fell to briskly. The menu was stewed beef, pea soup, potatoes (jacket style, i. e., with the skins on), bread, butter and

pickles. Jimmy warned us to eat sparingly the first day or two out, and we followed his advice. Again we threw most of the meal overboard through the port—all but the bread. Acting under Jimmy's advice we waited until nightfall to throw that overboard. He told us that if the bread were seen floating on the water our bread allowance would be cut in half. At that stage of the trip we were ready to believe anything that Jimmy told us. Later our confidence in him waned a little.

There was nothing to do until five o'clock in the afternoon. These hours we spent variously in reading, writing diaries and sunning on deck. We also explored the steamer in every place that we could gain admittance and in a few places that we couldn't. The weather was fine the first afternoon and many of the cabin passengers came out on deck. We met many of them and in the course of talks with some who had been across before learned many things that were of use to us later.

At five o'clock we fed corn. This was very easy work and took only half an hour. The allotment was one bucket to three steers. When they were through eating the corn we fed them hay once more, but this time only half as much as the morning feed. This completed our work for the day. The feeding program was exactly the same every day, so there is no need to dwell on this part further. I have gone into detail about the work which we had to do, for the information of those who are contemplating a trip of this kind, and want to know something of the rougher side of life on a cattle steamer. I turn gladly to the brighter side and to the side that made this trip in more than one way the greatest experience of my life.

On the third day out Barber, finding that unless there was a change for the better he would soon be confined to his berth with seasickness, asked me to change places with him. This I did and remained Peggy the rest of the voyage.

Being Peggy was more or less of a sinecure since there was not more than two hours of actual work a day. This inactivity soon made itself felt on the digestion, and for the first twenty four hours of my incumbency I subsisted mainly on dry bread and lemons. After this slight attack I felt better than ever and developed a marvellous appetite.

Our fare, although always plentiful and wholesome, lacked variety. Always scouse and coffee for breakfast; beef and potatoes for dinner; and tea and cold sliced beef for supper. On Thursdays and Sundays a little variety was given to dinner by the addition to the bill of fare of "plum duff." This was very much like our plum pudding, differing from it only in specific gravity. It had the consistency of rubber and the weight of lead. Jimmy solemnly affirmed that if a man should fall overboard after having eaten a reasonable quantity of plum duff he would sink to the bottom without a gurgle. The Englishmen considered it quite a delicacy and consumed it in enormous quantities. Nothing short of starvation could have induced us to eat it. Matters were fast reaching a crisis, for we were dissatisfied with our food. Something had to be done and soon. Barber led the way. He held a secret consultation with the second cook and for the sum of eight shillings the latter agreed to furnish him with a large plate of the best that the ship afforded three times a day. It was bribery, pure and simple, but on shipboard no stigma is attached to the practice. A bribe on the ocean is a tip. The gravity of the offense was lessened in our eyes by the sight of some edible food. In behalf of Siler and myself I too held a confab with him. After that we lived, figuratively speaking, on the fat of the land. The omnipotent shilling or dollar, for that matter, is a useful thing on an English steamer and unless one is prepared to hand out a few of them to the minor officials, one is pretty apt to get what is coming to him and no more. So much in justification of our bribe-giving.

As Peggy, I had most of the day to myself and spent all of my time practically, on deck. When off duty the other fellows also lounged on deck. At such times we gathered into some corner shielded from the stronger winds and took our favorite sun-bath. He that has not lain at full length on the deck of an ocean steamer and permitted the salt sea breezes and the rays of the sun to play undisturbed with his hair and face has a treat in store. Three or four days of this sunning turned us brown as Indians.

It was while sunning on deck one day that a stout, middle-aged lady espied us. She came up to us radiant with smiles.

"Ah, you are the cowboys, are you not?" she asked sweetly, including all of us with her benignant smile.

"Yes'm," answered O'Brien, who was feeling a little out of sorts that day and was not inclined to answer at greater length a question so obviously superfluous.

"Well," she said, still smiling sweetly, "you needn't be ashamed of it—you are just as good as we are."

A thunderbolt out of the clear sky overheard would have caused us less surprise. We gave her no encouragement to talk further.

"Thank you," said O'Brien.

There was another unmarried lady of avoirdupois and fifty summers who suffered from the hallucination that she was an artist. Of all the bores we met she was perhaps the worst. She came to me one day with an air of mystery. Out of a book that she was carrying she took a sheet of white note paper. In the center of the sheet was what appeared to be a huge ink-blot. There were, to be sure, a few arbitrary lines that I could hardly reconcile with my conception of the legitimate lines of an ink-splotch, but an ink-splotch after all it was. She showed me the sheet and asked me what I thought of it.

"How did you happen to do it?" I asked sympathetically.

At once I knew that she was mortally offended. It was

not without considerable difficulty that I succeeded in convincing her that what I meant to ask was how she had happened to reproduce so faithfully the glorious sunset of the evening before. It was a severe strain on my diplomacy.

On another one of those lazy afternoons, as I lay stretched out at full length reading, a middle-aged man of clerical appearance, sauntered up and introduced himself. From the informality of my dress he must have known that I was one of the cattlemen. Some of the girls on the steamer, he told me, had expressed a desire to meet us fellows. The women outnumbered the men about eight to one in the cabin, so I was not at a loss to account for their unexpected interest in us.

I told him that we should be only too glad to meet them. We thereupon arranged for a meeting to take place on the next day. We were all gathered in our trysting place the following day when my friend of the day before bore down upon us with several damsels. Their names have utterly escaped me, but this I remember: they were from the far West—Idaho, I think. We were chatting away merrily a few minutes later, when two of them asked if they could not go down to see the cattle. O'Brien and I gallantly volunteered to act as guides. Down the narrow iron stairway to the first cattle-deck we piloted them. Now and then as a steer poked his nose out inquiringly they broke out into a series of little screams, but we led them on. Not content with the cattle-deck we took them to the steerage and thence to the galley and still further on to the aft cattle-deck. We were proceeding thus merrily when all at once in the narrow passage-way appeared the burly form of the quartermaster bearing down upon us with fire in his eye.

"You d—— cattlemen think you run this boat, don't you?" he hissed in an aside to O'Brien, and then aloud:

"Strictly against the rules, ladies, to come down here without orders from the captain. You'll have to get out."

Back he marched us very unceremoniously and didn't leave us until we reached the deck. Then he made a bee line for the bridge to report us to the captain. When the rest of the fellows broke out in laughter at our undignified reappearance, two such humiliated would-be gallants as O'Brien and myself were, were never seen.

"Will they do anything to you boys for taking us down there?" the girls asked us anxiously.

"I'm afraid they will cut off our ice cream allowance," answered O'Brien, but his wit was lost, for I met the same girls on the home-going steamer and they asked me in all seriousness if they really did cut off our ice cream allowance.

A party of girls from Evansville, Indiana, five in number, in charge of an old maid of sixty who acted as chaperone, added a note of western gait to our life on shipboard. They had been given a two-months' trip to Europe by a newspaper of Evansville as result of a subscriber contest. We came to know them pretty well and had the good fortune to come back on the same steamer with them. Two were really pretty.

Time passed rapidly as we came to know more and more people and the end of the voyage soon came. Hours before we were due to see the first land the deck was crowded with passengers. Many were scanning the water ahead with marine glasses. After hours of impatient waiting the Irish coast rose out of the ocean in dull gray mass hardly distinguishable from the clouds and water. As we drew nearer, the shapes began to assume form and soon we were gladdened by the sight of a farm-house. The green and brown fields laid out in irregular patches in the valleys were like balm to our sea-ridden eyes. All day we steamed in full view of the Irish coast and late that night we slowed down outside of the harbor of Queenstown. We could see the lights of the city a mile or two inland. A puffy, broad-beamed little tender emerged from the harbor and came alongside, and a gangway was lowered from the steamer. Important mails were

sent ashore to be forwarded by rail to the continent and some of the passengers disembarked. An hour later, under full steam, we left for Liverpool.

Again we lost sight of land, but this time only for a few hours. Fourteen hours after leaving Queenstown we entered the Mersey, teeming with craft of all nations, and four hours later we anchored alongside the dock. The cattle were driven off the steamer in fifty minutes and our work was over.

There was a beautiful phenomenon of the *Aurora Borealis* that night, and I remember reading a London paper at half-past ten without the aid of any other light but that furnished by the stars and the *Aurora*.

That night we slept on the steamer. Late the next morning, after presenting all of our old clothes to the sailors, we donned our respectable clothes and went ashore. There seemed to be a question as to their respectability, for our clothes elicited more or less wonder wherever we went.

The custom examination was a mere matter of form. The officer asked us to open our bags, and after a glance at the contents to see that there was not more than the allowed amount of whiskey or tobacco in them, marked a mystic symbol on the outside of every suit case with a piece of white chalk and passed us on.

We walked down the gang-plank to the landing stage. At last we were on English soil—eleven days to the hour after we left Philadelphia. This moment alone was worth the hardships we had endured ten times over.

SORROW-LIKE FOAM.

BY H. E. SPENCE.

Sorrow is like the foam, they say,
 Here for a moment and then away.
 The grief of the child is the foam of the rill
 That gurgles and chuckles adown the hill,
 Hurrying and scurrying along the way,
 With never a grief till you stop its play.
 But who can tell of the childish woe,
 Or the whirl where you stopped the brooklet's flow?

Sorrow is like the foam, they say,
 Here for a moment and then away.
 The grief of the youth is the foam of the falls
 Of the meadow-stream by the old stone wall,
 With never a grief till it steals away
 From the land where the barefoot urchins play;
 But the sorrows of lost youth who can tell?
 Or the crush of the waters where they fell?

Sorrow is like the foam, they say,
 Here for a moment and then away.
 The grief of the man is the torrent's leap
 Through the rugged rocks to the mighty deep,
 As rushing and roaring his hopes all go
 To the jagged rocks of despair below;
 And nobody knows the grief and care
 Of the life crushed out on the rock Despair.

Sorrow is like the foam, they say,
 Here for a moment and then away.
 The grief of the old is the ocean's foam
 As the wild waves yearn for their mountain home,
 And the tides set shoreward to'rd the hill
 Where the river began in a tiny rill.
 Who knows the grief of the ocean foam,
 Or the heart that yearns for its childhood home?

EDGAR ALLAN POE, WRITER OF SHORT STORIES.

BY E. S. M'INTOSH.

Even as "hope springs eternal in the human breast," so, since the day when Adam first told the tale of the baneful apple to wondering Cain and Able, or Noah of old related the wonders of the Ark to the grandchildren around his knee, has the child-like desire for a story ever haunted men. However, in spite of the fact that the short story doubtless had its origin in "time whereof the memory of man runneth not to the contrary," it can hardly be said to have reached that degree of excellence in point of style and technique whereby it might take its place as a work of art until the nineteenth century. But in these latter days the short story has gained such prominence as a literary medium that it might not be inappropriate at this season, the hundredth anniversary of a pioneer of the art of short story writing in America, to stop and somewhat briefly consider his work.

Edgar Allan Poe began his career as a writer of short stories in 1833, when under the stress of financial embarrassment he responded to a prize story contest offered by *The Baltimore Visitor*. His story of "The Manuscript Found in a Bottle," by the clear, peculiar handwriting, attracted the notice of Mr. Kennedy who presided over the contest, and when he read it to the committee it was easily awarded the prize, and from that day forth Poe became known as a writer of distinctive short stories.

This story of his, which won for him his first distinction along this line also sounded the keynote of all those which were to follow. In it are to be found his use of the mysterious and horrible, the extraordinary, the unique, the out-of-the-way, his impressionistic use of exciting colors, grotesque shadows and lurid lights, the high excitement of the curiosity and imagination, the suspense of expectancy, and that vivid description of sensations that causes his reader not to recall such sensations or to imagine them, but at the very moment

of reading to feel them; all these and many other characteristics of his style in this story we shall meet with again and again in the further study of his prose tales.

In this brief way, then, from the height of this one tale, having taken somewhat of a bird's-eye view of the general nature of his stories, let us go a little more into detail and see whether we can find some of the distinguishing elements of them. What is Poe's technique? How does he work this miracle of taking his plain ordinary matter-of-fact reader and transporting him from this world of realities to enchanted ghoulish valleys of shadows and "dark tarns" and into beautiful fairy land in so real a way that at the end of the story the reader rubs his eyes and wonders whether he has not really been there?

First of all let us notice the length of these stories. Realizing, as Poe says, that "all high excitements are necessarily transient," and that there is therefore a certain time-limit after which excitements will cease to stimulate, we are forced to the conclusion that here is an all-important element to be considered. To get the best results then it is necessary to find the longest duration of time in which this high excitement can be sustained without interruption or abatement, which of course means at one sitting and without the intervention of worldly interests "during the pauses of perusal to modify, annul or counteract, in a greater or less degree, the impressions of the story." With such a general rule we find Poe not only entirely complying, but in each individual story we find that he has carefully and exactly worked out this psychological time-limit, or, as it were, the exact time-exposure required to make the peculiar impression of each story upon his sensitive reader. For example, his stories of rapid action, highest excitement and vivid impression, such as "Shadow, a Parable," or "MS. Found in a Bottle," could be read in thirty minutes or less time; while one like "The Gold Bug," or "Murders in Rue Morgue," which deal with

cool calculations and logical reasonings, would require a much longer time.

Seeing, then, that Poe has a keen sense of the length of time his reader will stand for a certain kind of treatment, we now come to the stories themselves. Having a volume of them open in our hands, they are as the canvasses of a great master before us, and it is for us to decipher by what technique he has wrought this effect, that color-scheme, the poetic feeling in this one, or that atmosphere in the other one. So versatile is he, sometimes using one device, sometimes another, and again combining many, that we find it rather difficult to choose a satisfactory starting point. However, assuming that a story must have some sort of a plot before it can be called a story, we shall begin here.

To be sure, along with a good plot, clear-cut characters and much color of setting are often essential to the success of a story, but quite as often as not we find Poe lavishing his skill on the simple plot, upon whose entertaining qualities depends the charm of the whole story, regardless of the colorless lay figures that he hustles hither and thither in a setting that may be one place as well as another. These plots, however, we shall see, fall into several distinct classes.

One of the first of these to be mentioned is his "tales of ratiocination," as he calls them, which involve a certain degree of reasoning along various unique lines, such as mathematical precision, which is well illustrated by the story of "The Gold Bug;" and again in the reasoning out of the probable workings of human nature under given conditions, as in "The Purloined Letter," or "The Pit and the Pendulum."

Another favorite style of Poe's is tinged with "ratiocinationism," but may better be classed as the detective story. This style of story was not original with Poe, as many have supposed, but he adopted it from the French and gave it that individuality which made the detective story in the English

language so distinctively his, until it reached its highest perfection in the work of A. Conan Doyle. Good examples of Poe's detective stories are "The Murders in Rue Morgue" and "The Mystery of Marie Rogêt," in which he takes certain physical evidences and by means of them traces the crime to its origin, or again in the case of "The Purloined Letter," he deduces the whereabouts of a lost letter by a train of reasoning along a line of purely psychological processes.

Not a few of Poe's tales also fall into a pseudo-scientific class. For instance, we have given in "The Descent Into Maelström" a condition such that a man descending into the depths of a great whirlpool might emerge alive, and here Poe's fertile imagination finds a field of unreal but conceivable possibilities. Again, working on the theory of the superiority of mind over matter, Poe, in the story of "The Facts in the Case of M. Valdemar," presents to us a man who, in a dying state, has been mesmerized. Thus with his will at the control of another the physical M. Valdemar is made to live for an indefinite period of time after the psychic M. Valdemar has died. Under this class might also be placed such a story as "William Wilson," which deals with the phenomenon of double-personality, but for the fact that modern scientific investigation has well nigh placed this phenomenon beyond pseudo-science.

Again, we might mention the complete obliteration of personality in the characters in some of his stories, as, for instance, in the before-mentioned case of "The Pit and the Pendulum," in which we have the vivid description of the thoughts and actions of frantic and helpless man about to die. It is not any particular man about to die, as a Falstaff, or a Mercutio, which would entirely change the case, but simply man, as one commentator has put it, "*man* under mortal agony."

In thus setting forth our author's ability to execute a plot with such charm that the plot in itself is sufficient to enter-

tain the reader, we do not wish to detract from his power to "stage" his story when he so desires, nor to select with unerring eye the right player for the rôle. To find that he is quite as capable in his harmony of plot, setting and character we have only to glance at "The Fall of the House of Usher." Nowhere could we find a more perfect picture of a man on the verge of madness than in the delineation of the tottering empire of mind of this last of the line of the House of Usher, nor could we well find or conjure up a more suitable setting in which the events of this story might transpire than just such a place as is described in the opening paragraphs of this story.

It is indeed in the painting of such settings as these, we think, that Poe particularly excels in his descriptive powers. Quite often we find him basing the whole charm of his story upon this very setting, or atmosphere alone, just as we saw him awhile ago depending entirely upon the charm of his plot to hold his reader. A good example of this is "Silence, a Fable." Just here also another feature of his story settings is illustrated, that of describing some seemingly wonderful and weird dreamland, which we find in reality but to be the subtly wrought out picture of a mood or temperament.

Another conspicuous characteristic of Poe's description is his use of color and sound. He makes a few bold slashes with crimson and black, and the hideous hulk of the great warship with red battle-lanterns fiercely aglow is towering above us on the dizzy pinnacle of a mountainous inky wave, in the story of "The MS. Found in a Bottle." Again in "The Masque of the Red Death," we find a crowd of refugees from a plague making merry in a wonderful and unique castle. Each of the seven apartments of the castle is furnished in a different color of the rainbow and is illuminated by the light from tripods without, streaming through myriad-colored windows. Through these bewildering colors move the dancers to the weird music of a distant orchestra, when the

strange and sudden striking of "the gigantic clock of bony" sends a thrill of hideous sickening silence over the revelers, which even the reader feels.

Thus we might go on almost endlessly enumerating characteristics which distinguish Poe's stories from anything else ever written, for indeed that melancholy monotone which runs throughout all his stories is found expressed in as many different ways as there are different stories. But to say the last word would be to say that Poe's prose tales are pure perfected art. Here we have a collection of stories, none of which possesses a trace of a moral, shows any tendency to didacticism, attempts to solve any problem, social, economic, ethical, or otherwise, or sets forth a philosophy or any part of a philosophy of life, but only strives to entertain and furnish enjoyment, which Poe has rightly said is the "highest mission of art."

TWILIGHT.

Long purple shadows toward even,
 Growing grey;
Red fires leap up athwart the heaven,
 Blood of dying day;
Voice of field and woodland blended:
 Dim blue light,
Growing fainter, fainter, until all is ended,
 In the silent night.

GRILLPARZER'S SAPPHO.

BY C. M. HUTCHINGS.

The poet, the musician, the creative artist, whatever of appreciative response they may receive from us, are nevertheless, in the depths of their personality, members of a race strange and alien to this world of things as they are; dwellers in that weird world of the imagination whose "light that never was on sea or land," we of coarser clay may only glimpse "through glasses of mortality." Once touched with the holy flame of inspiration, those pure spirits become beings apart from the rest of mankind; high priests consecrated to the service of the beautiful and the sublime.

But sometimes such a one, weary of perpetual worship of the ideal, looks back regretfully upon the far-off shores of life. But, often, in vain.

"At last he recollects, and, turning back
 Seeks Home, ah, once so easily forsaken,
 But there, alas, are Spring and flowers no more,—
 Only dead, withered leaves surround him. . . ."

Such variance between life and art, and the frequent futility of attempts to bridge the chasm between them (and yet some few great masters, in the universality of their genius, have achieved this reconciliation), has been a kind of echoing undertone to much of the world's great poetry. But Grillparzer, the great Austrian poet-playwright, whose own life was an embodiment of these principles, in making it the conscious theme of his *Sappho*, has given it best and fullest utterance; has embodied it as the moving principle in the rounded and perfect mimic world of a great tragedy.

As his central figure, his type of the idealist, he chose the immortal character of Sappho, and around that name, so pregnant with suggestions to the scholar, built his drama.

The Sappho created by Grillparzer is a woman of the purest genius, the most high-strung, imaginative and nervous temperament; but nevertheless a real womanly woman. Un-

sophisticated by any great contact with the world, wrapped up so long in her own poetic dreams, she is entirely unacquainted with life's conventionalities and harmless little hypocrisies; an elemental creature, capriciously feminine, but without the slightest spark of that innocent, necessary coquetry which is at once the weapon and the ornament of womankind. Such a nature is doomed to wreck itself upon the shoals of real existence.

Sappho (so the play opens) is returning from the Olympic games, where in victory over all the bards of Hellas she has received the laurel crown and has seen all Greece in adoration at her feet. But Sappho, though a poetess, was, as we have said, yet a woman. Among the wondering crowd was Phaon, a lovely and manly youth. To him her heart, starving for love, satiate of fame, went out, and she offered all that was hers, her fame, her power, for the recompense of true affection. But (as John Keats idealized Fanny Brawne, and as the artistic temperament is prone to treat its beloved objects) she idealizes the young man into a perfect being, casts over him the glamour which is conceived in her own poetic nature, invests him with the qualities for which her soul craves, but which he does not possess.

To Phaon, on the other hand, Sappho was a goddess, not a woman, and toward her all the impulses of awe, worship, adoration, welled up in his soul. Bewildered by her sudden confession of love for him, unused to subtle analysis of feeling, he mistook all these emotions for the passion of love, and thus he accompanied her to Lesbos, there to share the glory of her triumph.

But another factor is to come into the plot: Melitta, a slave girl of Sappho's. Naive, bashful, affectionate, Melitta is the embodiment of nature, as Sappho is of art. Phaon meets her in the garden, whither he has fled from the noisy banquet, to rest his throbbing pulses and regain his dazed senses. Instinctively the two young people are drawn to-

gether. He asks of her a rose, as a keepsake, and she stands tip-toe on the terrace to reach one. She falls, and as he catches her blushing and confused, something more than mere friendship is awakened in them both. Half unconsciously he kisses her and then—Sappho enters.

Even before this incident Sappho had had an intuitive foreboding that there was an almost unbridgable barrier between her and her beloved; that her dream of happiness in life, instead of art, was doomed to fail:

“Da steh' ich an dem Rand der weiten Kluft,
Die zwischen ihm und mir verschlingend gähnt.”

“I stand upon the wide abyss's brink,
Which far between us stretches yawningly.”

Now she is maddened by the sting of jealousy. In her blind passion, she seeks an interview with Melitta, in which, believing the two to be in league against her, and frantic at the thought, she attempts to stab the frightened girl.

Meanwhile Phaon, only as yet half conscious of his new-born love for the slave maiden and the real nature of his feeling toward Sappho, has been suffering the feverish pain of conflicting emotions. Coming upon the scene just in time to save Melitta, his own heart is laid bare before him, and he knows that he loves her.

Events now move on with rapidity. Sappho, realizing that all is lost, in desperation plots with her steward to have Melitta carried away to Chios. Yet even now she, with the poet's insight, sees what must be the inevitable end of it all, and utters these words:

. “Weh mir! ihr Glück,
Es steht zu hoch für meine schwache Hand!
Wenn ihr nach Chios seine Liebe folgt,
Ist sie am Sklavenherd nicht seliger,
Als ich im goldnen, liebeleeren Haus?
Für das Geliebte leiden ist so süß,
Und Hoffnung und Erinnerung sind ja Rosen
Von einem Stamme mit der Wirklichkeit,

Nur ohne Dornen! O, verbannet mich
 Weit in des Meeres unbekante Fernen

 Von jedem Pfad des Lebens rauh geschieden;

 Lasst mir den Glauben nur an seine Liebe,
 Und ich will preisen mein Geschick und fröhlich
 Die Einsamkeit, ach, einsam nicht, bewohnen."

. "Woe to me, her fate
 Is far too high for my impotent hand.
 If *his* love follows her to Chios' isle
 Is she not happier at her humble hearth
 Than I, among my love-deserted halls?
 For the beloved, suffering is sweet,
 And Hope and Memory are as roses, sprung
 From the same stem as is Reality
 But without the thorns. Oh banish me
 Far in the unknown distances of Ocean,

 Severed from every haunt of gentle love

 Leave me but the thought, that still he loves me,
 And I will love my fate, and joyfully
 Dwell there in Solitude,—but not alone."

Phaon discovers the plot, and to forestall it persuades Melitta to run away with him to his own country. They are followed by the Lesbians, captured and brought before Sappho.

But she has at last realized that her hopes and dreams are forever shattered; that to her, servant of art, must be ever denied the joys of life. Her anger and jealousy have softened into a gentle melancholy and a desire to leave this "vale of tears" forever. Clad in white and crowned with laurel like a priestess of the Muses, she leaps from the cliffs into the Lesbian Sea.

Some critics have objected to Sappho's death here portrayed as not being sufficiently motivated. Perhaps this is true, if judged by the coldly reasoning standards of everyday life; but we must remember that here we have to deal with an abnormally sensitive artistic nature. What would

hardly cause a ripple in the shallow waters of a more worldly personality, stirred her to the very depths of her soul. Such a spirit with an almost infinite capacity for feeling and, therefore, for suffering, in thus taking her own life, certainly fulfills the requirements of dramatic law and poetic justice.

Sappho's greatest weakness, the one upon which the catastrophe of the play depends, lay in the fact that she was too much woman. Capable of the strongest passions, high strung as a musical instrument, she was totally unable to keep her emotions under subjection. Swept off her feet by the alternate passions of love, jealousy and despair, at length her sensitive artistic nature, giving way before these unbridled human passions, drives itself to destruction.

Judged from a dramatic standpoint, this tragedy follows, in spirit and in letter, the standards of the classic Greek play. It might be compared to some graceful Greek vase, whose symmetrical sides are adorned with delicately beautiful scenes. Every act of *Sappho* is a lovely panorama of plastic poses, carefully arranged in regard to scenic effect and dramatic posture.

The beauty of this artically wrought tragedy is greatly enhanced by the wonderfully effective, various toned, almost lyrical melody of the verse. This musical cadence, remarkably adapted to the spirit of the poem, is simply untranslatable.

HEAVEN OR HELL?

BY H. E. SPENCE.

No *Now* so dear as hoped-for *Then*
Or Yester-eve, when gone;
No noon can match the gold-flushed eve
Or rosy smile of dawn;
The Golden Age is just ahead,
Or else is past and gone.

More radiant far the earth-kissed skies
Than those above us spread;
The flowery meads about our feet
Are spurned for those ahead;
We eager haste from fields of life
To distant homes of dead.

The flowers just beyond our reach
More fragrance hold by far;
Above the steepest hill-sides gleams
The lure of Hope's glad star;
And only to the bold of earth
Stands Fortune's gate ajar.

When Yester-eve becomes today
And both are one glad morrow;
When far is near, and near is far,
And trouble none need borrow
Since what we wish we have; who knows:
Will it be joy or sorrow?

THE FOREMOST CAPTAIN OF INDUSTRY.

BY J. N. COLE, JR.

The hero as Captain of Industry is without doubt a hero of the present, is distinctly a product of modern times. At no time has such a type appeared in the past, because the peculiar conditions which govern the modern financial and industrial world are conditions which did not exist prior to the last two or three decades. The wealth of the country has fallen into the hands of a few brainy individuals, whose names we might count on our fingers. The transition has been gradual but sure, slow but steady. Each day has added its pound, and the golden balance goes steadily down—on the rich man's side. The Captain of Industry has never before moved in such a broad field of operation or found himself the possessor of such unlimited confidence or such extensive responsibility and power. The tendency has undeniably been toward the amassing of wealth, and with wealth comes power, and with power, a responsibility which tests every just and true principle in any man's character.

Mr. Morgan is the undisputed leader, ruler, almost maker of the New York Stock Exchange, an organization whose influence is felt over the entire world. The New York Stock Exchange is the very financial heart of the United States, a heart whose every pulse beat is felt to the extremest boundaries of the Union. Its hand rests on the throttle of the national financial engine, an engine which obeys mechanically every notch that the throttle takes. Mr. Morgan, the leader, is likewise the engineer, and truly a veteran in the service. An engineer who has stuck to his post unflinchingly, who has brought his train in safely when every signal was down, with not a man on the wire, and the track seemingly blocked. When Mr. Morgan became a member of the New York Stock Exchange, a seat was valued at \$16,000. Today they are much sought after at a price of \$40,000. "Wherefore eleven hundred brokers worship at the shrine of Mr.

Morgan, hailing him as St. Pierpont, the patron of stocks." But it is not as "St. Pierpont" alone that we wish to discuss Mr. Morgan, for it is not in the Stock Exchange alone that his influence is felt. He is a man of great and widely diffused power, a versatile man of varied tastes and broad views.

When New York was still a small town and the West a wilderness, a hearty Englishman landed on this side and settled at a place now called Springfield, Mass. The name of this man was Miles Morgan, one of J. P.'s paternal ancestors. A hundred and forty years later we come upon a certain Joseph Morgan, who fought the British with Washington, and after the war set up a tavern at Hartford, Conn. This Morgan was a great money-maker and money-saver. So much so that Junius Spencer Morgan, his son, was able to start a bank instead of a tavern. Junius made partnerships with such men as Levi P. Morton and George Peabody, and that firm culminated in the London Banking House of J. S. Morgan & Co.

Mr. Morgan of this sketch was the son of J. S. Morgan and was born at Hartford, Conn., in 1837, about the same time Mr. Rockefeller and Mr. Carnegie were rocking in the cradle. Mr. Morgan's mother was formerly Miss Pierpont, the daughter of Rev. John Pierpont, Englishman and pulpit-poet.

As a child Mr. Morgan threatened nothing in the art of money-getting. He attended the Hartford Public Schools, was a perfectly natural, normal boy, though it is whispered (shame on him), that he even wrote poetry. Leaving the Hartford schools he attended the High School at Boston, and on graduation there, as became a rich man's son, he sought the universities of Germany. There he drank beer a little, smoked a meerschaum a little, fenced a little, sang *Die wacht am Rhein* a little, and did whatever else a true German student is supposed to do.

Evolving from the universities of Germany, Mr. Morgan plunged at once into the thick of the money-battle, and here for the first time, he began to show the stuff, the sterner stuff, that was in him. Although he had been brought up in the lap of luxury and had inherited a head-turning fortune, he was the possessor of a zeal and zest for work seldom equalled by any one. Reorganization was his hobby. "He believed that there is but one God, consolidation, and Morgan is his Prophet." He had been born rich, had saved money, and made money, but always with the cool, cold determination to get rid of it again.

Mr. Morgan directly and indirectly has made hundreds happy. He is not a specialist in his philanthropies. When it comes to being benevolent he is an all-round athlete. He has combed Europe of some of her rarest art treasures and brought them home to give away. He has collected the greatest library since the prosperous days of Florence and her scholarly Italians, and will soon open it to the public. Strange contrast between the Morgan of Wall Street, stern and relentless, with the piercing eye of the financial veteran, the brain of an intellectual giant and the hands of a master builder, and the Morgan who has traveled the world over searching for the gems of art. This man who likes to get away from the grime and sot of the Street to revel in the exquisite masterpiece of some great artist. He builds churches, schools, hospitals and libraries. England challenges for America's cup. Mr. Morgan produces the Columbia, and the Englishmen go home cupless. His manners are brusque but never rude. He loves children and loathes a bore. He never forgets a friend or an enemy.

Mr. Morgan is big in every sense of the word. His athletic intellect seems never tired. He works hard, he plays hard. He is strenuous. No mamby-pamby diletantism here, but a mighty force, an engine pounding ahead under full steam, a dynamo surcharged with energy. Here he consolidates a score of puny companies into a mighty trust.

Here he re-organizes a vast railroad company. He is into everything and out of it again, but he realizes millions. He has picked up bleeding, dying railroads and nursed them back into dividend-paying life, he has stayed many a tottering bank or breathed health and gold upon as many sickly wasted corporations. Nay more, was it not he who stopped a veritable tidal wave of panic which would have flooded every financial highway of the entire country? Did he not open his personal coffers and deal out gold to a nation starving for gold? Not that other men would not do such a thing if they could, but that Mr. Morgan could and did. He might have charged excessively high rates of interest for his gold. In reality his rates were excessively low. At a time when not a dollar was to be had for love or money he poured millions into the dwindling supply. He might have refused to come to the nation's call for a leader. In reality he not only came himself, but he forced other men to enlist with him; and here is the secret of Mr. Morgan's power. There are men whose personal fortunes are by far greater than his, but when the crisis came he was the one man capable of taking hold of the problem, the one man capable of taking over the reins of power. For more than any other he was the man in whom all others placed most confidence. Men of millions were willing to entrust their entire fortunes with him. This trust, this confidence in him is what saved the nation from a far greater panic. The horrified multitude saw a leak in the financial dike and fled before the increasing flood. J. P. Morgan stood by the breach and sounded the cry to aid. When an able man refused, Mr. Morgan forced him to his duty, and when he sounded the cry his followers rallied round the standard.

It is not often in the history of nations that one man has held the balance of a country's financial destiny in his hands, and few, I dare say none, could have held that balance with as firm and steady hand as did J. Pierpont Morgan.

THE PRE-RAPHAELITE BROTHERHOOD.

BY EVELYN JONES.

Among the exhibits in 1849, there appeared three pictures which bore the mystic letters "P.-R. B." appended to the painters' signatures. Each picture was well received. Criticism was not merely tolerant, but almost enthusiastic. It was in the next year, when the meaning of the initials became known, and it was discovered that a group of young artists had banded themselves together in defiance of convention, daring to think independently, and to doubt the value of much that was accepted as good art, that they were bitterly abused and their works condemned as shameful and infamous.

This uproar, which amounted to persecution, aroused the sympathy of John Ruskin, who became an influential champion, and his eloquent defense of the cause produced a great reaction in their favor. Ruskin's championship was the result of the personal interest which he had in Dante Gabriel Rossetti, the founder of the Brotherhood.

Rossetti, impatient of the tedious routine and the length of time before he could pass into the painting school, wrote to Ford Maddox Brown, asking to be accepted as a pupil. He was then a very young man, full of ideas and dreams which he wished to express on canvass. But Rossetti was enthusiastic in his desire to learn and Brown at once received him as a scholar. It was this influence that strengthened in the young artist the independent views which he took of art.

Friendships, which were to be far-reaching in their results, had begun earlier. William Holman Hunt and John Everett Millais had been acquaintances in the Academy schools. It was the association of these artists, that resulted in the organization of the Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood.

Rossetti, whose poet's soul keenly appreciated all striving after the true and beautiful, gifted with the power of in-

fusing his own enthusiasm into others, Hunt, with his sturdy self-reliance and desire for original achievement, and Millais, full of the "ambition of genius," completed the coterie. "To this companionship is due masterpieces, full of beauty and thought in conception, and sincere and true in execution," which are a protest against the art of that day.

These three men were the founders of the Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood. Later others were enlisted: Thomas Woolner, sculptor; James Collinson, painter, whose place upon his retirement was filled by Walter Howell Deverell, and Frederick George Stephens, and William Michael Rossetti, a younger brother of Dante Gabriel Rossetti. Though Ford Maddox Brown declined to join the society, he still worked along the same lines as they did, and probably with a clearer view of what he sought.

In later days the expression came to have a second meaning, aside from the one originally intended by the Brotherhood. They meant to express by the term the qualities of sincerity, of honesty, and inspiration which they saw in the early Italian painters.

Michael Rossetti has formulated their code. "It was simply this," he says:

- "1. To have genuine ideas.
- "2. To study nature, so as to know how to express them.
- "3. To sympathize with what is direct and serious and heart-felt in previous art, to the exclusion of what is conventional and self-parading and learned by rote; and
- "4. Most indispensable of all, to produce thoroughly good pictures and statues."

It was not that their naturalism was new in England, but the trouble which befell the Brotherhood seems really to have started when they made the demand of each other, "Give it a name, I beg!" The idol of the English art circles was Raphael. A Pre-Raphaelite must then be an anti-Raphaelite. Doubtless carried away by enthusiasm they promulgated dog-

mas not sufficiently thought out. They were extreme, deeming "one must be fanatic, be a wedge, a thunderbolt," to move the world.

The very year that was marked by the denunciations hurled from Denmark Hill against the enemies of the Brotherhood, was also marked by its dissolution. By the end of 1850 the regular meetings had ceased. In 1851 a re-organization was attempted which resulted in the disbanding. "I fancy," writes Machael Rossetti, "that Mr. Stephens and myself were the two members who most sincerely regretted the disruption."

Ruskin writes: "The epoch of the Pre-Raphaelites was a short one, which is quite over and its products will be quite valuable, but not yet." There is not found in the pictures of today the "holy simplicity" of the *Ecce Ancilla Domini*, the pity of the *Donna della Finestra*, nor the "unshrinking veracity" of the *Stone Breaker*.

The Pre-Raphaelites stirred the English art world to the very depths by making it "inquire where before it had accepted, by making it doubt where before it had worshipped, by making it, for an interval at least, look with its own eyes at problems of design and color, which before it had ignored."

THE LYCEUM SYSTEM IN NEW ENGLAND.

BY CLAUDE WEST.

I have selected the Lyceum system in New England simply because it was developed in that section better than in any other part of the United States. In the limited space at my disposal I shall not be able to treat the subject in a critical manner, nor to enter into many details nor to comment upon many men who became renowned through the Lyceum platform. I shall merely try to give a broad, general outline of the system, passing over many things connected with it and only mentioning others. Then again I shall deal with it during the period immediately preceding the Civil War because at that time it reached its climax.

First of all I want to warn the readers against taking a false view of the Lyceum as it was developed in New England. It was entirely different from that of the present time. As it now exists it is in the majority of instances little better than a common vaudeville or an entertainment of the cheaper variety and people have the right view in supposing it to be an institution of inferior standing. But the Lyceum to which I refer was of an entirely different order. In fact it was one of the greatest influences in the country in developing national ideas and implanting desires for a broader education. Its organization came about as a natural consequence. The point was reached when most of the churches had succeeded in shutting out from their services all speakers or speeches upon any subject other than the regular routine of religious doctrines that had long grown tiresome to most of the younger generation and to a great many of the older. This, together with the fact that a large portion of the church people objected to the play-house and theatre just then gaining a foothold, resulted in the establishment of a Lyceum system. It was not a fad or fancy bred in the brain of some shallow-minded educational fanatic, but an institution organized for the general diffusion of knowledge other

than could be gained from the Sunday sermons. It reached its culmination in the decade of 1850-60. To the people of New England, long accustomed to hearing speeches from the pulpit, as no other people have been, the lecture room naturally presented itself. It was a medium of communication, at first not very popular, but gradually growing until it became one of the strongest influences in their life and politics. Since the system was very instructive, both mentally and morally, it was supported by the religious people and served a good purpose as a source of entertainment during many of the long winter evenings. So there grew up the habit of a week-day lecture that has been preserved more or less until the present time.

The fact to be noticed particularly about this system was its character as a school of education for all grades and conditions of people. It was considered a sort of duty for the scholars of the day to have on hand a lecture or two which they were willing to deliver at any and all times to any audience willing to hear them. Whenever such opportunities to lecture were presented the educated men accepted them as a means of making "their contribution to public education." Often they did so from the motives that prompt men to serve on the school committee or board of selectmen, and would have been surprised if any one had offered them pay for their services. But it soon became apparent that if the public were to have continuous courses of lectures some one must be paid for them. Soon the custom of charging a small admission fee arose, in order that the committeemen could pay the speaker for each lecture. It was such a state of affairs as the above that led to recompensing the lecturer for his work; and at the present time the people of a New England town won't go to a lecture if it is free, thinking one that's not worth pay is not worth hearing.

We now have the lecture system developed at its highest. In its earliest stages it was little better than a pulpit where the sermon of the previous Sunday was reviewed. But it

soon grew out of this into the town and county Lyceums with the three committeemen who selected the speaker, arranged the program, and announced the occasion. From the week-day lectures developed a regular series of addresses supported by the different clubs and organizations. The Society for Diffusing Useful Knowledge, the Boston Lyceum, and the Historical Society, not to mention others, maintained throughout the winter public discourses almost every evening in the week. When this increasing demand for lecturers led to paying them, many men were enabled to take part in the lecture courses who would otherwise have been compelled to engage in something else. Emerson and Lowell both delivered lectures for their support. Especially is this true in the case of Emerson, who gave courses in Boston and other cities and before the county Lyceums in order to make money to live upon.

Thus we see it was not a matter of choice with the New England lecturer in what direction he would turn his special gifts. He had learned his trade through many years of study and work and must eke out a scanty existence in the only way open for him. "Lecture peddling" was a hard business and poorly paid, but if enough invitations could be secured a kind of living could be gained. In Lowell's letters there may be found an occasional joke about the hardships a lecturer had to undergo. He speaks somewhere of the "three committeemen" with "three cold hands like raw beefsteak" welcoming him and bidding him good-bye. Though undoubtedly the pay was small and the hardships great, the receptions were generally warm and the welcomes sincere. For one such story as the "beefsteak hands" could be told many of a charming hostess, hospitable homes, and recognition by the best people. The sacrifices made by the lecturers when considered in the light of great benefits received and the knowledge imparted became a very insignificant matter. Anything that brought people of different ideas and opinions, men of learning and intellectual ability, into contact with

the less fortunate and more narrow-minded class was of infinite advantage. Anything that taught the separated people of the country that they were living in a single nation and were citizens under the same flag was of great worth in those days. At the very time when South Carolina was defying the North, Massachusetts gave directions that the national flag shouldn't float over the State House. There was such a warm spirit present that the men of different sections kept apart from each other. The Lyceum system had a tendency to smooth over this intense sensitiveness and to bring the people of different opinions into a realization of each other, thus creating lovers of the union and a desire for one strong centralized nation. Anything that did this was of incalculable value. The influence wrought upon a community when such men as Emerson, Lowell, Brooks, Phillips, Beecher, Taylor, Curtis, Garrison and others of equal prominence in our history, were introduced in such a manner that it could gain a personal knowledge of them, can scarcely be exaggerated. As was said of Emerson, much of the "country's intellectual emancipation was due to the stimulus of his teaching and example" could be said of many others who did much to enlighten the masses upon many hitherto unknown subjects. In fact, as Edward Everett Hale said, the history of the twenty years before our Civil War is not rightly written unless it refers to the influence exerted by such speakers. Then probably if it hadn't been for the Lyceum platform such men as Beecher, Parker, and Garrison, now familiar to every American, would have been little known outside a small circle of friends or the immediate communities of which they were residents.

The popular lecture in America, even to the present time, differs in a great many respects from that of England. Emerson said that when he delivered his course of lectures in London the intelligent people went back to the time when Coleridge delivered his morning lectures a dozen or more years earlier as a precedent. Carlyle said that it was a

novelty for anything to be said in an English lecture which decently intelligent people needed to hear. But even from the beginning it was not so in this country. From the very earliest times we have had intelligent discourses upon the most profound subjects. And when we come up to the time of Emerson and Lowell no one would think of a condescension in going to hear one of them speak. The difference in this respect between the two countries may be accounted for because of the character of our institutions. Here men have always been free to think, believe and say what they wish. The poorest citizen has as much right to express his thoughts as the most powerful officeholder. Then, too, public opinion is and has been formed to a great extent by public speaking.

Before concluding this article I desire to speak more definitely about Lowell's lectures before the Lowell Institute, Boston, and Emerson's lectures. There are two other occasions, the Harvard commencement speeches and the orations before the Phi Beta Kappa Society, that deserve mention, not because of their connection with this subject, but for their influence upon New England life. But for various reasons I shall pass them by.

In the winter of 1854-55 Lowell, by a special invitation, delivered a series of twelve lectures before the Lowell Institute in Boston. The subject of these addresses was to be poetry in general, but English poetry in particular. Even in those days when the lecture system was at its best he gained a signal triumph. The intensity of interest displayed was shown in the first discourse when he held the audience fifteen minutes beyond the traditional hour—a thing hitherto unheard of in the institution. Before then, when the minute-hand of the clock behind the lecturer's desk had reached the sixty-minute space the earnest and often well-entertained listeners would slowly but surely wander out.

This was but one evidence of the lecturer's attractiveness. The influence of his address extended, not only through New England, but to every section of the United States. Espe-

cially great was the impression made upon the cultivated auditors. Their success did not depend upon the orator's personal appearance or style of delivery, for that would have affected only those present, but upon their intrinsic merit and literary worth. There were no grand climaxes or seeking after applause by laying pitfalls of oratory; but the weighty thought, poetic images, and sincere feeling gave to every discourse an indefinable charm. As a matter of fact these lectures made Lowell a great deal more widely known and were almost directly responsible for his appointment to the Smith Professorship of Modern Languages in Harvard College.

Someone, in describing Lowell's manner as a lecturer, said: "His pronunciation is clear and precise; the modulations of his voice are unstudied and agreeable, but he seldom ever raised a hand for gesticulation and his voice was kept in its natural compass. He read like one who had something of importance to utter and the just emphasis was felt in the penetrating tone."

And it's no wonder that the lectures were so immensely popular. Even to the present day they form the very best of reading; full of fun and the most serious thought as well. Edward Everett Hale, in speaking of them, said: "You find in them at every page seeds which he has planted elsewhere for other blossoms and fruit."

Lowell, in speaking of Emerson, asserted that he was the most attractive speaker in America. In my opinion this statement is not exaggerated in the least. Emerson was one of the pioneers in the lecturing system. He considered the lecture room a sacred place. In speaking of himself he said: "My pulpit is the Lyceum platform." Until 1838, he preached twice on Sundays to the church at East Lexington. His sermons are not reported, but knowing that he made them contribute to his lectures we need not mourn over the fact. The charm of his voice, his manner, the subject and style of his speeches, the new ideas and startling conclusions all

tended to make him immensely popular as a speaker. Then again, he, more than any other American, had that peculiar aptitude for selecting the right word for the right place. He could put more into one sentence than most men could upon a page. It is true that often his thoughts and ideas were quite commonplace and at times he would talk for minutes without bringing out anything new. But all of a sudden some mighty sentence would roll forth like a clap of thunder and completely engulf the listener with its uniqueness of thought and breadth of meaning. His great massive utterances opened up fresh springs of life to the thinkers. They began to see things in a different light. Under his guidance and teaching many old foggy ideas were destroyed and new ones took their place.

Emerson spoke in great cities to such cultivated audiences as no other man could gather about him and in remote villages where he addressed people whose classics were the Bible and "farmer's almanac." Wherever he appeared in the lecture room he fascinated his hearers by his voice and manner; the music of his speech pleased those who found his thought too subtle for their dull wits to follow.

Emerson was one of the most original men of the country, and, like all such people, had his peculiar circle of admirers and followers. But unlike most men of that type he could hold the attention of all grades and conditions of humanity. It was this intense originality in the man that made his lectures such forceful arguments for a new order of things. He believed in standing "upon our own feet, thinking our own thoughts and speaking our own minds."

It is quite easy to see what a tremendous influence the speeches of a man like Emerson could exert upon the public mind. They were delivered at a time when everything was ripe for their acceptance and when people at large were striving for truth and a broader knowledge of things. In this phase we have Emerson, the moralist and poet, combining both and appearing as Emerson, the lecturer.



M. A. BRIGGS, - - - - - EDITOR-IN-CHIEF.
 GILMER SILER, - - - - - ASSOCIATE EDITOR.

THE FEW AND THE MANY.

It has been our observation that in almost every organization the guiding force and spirit has its source in a very small proportion of the membership. Take the various college organizations and societies, for instance; and it is easily apparent that there are only a very small number of men in each who form the mainstay. The larger portion are either too indolent to contribute their share of the labor or are too indifferent to care.

What a society amounts to, what it achieves, depends upon those few, energetic, forceful men who put the best they have in them into it. This condition is plainly seen in the literary societies, athletic organizations, and in fact in all such bands of men where the work done and the success accomplished depend upon the unselfish and voluntary efforts of the men who compose them.

Since all such organizations are democratic in their nature the will of the majority rules; but when the actuating motives of the majority are sifted to the bottom they will be found to be the product of a few dynamic persons who furnish the motive power. Of course we realize that all members of college organizations are not possessed of the same capabilities and the same qualifications of leadership, but we also know that a considerable part of them deliberately shirk their opportunities and responsibilities.

It is this class of "don't care" men who need to be waked

up. If a new movement is originated and their assistance is asked, they, perhaps, contribute something in way of money, but when it comes to a question of doing actual work of some sort, don't ask them. They are emphatically not the men. The same class of men is found in every line of college life, on class and off. Men endowed with naturally fine intellects are neglectful of the academic work, wasteful of their time; men who might bring fame upon their college in debating are indifferent to the opportunities before them; men who have the ability, if they cared to exert it, to win honor for their institution on the athletic field stand idly by. It's the tragedy of college life. A few men—far too few—are possessing themselves of every advantage to develop every faculty; and if these others, often the most capable men in college, could but shake off this mental lethargy and get into action the result that would be accomplished can only be conjectured.

This indifferent class is a large one and is not at all exclusive as to the number of its members. If you belong, think it over.

WIT OR HUMOR?

A new and novel experiment is always diverting, if not edifying; and we look with a peculiar degree of curiosity upon the course in wit and humor which, a newspaper informs us, is being attempted in a certain university. According to this newspaper article this course has for its object the development of an appreciation for the best wit and the training of conversational powers. In short, the idea is to develop brilliant conversationalists. Possibly some one may take occasion to apply the quotation, "Great wits are sure to madness near allied," to the originators of this movement. Whether the idea be taken as a matter of course, as the originators intended, according to the report, or as a piece of wit itself, it at least contains something of the saving grace of humor.



Literary Notes

PEARLE LEOLA BRINSON,

- - - - - MANAGER.

The year 1909 celebrates the centenary of the birth of a number of men justly renowned in history, science, and literature. It is not surprising, therefore, that many books, biographical and critical, should be forthcoming at this time and that our own American heroes should not be neglected upon this occasion.

Among the numerous books recently published have appeared several on the subject of Lincoln, one of which is from the pen of Mr. Wayne Whipple and bears the title of the *Story Life of Lincoln*. It is a very fascinating and sensational biography, written in a thorough, earnest and painstaking style. It gives five hundred of the best stories of Lincoln told by his friends and relatives or gleaned from the scores of Lincoln authors. These are fitted into a connected whole, the Life Story, "in which you can see the twinkle of Lincoln's deep, blue-gray eyes and hear the throbbing of his great heart." The book is written in the true Lincoln vein of mingled humor and pathos, a very good example of sympathetic biography and criticism. Yet though of intense personal interest, it is not deficient in educational and historical value, presenting as it does in a very vivid way, the panorama of Lincoln's life and the thrilling events of the Civil War. The book has now been for three months before the public and has been received with a chorus of praise and commendation.

Another famous American whose centennial is celebrated

this year is Edgar Allan Poe, the popular Southern poet. The recent numbers of the magazines have been busied with his name, and we learn that there is now under publication by the Putnams a series of letters of the poet to Mrs. Sarah Helen Whitman, the work being under the auspices of the University of Virginia and edited by Professor James A. Harrison. The series consists in all of nine letters by Poe, with which will be published the request for the banns of marriage of Poe to Mrs. Whitman. From the standpoint of literature, as the expression of an ideal spiritual passion, they deserve to rank with no less exquisite productions than the sonnets from the Portuguese by Mrs. Browning. These letters have never been before published and will contribute quite an interesting addition to the Poe bibliography.

From the East and from the West is the title of a collection of poems by Mr. T. C. Lewis. The first part contains very charming translations from the Persian, which skillfully and musically present the Eastern point of view. Secondly, there are translations from the German, French, and Greek. Generally speaking, German translations are exceedingly unsatisfactory, but these are decidedly above the average. The French, despite the fact that the language is less akin to the English than is the German, nevertheless lends itself more readily to the translation and is frequently rendered exquisitely in the English, these selections proving no exception to this rule.

The Bishop and the Boogerman will be of interest to many readers as one of the last stories of Joel Chandler Harris, the beloved "Uncle Remus" of our childhood. It is whimsical, graceful and thoroughly charming, written in the author's most characteristic style, full of his own sound and homely humor.

Of an entirely different type is *The American College*, by Abraham Flexner, which is a remarkable and startling study

of existing conditions in the educational life of the nation. It deals in a sober, serious, broad-minded way with the work of the schools and colleges, states the problems of the present system, and gives a clear estimate of what education may be expected to do, and of the merits and defects of existing institutions—altogether a very valuable book of its kind.

Undoubtedly one of the most wonderful books published in late years is *The World I Live In*, by Helen Keller. Written as it is in a clear and forcible style, and marked by rare beauty of diction, it is not unworthy of a permanent place in literature, and it has an added interest when we remember that it is a record of the mental and physical impressions which life has made upon the author who herself has been deprived of two main channels of knowledge. Nothing has been more marvelous within recent years than the mental and spiritual growth of this apparently helpless woman, and as a record of this, her book is especially valuable.

The Spell, by William Dana Orcutt, is one of the most recent pieces of fiction which is attracting the attention of the reading public. It is the story of a young and devoted wife who offers to surrender her rights in favor of another woman for whom she thinks her own husband feels a preference. The attitude is quite different from that usually taken in such a case, a quality which sets *The Spell* apart from other novels. The characters are true men and women of the world, where good breeding is taken for granted. The situations are interesting and on the whole, the book proves to be very pleasant and entertaining reading.

We read that the firm of Houghton, Mifflin & Company purposes to bring out a complete new edition of George Eliot, in twenty-five volumes. This edition will include quite a considerable amount of new material, for we learn that one volume is to be devoted entirely to works not hitherto pub-

lished in a collected edition. The life of George Eliot will be given in three volumes, and there will be one hundred and sixty-five full page photogravures, which will make a very interesting and unique edition.

Oratory of the South, by Edwin Du Bois Shorter, is a collection of more than four score passages from the lips of Southern orators, presenting a comprehensive view of what Southern oratory has been from the Civil War period till the present time. Among the orators quoted are Henry W. Grady, Edward W. Carmack, General Joseph Wheeler, Cardinal Gibbons, Fitzhugh Lee, and others equally well known. The author, Prof. Shorter, is thoroughly capable of handling the subject. He has been connected in the capacity of instructor of oratory with both Cornell and Leland Stanford Universities, and is at present a member of the faculty of the University of Texas, to the duties of which position he has added the charge of the School of Public Speaking, in which he takes great interest. In his treatment of the Southern oratory he has divided the period since the war into three sections, the first being that of reconstruction, from 1865 to 1876, the second of reconciliation, from 1876 to 1898, and finally the national period extending to the present. He has endeavored to make such selections as are representative of the men and such as show the prevailing tendencies of each period. This book is announced as the first of a series of similar volumes to appear in the future.



J. N. COLE, JR., - - - - - MANAGER.

A PAGE FROM THE MEMORY BOOK.

All of us at times involuntarily take a wistful glance back into the days of our childhood, back into those days when the past was not, and the future one bright dream. As we read in this memory-book and turn its musty pages, we come to those which seem to be written more clearly and to stand out more vividly than others. Even whole chapters are blurred and dimmed, while some pages are lost entirely. But who does not remember the first pair of trousers, or the time we fell out of the apple tree, or that night we had to go by the cemetery all alone, when the ghosts ran us home? Who does not remember the lazy days in spring, the forbidden swimming hole, the searches for bird eggs, particularly do you recall that day when you found a rare specimen, which you put into your mouth when you were climbing down the tree, to be sure of not breaking it. But just before you landed a limb flew up, caught you under the chin, and squashed that very rare egg in your mouth. Who has forgotten the lesson of green apples? Who has forgotten barefoot days, when one's only care was to wash his feet at night? Then, too, we remember the nights when we sat huddled together listening with wide eyes to the ghost stories that Uncle Dempse would tell. I say Dempse because he is the old negro who used to tell them to us.

Dempse was one of the few remaining old time negroes. He had lived with the family long before the war, and was

still faithful as a servant, as he had been as a slave. Dempse had been raised on a tobacco plantation and had become in later years one of the best "curers" in the county. It was he who night after night watched the temperature of the barns, shoved up the wood in the furnaces, and kept up a constant vigilance during the curing season. He was a man of marvelous endurance. He worked night and day, snatching his sleep as best he could, yet never allowing the tobacco to cool or scorch.

At times as a special favor I would be allowed to spend the night at the barns, with Dempse as my guardian angel. So taking a blanket on my shoulder I would leave the light of the big house and march manfully out into the dark, happy because I was going to spend the night at the barns. The record of some of these nights will always be clear on the pages of my memory-book. For to me the barns had a peculiar charm, a fascination all their own.

After supper, when the night was beginning to lower, the "hands" would gather in the shanty, bringing their banjos and dogs with them. The dogs, after much growling and snarling, finally disappeared into the corners, the banjos started up, the men joined in; the song rose and fell; the night was on. Just out of the circle, over near a smoking lantern, two champions were crouching over a checker-board, the men were made of bark and the board was rough, but that did not matter, the fight was hard. The others stopped singing after awhile, and told tales of coon and 'possum hunts down in the low-grounds, of haunted churches, of corn shuckings, and then of a great wolf-dog which made sudden attacks, killing wherever he struck, only to vanish like a grey streak through the woods. They told of how Aunt Chainy had conjured Sarah's child and caused it to have fits, and of how the child finally sickened and died. Yes, Aunt Chainy could "sho conjure." As the tales grew and the night darkened I drew up to the light and listened.

The flames from the furnace cast a dim uncertain light over the shanty, the shadows played over the walls. Occasionally a tired negro snored, or a dog woke up and yawned. The men talked in low tones, for the tales were real to them as well as to me. As it grew later the workers departed for their cabins, and went singing down the road.

Dempse and I sat together roasting apples, or possibly a bird before the fire. He told me tales of slavery times, of the war, and the night the "paterollers" ran him into the swamp. He even remembered the time the big house burnt up, many years ago. He told of fights and hunts and fun, of good times past. By and by I grew cold, so crept nearer the fire, and sat watching and warming. My lids began to grow heavy; before I knew it my eyes were almost shut. Dempse took the lantern and started on his round to the other barns. Later, when he returned, he found me asleep, and wrapping me in the blanket he put me on the bench in the corner. The morning came with its light, and with the light my courage again, but the night was not forgotten.

WISDOM.

If we but knew
The living principle that surges through
The quiet budding of a single leaf,
The course from planted grain to ripened sheaf;
We'd know the secret, so the poets say,
Of life and death, of midnight and of day.
I doubt their word and yet it might be true,
If we but knew.

But could I guess
The next fool feature of a woman's dress,
The next new style of collar or of hat,
Or when she'll learn to live without a rat,

When she'll conform to nature's simplest laws,
Or give some other reason than "because,"
Her rivals praise, her own defects confess,
Could I but guess;

And could I tell
Why boys persist in being mean as—well,
I hesitate to use the word that rhymes—
But could I tell the many thousand times
A boy will move and squirm at Sunday-school,
Or puzzle you by asking questions fool,
And strive in mischief others to excel,
Could I but tell;

Could I surmise
When politics will flourish without lies,
When babies have no more the stomach-ache,
Or men excuses never more will make,
And old maids be no longer sensitive;
I'd know enough; I'd need no longer live;
I'd know all things on earth or in the skies,
I'd be so wise.

S.



H. C. DOSS, - - - - - MANAGER.

**THE
MERCERIAN.**

Almost every Southern magazine for January gives its readers something on Poe. The *Mercerian* carries an article entitled "Poe as a Poet," which is representative of the best of the articles which have appeared in college magazines. In the essay on "Paul Hamilton Hayne" we have given in clear and interesting detail the life and characteristics of one of the South's poets. There is no greater field for the Southern college magazine than to perpetuate the memory of our own literary men by educating the present generation concerning them. This is an ideal which all of us might well take to ourselves. Essays of this kind not only furnish good reading; they perform a lasting service. Of the four short stories in this magazine all the comment we have to make is that they are good. Too much cannot be said in lauding the editor for his editorial on "The Status of College Athletics." While he suggests no particularly new ideas, he collects and presents in a most vivid manner the real deficiency existing in the physical training in colleges and shows the need of an adjustment in order that more students may find an interest in athletics and thereby become well-rounded men. The Exchange Department of The *Mercerian* has only one or two equals among the college magazines that come to our table. It is always full of able criticisms which is evidence that the Exchange Editor is not a man who slights his department. All in all The *Mercerian* is one of our best and most welcome exchanges.

**THE
ERSKINIAN.**

It is a pleasure to throw bouquets when we have them to throw. We also wish to refrain from severe criticisms. Therefore we suggest mildly that The *Erskinian* should look toward improvement. The essay on "Edgar Allan Poe—the Writer," is fairly good, but hardly worth especial mention. Anybody who deems it worth while to write for publication anything on "Personal Influence" should be able to write more than one page and should not make his article a composition of ideas hackneyed and "worn to a frazzle." Taken as a whole the January number of this publication cannot be said to be creditable.

**SOUTH-
WESTERN
UNIVERSITY
MAGAZINE.**

First of all the cover and mechanical get-up of this magazine give evidence of good taste on the part of the editor. We find in the January number reading matter which merits careful criticism. "Advertising Pays" could have been made longer, and therefore better, if the writer had taken the opportunity to develop his plot more fully. The study of the "Character of Antony in *Julius Caesar* and in *Antony and Cleopatra*" is of value as instruction. This department—"Studies in the Drama"—is one of the best in the magazine, and writing of this kind should be encouraged. This magazine is a storehouse of good things. There are ten short stories and every one is good enough to deserve especial comment. "The Call of Country Communities for Educated Men" is an appeal presenting an undeniable truth to which any man must at least give consideration. The different departments of the *Southwestern Magazine* seem to be under the supervision of capable editors.

We acknowledge receipt of the following for January:
Guilford Collegian, Virginia Magazine, The Chatterbox,

Emory Phoenix, Clemson Chronicle, Southwestern University Magazine, William Jewell Student, The Journal, Vermont Monthly, Erskinian, State Normal Magazine, The Lenorian, Texas Magazine, McMaster Monthly, Davidson Magazine, The Acorn, The Mercerian, St. Mary's Muse, The Radiant, Columbia Quarterly, Tennessee Magazine.

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THE TRINITY ARCHIVE

THE TRINITY ARCHIVE is a monthly magazine published by the Senior Class of Trinity College. Its aim is to promote and develop the exercise of literary ability among the students of the college.

Vol. XXII

Table of Contents

No. 5

LITERARY DEPARTMENT

To Bohemia and Back.....	<i>E. S. McIntosh</i>	219
The Sea Waves (<i>Poem</i>).....	<i>Olin Wannamaker</i>	227
Mrs. Olive Tilford Dargan.....	<i>W. M. Marr</i>	230
Grillparzer's Traum, Ein Leben.....	<i>T. G. Vickers</i>	237
Heine's "Sehnsucht".....	<i>Louis I. Jaffe</i>	241
The Baby and the Breezes (<i>Poem</i>).....	<i>Olin Wannamaker</i>	243
The Servant in the House—An Estimate.....	<i>C. L. Bivens</i>	244
EDITORIALS.....		250
LITERARY NOTES.....		251
WAYSIDE WARES.....		255
EDITOR'S TABLE.....		258

MANAGER'S NOTICE

Alumni, professors, students, and friends of the college are invited to contribute literary articles. All matters for publication must be in by the fifteenth of the month previous to month of publication.

Subscription price, \$1.25 per scholastic year, nine months. Single copy, 15 cents.

The names of old subscribers will be continued until the Business Manager is notified to discontinue them.

Changes in advertisements may be made by notifying the Business Manager.

Only one copy of the ARCHIVE will be sent to advertisers who take less than a half page.

Address literary correspondence to M. A. BRIGGS, Editor-in-Chief.

Business correspondence to T. A. FINCH, Business Manager.

*“All that we possess has come to us by way of a long path. There is no instantaneous liberty or wisdom or language or beauty or religion. Old philosophies, old agriculture, old domestic arts, old sciences, medicines, chemistry, astronomy, old modes of travel and commerce, old forms of government and religion have all come in gracefully or ungracefully and have said: ‘Progress is king, and long live the king!’ Year after year the mind perceives education to expand, art sweeps along from one to ten, music adds to its early richness, love passes outwardly from self towards the race, friendships become laden with more pleasure, truths change into sentiments, sentiments blossom into deeds, nature paints its flowers and leaves with richer tints, literature becomes the more perfect picture of a more perfect intellect, the doctrines of religion become broader and sweeter in their philosophy.”—
David Swing.*

THE TRINITY ARCHIVE

Trinity College, Durham, N. C., March, 1909.



C. L. BIVENS, }
MALENE HARRELL, } MANAGERS.

TO BOHEMIA AND BACK.

BY E. S. M'INTOSH.

It was nearing the close of a balmy day in the early part of May. High up on the side of the Mountain, at the foot of a great forest pine that towered up into the limitless blue and leaned far out over the steep mountain side, a young lumberman clad in a loose blue flannel shirt, corduroy trousers and a pair of heavy boots, lay half reclining upon his elbow on the mottled carpet of tender green bursting through the brown pine needles, and sitting beside him was a mountain lass of some sixteen summers.

It was an ideal day in the tenderest season of the year, and everywhere the new green life was reviving. The warm streaming south-wind was heavy with the perfume of trailing arbutus and wild honeysuckle; the all-pervading green, with ever-varying shades, from the most delicate nile of the oak and chestnut leaves, not yet full grown, to the deep rich emerald of the pines, ivies and other evergreens, was relieved here and yonder in the most charming and unexpected manner by vivid splashes of rhododendron and white dogwood. All day long the blue-jays and crimson cardinals had flashed hither and thither among the trees, screaming and whistling; Robert of Lincoln, too, had been calling wistfully to his

mate, and where the dog-tooth violets nod on the bank in the shade the brown wren had busied herself quietly. In the sour-wood thicket on the edge of the new-ground the golden honey-bees worked hard, while the great yellow-banded bumble-bee droned lazily in and out the bells of the hollihocks in the back yard of the little cabin, half-way down the mountain, and more than one youngster that day had secretly dug bait behind the barn and hied himself away to the creek or mill-pond when he ought to have been at the log school-house.

All this wild new freeness and freshness the two young people felt and drank deep as they silently watched the wee speck of a sawmill puff—puff—puffing industriously away with its tiny squares of white lumber stacked up around it in the valley half a mile below them; so far away indeed that they could not hear its busy din and only knew of its activity by the quick succession of the little clouds of white steam rising from its exhaust. As they sat thus, each engaged in his or her own meditation, the quiet of evening began to settle down over the mountains and valleys; the sun sank lower in the west, losing some of its dazzling brilliance and taking a more definite roundness to its shape. In a few minutes little broken clouds of steam ceased to rise from the mill, and instead, a long continuous puff arose and breaking away hovered over the small building for a few seconds, then melted into nothing, and presently the mellow sound of the distant whistle announcing the close of the day's work floated up to them clear and sweet through the evening air.

The maiden turned to the lumberman and interrupted his reverie by exclaiming:

“Isn't it all just too grand to be a livin' in, Dan!”

If ever simple beauty existed in anything, it found personification in Daphne Welborn as she sat on the mountain that afternoon. The style of the dress of blue colico, with small white figures, which she wore was a plain closely fitting

basque and a full skirt gathered evenly at the belt, very much like one her grandmother might have worn with the fashionable hoops of olden days, for styles change slowly in those rugged hills. Her long black tresses were divided and hung in two plaits down her back, and her round young face, with the full lips and large innocent blue eyes, pretty enough as it was, seemed transfigured in the sunset's glow.

She waited a few minutes and a little worried at receiving no reply, she spoke again.

"Danny," she said, "what's the matter with you here of late? You don't seem to talk as much as you used to."

"Have you really noticed anything, Daphne?" asked Dan McDonald, gazing into the west.

"Oh, you just seem sort of blue all the time. Please tell me what's wrong."

"Oh, it's nothing, Daphne, nothing. You wouldn't understand if I told you," said Dan.

Daphne Welborn regarded silently for a moment the miniature home-made brogan which she was digging into the matted pine needles, then naively said:

"Danny, I am sorry."

"Are you, sure enough?" said Dan, looking at her. "If I thought you could understand, I half-way believe I'd tell you, but I know you would think I am foolish."

"Please tell me, wont you, Danny? We've always been pals, haven't we?"

"Yes, ever since mother died a long time ago."

"Yes, Danny, and you've lugged my little brothers and sisters around on one hip, same as me, until I sometimes believe we both walk right lop-sided, but go on and tell me," said Daphne.

"I guess it's only a mood of mine; but I wish it did not stay with me so much. Do you ever want to get away from here?" he said.

"Why, no, of course not, silly; my mother and father and all my friends live here," she answered with a little laugh.

"Well, so do mine, and I ought to be satisfied, I know. Dad owns the mill down there and always brings me whatever I want from the city every spring, but, you know, Daphne, he never will let me go to the city with him, and it seems like there's something callin' me over there, just callin' all the time. I never have been anywhere but right here, and I want to get out and go somewhere, and more than anywhere else, I want to see a place they call Bohemia," said Dan.

"Bohemia! where's that?" asked Daphne.

"I don't exactly know just where it is, but I've got a magazine at the 'shack' that tells about it. I asked old Bill Brawley where Bohemia was, he used to be a sailor, you know, and he says it's somewhere in Asia, but the magazine don't say that, and as near as I can guess it's somewhere pretty close to New York."

"How foolish you are," said Daphne. "But, Danny, please show me the magazine some time, won't you,"

"Maybe so," he answered.

Just then a long trumpet blast came from the direction of the "shack," and Daphne jumped up, exclaiming:

"There goes the supper horn already! My goodness, let's hurry or you won't get a bite."

Dan arose and both stood a moment watching the big round sun that looked so close it seemed as if they might reach out and almost touch it as it rested like a huge ball of fire on the horizon, and when it dipped over the edge they hurried on down the steep path to the "shack."

Daphne tonight, as often was her custom, took supper with Dan McDonald and the men at the "shack," and after supper she always sang to them. She had a wonderfully sweet voice and the big rough men were very fond of her and her singing.

As the pair approached the "shack" the men were lined up with their tin pans on the long bench outside the door, sleeves

up to their elbows and shirts open at the neck, washing their faces and hands, and looking up they hailed Dan and Daphne merrily as they entered the door. Supper was waiting inside and the odor of it with the scent of the freshly cut pine gave the young folks a keen appetite.

After supper the men got out the banjos and persimmon beer, which Mrs. Welborn had made, and had songs and dancing in front of the shack in the stairlight. Daphne joined in the fun until it got to going well, and then seeing Dan alone she slipped over to his side and whispered.

"Let's see the magazine, Danny."

Dan consented, and together they slipped into the shack.

"You mustn't tell where I keep it," said Dan, producing the book from a crack in the wall where the plaster had come loose from between the logs.

"Of course, you know I wouldn't," cried Daphne excitedly. "Get the candle."

Dan set the candle down on the floor between them, and while the men on the outside smoked and told tales the two young people sat on the floor and read.

"Bohemia is the land of *bon camaraderie* (they didn't know exactly what that meant, but were sure it was something nice). It offers inducements to men of every variety of taste. If one likes music, so does the great tenor at the next table and he is willing to sing for the song's sake. Here also is the virtuoso, the writer, the actor, the artist and the good-fellow. It is strange to say, too, how it takes hold upon one, this nomad style of living. It is ever new and fascinating, and once there one rarely cares to leave it. Life never grows dull, and—"

"It's time for you kids to get to bed," interrupted Mr. McDonald's voice from the door, which caused much confusion in concealing the magazine, "so come little gal, and give us another song, then get on home to your good mother."

Daphne sat on the steps, and more than one of the gruff

men swallowed a lump in his throat as she sang the "Old Folks at Home" and strummed a light accompaniment on the banjo.

.

One evening a few weeks after Dan McDonald had read the magazine with Daphne Welborn by the candle light, he came whistling up to the "shack" from work and noticed that everybody was bustling around and laughing and talking with more than usual gaiety.

Daphne met him at the door and broke the exciting news.

"There's going to be a show tonight," she said enthusiastically.

"A what?" asked Dan.

"A show. There's a man here with a—a something that he says will make real live pictures that walk and talk."

"Oh, a moving-picture show! Dad says he saw one once over at the city," said Dan. "Shall we go see it?"

"Oh, yes; please let's go, Danny. I think it would be just lots of fun!" she replied excitedly.

That night there was great preparation in McDonald's lumber camp, and the entire population migrated to the schoolhouse. As Dan and Daphne waited it seemed an eternity until the buzzing of the machine and the square of white light on Mrs. Welborn's best sheet, which had been hung over the blackboard in the front of the building for the occasion, announced that the show was about to begin. It was a breathless moment for the audience. They craned their necks this way and that in order to get the best possible view, some declaring firmly that they knew there would be a fake about it somewhere, while others almost dared to hope that pictures really would move.

At length the performance began, and when the name of the picture appeared Dan McDonald forgot that anybody else was in the house. In the center of the square of light in big black letters was the title, "A Trip to Bohemia." The scene

opened in a great handsome café—splendidly dressed men and women came and went or sat eating and drinking at the tables, meanwhile the phonograph chatted and laughed away, with an occasional strain from the orchestra breaking through hub-bub of conversation. Presently a rather corpulent gentleman, with black hair and waxed mustache turned up at the ends à la the Kaiser, arose and began to sing, while a bushy-headed man at the piano accompanied him. The song was in Italian so that neither Dan nor Daphne could understand it, but because it was foreign it seemed all the more fascinating to them. Then the picture audience applauded and fell to eating and talking again. The orchestra played on, and ever and anon some imaginary great opera star or virtuoso popped up and rendered a soul-melting selection. At last a beautiful prima donna got up and sang Auld Lang Syne, and the people in the picture raised their glasses and joined in the song, then Daphne slipping her hand into Dan's began to hum the tune with the phonograph and the men took it up and sang the song through.

There were many more pictures after that one, but somehow Dan and Daphne could not forget the first one, and going home that night they did not have much to say.

Daphne lay awake a long time that night thinking of the strange things she had seen, and some time after midnight she was sure once that she heard beating hoofs galloping down the narrow road around the mountain side which led toward the city, then all was silent and laughing at her silly imagination she dropped off to sleep.

.

One night a good many years after the first moving-picture show came to McDonald's lumber camp, a group of men sat at a table in a New York café.

"Who is that distinguished-looking gentleman who has just sat down across the house," said one, indicating a handsome clean-shaven man of about thirty years, with a slight tinge of gray in his hair.

“That is the author of ‘The Hill Folks,’ and those other novels of mountain life,” replied another.

“Is that so? Well, he has certainly made his place in the literary world, yet they say he has never had much education.”

“No, but he has lived the life, I understand, so has his material first hand, and he knows the musical dialect of the hills.”

Here the conversation ceased, for a beautiful young woman was singing and the song that she sang was “Auld Lang Syne.” When she had finished the song her hearers encored again and again, and when at last they would let her rest, the distinguished author went over and spoke to her.

“Pardon me, Madam, but is this not Miss Welborn?” said he.

“Yes.”

“Well, Daphne, I think we’ve had enough of Bohemia. Let’s go back to McDonald’s camp,” he said.

“Danny!”

THE SEA WAVES.

BY OLIN WANNAMAHER.

Once
Years ago
As I stood lone beside a summer sea
Watching,
Watching the waves
That raced and rolled across the glistening strand
And brake
In spray and foam
And music
And light,
To spread a glass of shining water, down
Withdrawing over all the sparkling strand
In slipping whisper
Silvery
Soft
Sweet!

Then
At even hour
While still I stood a dreamer on the shore
Wondering,
Wondering of time
That rolls and races round the dark-bright world
And breaks
In play and moan
And laughter
And Night,
To spread a mist of smiling and of tears
Down gleaming glooming over slipping life
In sob and whisper
Silvery
Sad
Sweet!

Ah!
In the west!
I raised mine eyes and saw the moon and star—
Crescent,
Crescent and gleam
Two parallel walking soft toward the sea
In stillness—
They kissed my soul
With beauty
And peace!
I watched a path of silver to my feet
O'er whispering waters
Wonderful
Wide
Waste—

There!
At my feet
A little ring of gold in moonlight pale
Glittering,
A marriage ring
Cast by the rolling waves before my feet
From whom!
Some bride shipwrecked
And drownèd
And dead—
So leaving Him but Night and agony!

I married there the sorrow of the world,
I wore the token
Beautiful
Blasted
Bright.

And then I lifted up mine eyes and saw
The moon and star. They twain did gaze on me
Both pitying,
Both pitying:
The crescent moon and star did pity, pity me
Wondering,
Wondering beside the lonely darkening whispering sea.

MRS. OLIVE TILFORD DARGAN.

BY W. M. MARR.

The poets of the South who constitute a splendid assemblage of poetic talent and achievement are not sufficiently known among the students of literature in our country. Even here in the South, which might naturally be expected to take pride in and do honor to its gifted singers, most of them are but little read. Especially is this true in the case of Mrs. Olive Tilford Dargan, who is now recognized by the country's leading literary men as the coming poet of the South. Being as yet a young writer, and so very little has been said and written about Mrs. Dargan that I felt a hesitancy in writing this sketch for fear my task would be a misinterpretation in some way or other. In view of this fact we shall let her writings speak for themselves.

It is a mistake to suppose that you must know all about the life of an author before you can enjoy his writings. It is true you must know something of his surroundings and the nature of the man before you can fully understand his motives in writing and how his work came to be what it was. But that is quite a different matter and will not detain us now.

Mrs. Olive Tilford Dargan, the poet, was born in the oldest dwelling of the village, Old Caney, now a part of Caneyville, Grayson County, Kentucky. Mrs. Dargan said that her birthplace was in "a place called Locust Grove, because the house was surrounded by many very old and beautiful locust trees." She further says, "As a child I was taught in the public schools and also received private instruction at home. At thirteen I was ready for college, but did not enter until several years later. I graduated from the Peabody Normal College, Nashville, Tenn., and later studied at Radcliffe College, Cambridge, Mass. My people, the Haynes, Whitleys, Days, Tilfords, were Virginians who went to Kentucky soon after the Revolution."

These are the only real facts I have been able to secure concerning Mrs. Dargan's life up till 1904, when she and her husband, Mr. Pegram Dargan, came to Almond, this state, from South Carolina. Mr. Dargan is also a poet and writer, having published a few years ago a small volume of poems called *The Carolina Ditties*. When he came to this state Mr. Dargan put up a blacksmith's shop in Almond and has been constantly at work since that time. He is said to be a fine mechanic, but I have reasons to believe that literature is his chosen work, and that the hammer and anvil constitute his favorite pastime.

Recently Mr. Dargan purchased a large tract of forest land, some three or four miles from Almond, and built a cabin on one of the highest knobs, known as Round Top. Here Mrs. Dargan spends all her time, reading and writing. Some day, no doubt, this name will become a noted one in the annals of American literature.

So far Mrs. Dargan has given us but four poems, but in these we are able to recognize her ability and the poetic quality of her diction. "To Sleep" is a fair illustration:

"O, gentle lover of a world day-worn,
 Taking the weary light to thy dusk arms,
 Stealing where pale forms lie, sun-hurt and torn,
 Waiting the balm of thy oblivious charms,
 Make me thy captive ere I guess pursuit,
 And cast me deep within some dreamless close,
 Where hopes stir not, and white, wronged lips are mute,
 And Pain's hot wings fold down o'er hushed woes;
 And if ere morn thou choos't to set me free,
 Let it not be, sweet jailer, through the door
 That timeward opes, but to eternity
 Set thou the soul that needs thee nevermore;
 So I from Sleep to Death may softly wend
 As one would pass from gentle friend to friend."

Another poem worthy of note, as revealing a phase of the poet's versatile art, is the "Great Man," in which she graphically pictures the growth of a great man:

"Born of needs of little men,
Of the longing gods in them,
Of the reach of children's hands,
Of the piercing mother-eyes
Begging "Now" and praying "When?"

Comes the voice unmastered, free,
Comes the faith no doubt can dim,
Comes the Soul unto the hour,
And the way grows wide for him
Walking with the day to be."

"The world, a quickened whole
Truth-delivered, naked, free,
Once again hath found its dauntless Soul."

Another work of Mrs. Dargan's worthy of note is the masque, "The Woods of Ida," the scene of which is laid in the woods of Mt. Ida, some forty years before the Fall of Troy. Two lovers, Thesta and Anchises, are introduced first, the beginning of their conversation is the following, which readily shows the general character of the masque:

THES.—Here is diviner air. 'Twas close amid
Those thick, embracing laurels, thousand-armed.

ANCHL.—But here our breadth is winged. And see the vale
Is fair with buds ten seasons deep, so long
Since winter from the mountain top descended.

THES.—Oh, all is fair. This breeze upon my cheek
Slept in a rose's heart, and now steals forth
To whisper of couched delight.

ANCHL.— It will forget
Its petaled lodging in those sweeter dimples.

This amorous talk continues until, by request of Thesta, Anchises begins to play upon his lyre and sings. His song is too entrancing and melodious to the jealous lover Thesta out in the woods alone with Anchises, whereupon she commands:

"Oh cease, the breeze is loitering cunningly
To steal from leafy loves the honeyed sound.
Play not, but whisper how thou 'rt mine. Oh, me!
I call thee mine, when in yon thicket green

Bides now, mayhap, a nymph whose battering eyes
 Are on thy curls, thy brow, thy lithest form,
 While swift she plots how she may steal thy love
 And leave me moaning."

Anchises, however, swears his loyalty to Thesta and even says that "not Venus' Self could now betray mine eyes." But his love for Thesta is but for a moment, for immediately, Venus enters as a beautiful nymph, who is seen first by Thesta. In spite of all the efforts of Thesta to keep her hands over Anchises' eyes so as to bar him from the sight of love itself, he hears her voice and says:

"Nay by her voice she's gentle. Ah it falls
 Like silver waters in a Delian shell."

He releases himself from his true love, sees Venus, and the "die is cast." He forgets his true love and vow, and falls on his knees before Venus, and pours out his whole heart to the bewitching nymph.

Thesta is angered and calls on the gods to help her in revenge, whose assistance in the end proved to be too severe, for Anchises became blind.

Anchises' speech at this point, just after he has lost his sight, is perhaps the best language and portrays the only genuine poetic feeling, that we find in the whole masque:

"I tremble still, and round me cloudy hangs
 The prophecy of gloom without a star.
 No warbler's whistle calls me to the dawn
 To sport my day of life in Phœbus' eye,
 But the drear-noted dove about me sings,
 And ever now I seem to make my way
 Through bent, enlacing woods where darkness draws
 Gnarled horrors to embrace in deeper night
 Till eyes no more may struggle.

.
 But this night, night, night,
 Must ever I in slow, unburied death
 Carry my tomb about me, close as a cell
 In hills confined heart?"

Venus leaves and Thesta, keeping herself unknown, speaks

at length to the unfortunate blind lover, and on being asked where he was, Anchises replied :

I am at a feast.

THES.—I see no board nor guest.

ANCHI.—I am the guest.

Remembrance is my host, who now annoys
On board invisible long-stored viands
That with deluded tooth I seek to pierce
And find me mouthing air.

The two fall in love again, but Anchises never recognizes that it is Thesta.

The greatest pieces of writing from the pen of Mrs. Dargan are the three dramas—"Lords and Lovers"—in two parts—"The Seige," and "The Shepherd." These dramas are deserving of serious attention from all who care for the drama as a form of literature and for poetry for its own sake. A very noted author and critic has recently said that in these plays, "rare gifts of dramatic construction and poetic expression are recognized. They are indisputable marks of original force of mind and imagination, the quality of promise which comes from strength and vitality rather than from facility and sensibility . . . there is much to give the lover of poetry that keen joy which comes from hearing a clear, rich, strongly sustained song from a new singer; the deep satisfaction of recognizing a fresh piece of that kind of work which exhilarates, vitalizes, and widens the vision; of that art whose chief function is to deepen and heighten the sense of life. . . . The poetic plans are constructed along well established lines and show the influence of the drama. Mrs. Dargan is in no sense an imitator and her work is in no wise an echo of the other and familiar things said long ago, but she has traveled along the great highway. Her view of life is that of Shakspeare. It has breadth, balance, and relief of humor. She has that kind of Shaksperian catholicity which makes room, not only for all sorts and conditions of men, but for sentiment and humor as well as for

tragedy. Her plays are peopled by men and women of the sort that make up the world—the mean, the viscious, the cruel, and the generous, the clean, the loyal, and the merciful.”

The first two plays center about the young Henry the Third in the thirteenth century. The second play is a prose drama of contemporary Russia, the scene of which is laid in a peasant home, in June, 1905. The third is laid in Syracuse, Sicily, in the time of the tyrant, Dionysius, the younger, in 356 B. C. To give the plots and general characterizations of the plays would require more space and time than I am now capable of giving, so in order to give some idea of Mrs. Dargan's ability at the handling of familiar things and her power of imagery and illustration, I will mention a few examples.

The patriotic Earl of Pembroke is made to say, while on his deathbed, out of pure love for his country:

“O, this fleet, this fleet, rigged out
By war-like Constance in monk Louis' name.
I see it nearing now, leaping the waves,
On, on, and none to meet it. Cowards all.
What do ye here, ye three, loitering about
A sickman's bed? A man almost a corpse.
I would not have a servant waste himself
To give me drink while England needs his sword.”

Here are fresh handlings of familiar illustrations:

“Age is no patent to respect and place
If virtue go not with it. Whited hairs
Make honor radiant, but vice thereby
Is viler still.”

“They know 'tis death—they know 'tis death,
And what
Is that? We are all guests in God's great house,
The Universe, and Death is but his page
To show us to the chamber where we sleep.
What though the bed be dust, to wake is sure;
Not birds but angels flutter at the eaves
And call us singing.”

The freshness of Mrs. Dargan's handling of familiar emotions and similes touches many lines with something very like finality:

"He sees her as one looks upon a rose
And thinks not of the mould that bore it, or what
The tale that dews and winds could tell."

"My blood-stained hands? They're as free of blood
As the pure angel's who writes golden down
The saintliest deeds of men."

"O, God. Celestial marshaller of chance
To some far end of good, let me believe
Thy hand is here, and even on our heads."

"The end is death,—and yet a comet's death.
The rushing wings are round me, bear me up,
And drive me like a meteor charging doom."

"Pain is the orator
Can clinch his case and drive the question home."

"Eternity
Looked once upon the world, where lingers yet
Some brightness of her eye ye call Time."

GRILLPARZER'S TRAUM, EIN LEBEN.

BY T. G. VICKERS.

In a former issue of *THE ARCHIVE* there was an article dealing with Grillparzer's *Sappho*, and perhaps for this reason it may be said that a discussion of another play by the same author is out of place here. But when the immense importance of his *Der Traum, Ein Leben* is considered, a few words about it hardly need an apology. It has been called the "Austrian Faust" by some of the poet's admirers. Whether this be a correct estimate of its value I cannot say, but that it has been so designated is very significant.

The hero, Rustan, is not a man to be admired. He is not great in any sense. On the contrary he is a very ordinary fellow. He represents a type of man who has great ambitions, without possessing the courage required to realize them, and who, even if he could achieve his ends, has not the force of character necessary to hold the position he has reached. Knowing himself in the beginning to be unfit for great deeds, Rustan dreams of heroic and glorious conquests until, losing sight of his weaknesses, he fondly imagines himself capable of attaining to something for which he is utterly unprepared. Yet with all his cowardice there is a real conflict in his heart between good and evil. His selfish, evil longings have put him entirely out of harmony with his daily surroundings and we find him discontented and impatient with all he meets. He no longer looks upon the home of his uncle as he formerly did, nor does he now cherish the love of other days for Mirza, his cousin. We are shown a man who has for a long time entertained a low, selfish standard of thought, with the very natural result that he has destroyed for himself all the best things of life.

The inevitable outcome of the life of which he is dreaming is shown him in the form of a dream, whose warnings he heeds, and through which he is cured of his evil aspirations and brought to realize the happiness which he has been in

danger of forever destroying for himself and others. Here the poet has distinctly and forcibly presented to us one of his great doctrines: unhappiness and discontent must be the inevitable results of a human soul's striving and struggling for earthly greatness.

The play opens showing Mirza complaining of Rustan's neglect and change of feeling towards her. His ill-conceived ambition has made him petulant and impatient. He asks Massud, his uncle, for permission to go out to seek his fortune. Under protest the desired liberty is granted and Rustan goes to sleep, as he thinks, for the last time in the home of his boyhood. The first act closes.

In act two, the real plot begins. Rustan and Zanga, a black slave, meant to embody Rustan's inordinate pricking ambition, have set out for Samarkand, which, says the slave, offers the best field for ambitious adventure. As they proceed, a man suddenly rushes out of the woods behind them and across the bridge over which they have just passed, crying for deliverance from the monster that is pursuing him. Zanga tells Rustan to hurl his spear and slay the beast; Rustan throws his weapon, but misses his aim. He and Zanga then betake themselves to a tree. Another figure steps in and kills the dragon, then disappears. Since the real rescuer does not immediately again appear, Rustan, at Zanga's instance, tells the rescued man (who has just recovered from a swoon) that he has saved him. The king (for such he is) gives a dagger to his savior and promises him great preferment, then goes off. Now the real deliverer reappears. Rustan, in order to keep him from telling the king the truth about the rescue, tries to buy him off, but unsuccessfully. A conflict between them results and, in desperation Rustan strikes almost at random and kills his opponent. He had done *one* wrong, now another and far worse one was absolutely necessary to support the first.

Master and slave go on to Samarkand, where events so

shape themselves as to raise Rustan to great prominence. But all is not yet safe. From a dim recollection of the killing of the dragon, the king has reason to believe that Rustan is an imposter, and upon other grounds now strongly suspects him of murder. The king leaves him alone for a while. He is well night desperate. A witch appears and tempts him to commit suicide, but he has not the courage. She suggests in a veiled manner that he poison the king and puts the poison into the king's cup herself. Rustan allows the sovereign to drink the potion and die. Gülnare, his daughter, chooses Rustan to rule with her.

The foregoing action takes up the second and third acts. The fourth opens some time after the king's death. Rustan, by his despotism, has become odious in the eyes of all. His enemies obtain proof that he is the king's murderer and attempt to arrest him. He escapes and flees. Zanga suggests that they fire the city and save themselves, but Rustan's characteristic indecision prevents him from taking advantage of the opportunity; so now he must bear the consequences. He again shows his inability to cope with a critical situation, when he hesitates on the bridge where he first saw the king. The enemy is coming. Rustan cannot decide which way to go. Suddenly he is surrounded and jumps into the water.

The dream is over. Rustan has shown himself incapable at every point. He has seen in the dream the end which must certainly come if he persists in the unholy ambition which he has not the ability to gratify. He realizes that one crime begets another to cover it and that as time goes on greater wrongs are necessary to conceal what is past and that there can be but one end to such a course, that is, destruction. As the sum of human experience he observes:

“Eines nur ist Glück hienieden,
Eins: des Innern stiller Frieden
Und die schuldbefreite Brust!
Und die Grösse ist gefährlich,

Und der Ruhm ein leeres Spiel;
Was er gibt, sind nicht'ge Schatten,
Was er nimmit, es ist so viel!"

(There is but one satisfaction here below,
Which is, peaceful calm of soul
And a pure and stainless heart!
Earthy greatness is full of danger;
Glory is but an empty sound;
All it gives is a shadowy void,
But O how great is its cost!)

HEINE'S "SEHNSUCHT."

BY LOUIS I. JAFFE.

Beginning from the time when God created Eve and implanted in Adam that all divine longing, it is reasonable to assume that love has played a most important part in the lives of men. In the vedas of ancient India, in the sagas of the hardy Norsemen, in the tales of the minnesingers and gleemen, in the modern product of the magazines, Love is the single note oftenest heard. Already old in the time when our ancestors slept in trees, the subject of love has remained perennially new.

Philosophers have dissected and classified it; poets without number have sought to give it suitable expression. Of these poets some have given us the noblest conception of the unselfish love of brother and sister and of the so-called Platonic love of men and women. Others, with the swing of the pendulum to the other extreme, have given lasting utterance to the love of man *as* man for woman *as* woman—the love that has the smack of the fleshly.

It has remained, however, for the German, Heine, a poet without honor in his own country, grown bitter and cynical from long years of exile, and banished from the favor of his sovereign, to give us in eight inimitable lines the most perfect expression that we have of pure love-longing. For plastic fancy and perfected laconicism of style it probably has no equal in all literatures.

“Ein Fichtenbaum steht einsam
Im Norden auf kahler Höh’.
Ihn schläfert: mit weisser Decke
Umhüllen ihn Eis und Schnee.

Er träumt von einer Palme,
Die fern im Morgenland
Einsam und schweigend trauert
Auf brennender Felsenwand.”

Much is lost in the translation, yet even in that form the marvelous symbolism is felt at once.

A lone pine far in Northland,
Upon a mountain grows.
He's drowsy—bleak and icebound,
He stands in Arctic snows.

He's drowsy—he dreams of a palm-tree,
That far in Morningland waits
Mourning, alone, and silent,
On sun-beaten wall, for her mate.

“The pine dreams in the snow, the palm grieves dumbly in the burning heat—that is all.” The pine in the frozen North, the palm in the tropical Orient—they belong to each other, yet their separation is eternal. It is this impossibility of overcoming the obstacle to their union that lends the touch of sadness.

“What is it that constitutes a great writer?” asks George Brandes, and answers his own question thus: “The possession of the power to call forth mental visions or moods, visions by means of moods or moods by means of visions. It was especially the latter faculty that Heine cultivated in himself; he never fails in the matter of clear outline and picturesque effect.” He certainly offers here an apt criticism of the *Sehnsucht*.

THE BABY AND THE BREEZES.

BY OLIN WANNAMAKER.

Oh, sweet and fresh the dewy winds of dawn
Came hasting over seas to wake the world,
In frolicking and jolly dancing came,
And slipping slyly through the robe close furled
Of solemn somber king of night, old Sleep,
They tossed a baby's ringlets tangle-curled
And called his blue eyes open with a kiss.

The morning passes and the breezes fail:
So still and stifling grows the noonday heat
That baby wonders where the merry winds
Are flown and wishes that his little feet
Could bear him fast to feel their full cool breath!
A faintness takes his body and the beat
Of baby's heart comes quick and loud and strong!

At evening came the winds from out the west
To dream upon the ocean's rocking waves,
And flying in to whisper, *Peace, good-night*
To baby boy—they bathe his hands and lave
His face, now still and white, with their moist breath,—
They sigh and sigh, as if like me they crave
To hear the merry laughter once again.

All that long sorrow's night the breezes stayed
Moving about the couch where baby lay,
As sweet and beauteous as a lily plucked
From green young stem in morning days of May.
When babe was under sod they passed again
Across my garden and away, away,
And never have they since come back to me!

THE SERVANT IN THE HOUSE—AN ESTIMATE.

BY C. L. BIVENS.

There is often a peculiar friendship existing between author and reader. Most of us have, whether we admit it or not, a standard to which authors must measure up as men, regardless of their literary ability, before we are willing to admit them to our Quaker-like meetings where minds commune with minds. Take for example, a Byron, a Shelley, a Burns, a Poe. While we enjoy reading their poetry, still we can never quite forget the element of baseness in their character. Call them beautiful untamed lines, or what you will, and veil their baseness in words of charity that teach us to forget their wildness as time goes by, still we cannot love them as we love a Wordsworth, a Keats, or a Longfellow. This may be unfortunate, but I find it true. In fact I never read a book by an author, whom I do not know but that I am haunted by a certain tormenting curiosity as to who the man is and what his life has been. Hence that you may better appreciate this play, and for fear my brief discussion may arouse in you a curiosity not easily allayed (for little has been written about the author), we will glance first at the author of "The Servant in the House."

Charles Rann Kennedy is a sturdy Englishman, born some thirty-eight years ago of a line of scholars, one of whom held the chair of Greek at Cambridge. And should you turn to Irving's "Sketchbook" and read his essay on "Rural Life in England," you will find there a quotation from a poem by Rev. Rann Kennedy, A. M. Mr. Kennedy is a self-educated man, circumstances having forced him to work at the age of ten. But his individual determination gained for him a broad culture. His is a type of culture which often seems to flourish better when freed from university harness. We have seen that the aptitude for Greek and the ecclesiastical tendency was in the blood and it will not be surprising to learn that he gave himself a four years' theological training. Though he is no preacher, yet there is something of the par-

son in his bearing. He is a big brother to mankind, a Christian, eager, sincere, and genial. There is no aloofness about him and when you meet him, you feel that you have found a friend. In appearance he is a big, broad-shouldered man. He wears not even a mustache and his sympathetic features bespeak his genial nature. He is literally a slave to his pipe and in the midst of clouds of smoke he will run the gamut of art, economics and philosophy, evincing the rich gift of critical penetration and the terseness of conversational phrase.

Before the spring of 1908, when "The Servant in the House" was presented in New York, Mr. Kennedy was practically unknown to Americans, if we except the few who remember his playing with Ben Greet, some six years ago. He was the Reverend Doctour in the production of "Everyman," a morality play, which brought distinction to his wife, who was at that time an actress. Only to a very few friends did he at that time confide his ambitions as a playwright and when he returned to England he still continued his career as an actor, awaiting the opportune time to mature his plans.

Though a single idea seems to dominate "The Servant in the House," yet Mr. Kennedy is not a man of a single idea. He has the boyish enthusiasm of a very vigorous nature, which prompts him to reach out in many directions and to plan his work for seven years to come. His intentions are to write seven plays in as many years, in the series of which "The Servant in the House" is a part, and though each play is to be a complete and separate whole, in motive they will be antitheses of each other.

Many have wondered why the author should desire to present his play first in America rather than in England. But it is not a matter for wonder. Youth is drawn to youth, and he wanted and needed just the spontaneity which an American audience offers. Besides, on returning to England the actors would have a better conception of their parts.

While the play seems, as some say, "to knock" the English Church, still there has been no question of censorship, the play having passed readily the reader of plays.

Since "The Servant in the House" was intended primarily for production, it is at some disadvantage in the hands of a critical reader, for good acting has much to do with the success of any play. Yet the play reads well and is worthy of studious consideration in and for itself. It presents in a novel and interesting way, a momentous and daring theme. The characters, as a group, are interesting and drawn for the most part with a profound sense of life.

The action passes in the living room of an English country vicarage early in a spring morning. The lives of the little group of people, who constitute the vicar's family, are harsh, jangled and out of tune. The story of the play is briefly this:

"The vicar of an English country vicarage finds his church sadly in need of physical rebuilding and spiritual regeneration. At the same time he begins to accuse himself of hypocrisy and moral cowardice in the treatment of one of his brothers. The brother is a drunken ne'er-do-well, engaged in the unsavory occupation of a cleaner of drains. The daughter of the drainman has been adopted in the vicar's family, but she is kept ignorant of her father's identity and character. Unexpected word has come to the vicar that the great Bishop of Benares, who reveals himself as a brother, long since disappeared, is coming to help him in the upbuilding of his church. The vicar's wife, a woman whose great ambition for her husband has warped and dwarfed her moral nature, has also invited her brother, the Bishop of Lancashire, to come and join the Bishop of Benares in the work. The "Servant in the House" is an Indian butler, clad in picturesque Oriental robes. He is presently revealed to the reader, or to the audience, though not to the inmates of the house, as the famous bishop. The scavenger brother appears to be followed soon by the vicar's brother-in-law, who is symbolically

deaf and all but blind. Mistaking the scavenger for the vicar and inadvertently hitting upon the truth with regard to the "servant," he outlines his plan for the rebuilding of the church, which includes a liberal rake-off for the two bishops. The "servant," in a powerful scene, sternly satirizes the conscienceless greed of the pious hypocrite, and describes the ideal beauty of the church, which he has built with brotherhood for foundation, walls, and superstructure. The "servant's" influence begins to transform the household. It drives out the worldly bishop, gives new heart to the vicar, softens the ambitious wife, reclaims the ne'er-do-well brother, and unites father and daughter. In a final scene the drain-man announces that he has discovered the cause of the conditions which have driven the congregation from the church, and even the vicar from his study. A foul drain beneath the vicarage was found to lead to a vault beneath the church itself—an old grave filled with decay and putridity. He declares his intention of cleaning out the vault, though his life pay the penalty, and the vicar throws off his coat and offers his help till the task is done. In the clasp of hands dedicating both to the work, the brothers are reunited. The "servant" enters to prepare the luncheon table and announces that the Bishop of Benares is 'here.' The vicar turns and questions him, 'In the name of God, who are you?' and the "servant" replies, 'In the name of God, your brother.'

The keynote of the play lies in this answer of the servant brother, for parallel with the dramatic story is a sermon "expressed in symbolism." Its subject is the brotherhood of man. The "servant in the house," although the fact is never told, is the reincarnation of the Christ. The idea is carried out, not only in his costume, and appearance, but in many of his words.

The play is no drama of fire and blood. The author's pen is not drunk with confused rages and passions; he beholds no dizzy apparitions, but deals with truths as old as the ancient hills: truths which for centuries have been preached

from our pulpits. The drama combines, in an unusual degree, absorbing interest as a play, keen satire of certain tendencies in the church and a forcible presentation of moral and religious truth. The play is scarcely more remarkable as a drama than as a sermon, for by having Robert, the drainman, and his brother, the vicar, go together into the basement, Mr. Kennedy not only upholds the brotherhood idea, but glorifies work also and brings religion into its vital relation to man. The real interest and force of the plot, as a critic has pointed out, "lies in the reciprocal relations of child and father and the relation of the vicar to his sacred responsibility as a follower of Christ." While the problems of the play in their crudest form are these: Shall the child be enlightened as to her father's character and person; shall the vicar continue to deny his brother by act, if not by word; and shall the church receive financial relief through the ungodly practices suggested by the Bishop of Lancashire? Or combining these three into one problem: "Shall the world and the devil prevail against the religion of Christ?"

The lofty theme of the play is for the most part handled in a lofty way. The style of the author is direct, elevated and often eloquent. And yet the reader is occasionally made to feel a certain incongruity between the letter and the spirit of the theme. But this defect, it seems to me, could hardly be avoided in a play like this, which presents a romantic story in a realistic guise. Whenever events, having the very tang of actuality, are employed to suggest a meaning, which is both symbolic and remote, it is no easy matter to harmonize the two appeals so intimately that they will produce upon the mind an impression which is single. Either the sense of the actuality will tend to overwhelm and crush the symbolic, or the symbolic will dominate and give the lie to the actuality. These inevitable discords between the two appeals have been avoided, to a great extent, by Mr. Kennedy. But now and then such discords are plainly evident. For example, the Bishop of Lancashire is but a type of over-emphasized de-

pravity, set up to be satirized, while in the last act Robert, in his description of cesspools and drains, is unpleasant at unnecessary length. Here and there, too, throughout the play single lines sound violently out of character. For example, when Mary, referring to the Bishop of Benares, says to Manson (who is himself the Bishop): "Think of the biggest man you ever heard of in this world," Manson replies, "In this world that sounds rather like—does he give free libraries?" We feel at once that such a remark, so trivial in its satire, is altogether out of keeping with the character. It is not an answer we would expect from a character intended for the re-incarnation of the Christ.

But these occasional inconsistencies weigh but little when placed over against the highly appropriate, elevated, eloquent and often poetical passages throughout the play. Perhaps the best evidence of the poetry, which pervades and often exalts the lines, is given by a speech of Manson's, in the second act, describing the church which he has founded in India:

"You must understand that this is no dead pile of stones and unmeaning timber. It is a living thing. . . .

"When you enter it, you hear a sound—a sound as of some mighty poem chanted. Listen long enough and you will learn that it is made up of the beating of human hearts, of the nameless music of men's souls—that is if you have ears. If you have eyes, you will presently see the church itself—a looming mystery of many shapes and shadows, leaping sheer from floor to dome, the work of no ordinary builder.

"The pillars of it go up like the brawny trunks of heroes; the sweet human flesh of men and women is moulded about its bulwarks strong, impregnable: the faces of little children laugh out from every corner-stone; the terrible spans and arches of it are the joined hands of comrades; and up in the heights and spaces, there are inscribed the numberless musings of all the dreamers of all the world. It is yet building—building and built upon."



M. A. BRIGGS, - - - - - EDITOR-IN-CHIEF.
 GILMER SILER, - - - - - ASSOCIATE EDITOR.

THE MAIN CHANCE.

With the advent of spring and the variety of athletic sports which accompany it the college man's fancy is apt to find the routine work of college less attractive than usual. There are so many diverting phases of college life appealing to the student that a strong effort is needed to hold him to his duties,—such an effort, in fact, that a number of men have not the will power to exert it. When the days are warmer, the air balmier and life thrills through all living things, one feels the call of the out-of-doors. The talk of the campus centers on sports, all other topics being relegated to a secondary place. This is the time when every student finds it so easy to neglect the main chance and answer the call of the open. He tends to relax his attention to his studies and to spend his energies in other and more inviting endeavors.

There is a danger here for some students lest they allow themselves to be diverted from the regular academic work to the detriment of their educational progress. We believe that every man should give a part of his time to this play side of college life, and that he should take an active interest in every phase of it. It is only when this side is stressed more than the other, when these sports assume more importance in the student's mind than the mere serious purposes of his college career, that a warning note should be sounded. In other words: be as active as you like, as much of an all-round man as you possibly can, but don't lose sight of the main chance.



Literary Notes

PEARLE LEOLA BRINSON,

- - - - -
MANAGER.

One of the most important of recent publications is the *University Administration*, by President Eliot, which is now being published by Houghton-Mifflin & Co. It consists of a series of lectures given during the fortieth and last year of his office as university president, embodying the results of long years of experience in the department of education. Personality is recognized here as the "vitalizing factor in the whole educational process," a lesson which has been most effectively taught by the career of Mr. Eliot himself. His conception of a university president is identical with Matthew Arnold's conception of the ideal high school principal—not an autocrat and dictator, but rather "a leader and co-operator, with teaching associates." These lectures tell the story of the great revolution in the subjects, methods and apparatus of teaching, in the spirit and temper of the instructor and student, at least in the higher institutions, a revolution to which his energy and ability have contributed no small impetus.

This will probably become a standard text-book for the use of the governing and teaching bodies of higher institutions and it would be of invaluable service as a unifying influence if used generally by the serious-minded members of the teaching profession. President Eliot's conception of what an American university will become when it is organized on the correct basis, is one which should be made universal, we think, for he states that "in a democratic society it should serve all classes, and therefore command the respect

and affection of all classes. . . . It touches all human interest. . . . It will find itself realizing its ideal of yesterday though still pursuing eagerly its ideal for tomorrow."

Banzai is the title of a new novel, by Parabellum, which has created such a stir in Germany and other continental countries that two hundred and eighty thousand copies have been sold this year. The novel is the production of a German official of high rank, who by his long residence in this country, has been able to make a close study of the conditions existing in our army and navy. It is a graphic and thrilling account of the great war between America and Japan in 1909. It is a startling and rather bold conception, but one which is significant and which will doubtless occasion much interested discussion. It gives a "grim and vigorous interpretation of the terrors of modern warfare under its new conditions," indeed from all standpoints as a piece of fiction it is likely to succeed and will certainly hold the breathless attention of the reader.

In this day of the short-story, the writings of such a man as O. Henry attain wide popularity. In his new book of western stories, entitled *The Gentle Grafter*, he has successfully maintained his reputation as an unapproachable humorist and short-story writer.

The Greatness and Decline of Rome, by Guglielmo Ferrero, a most brilliant historical work, in five volumes, is now complete. The different stages of progress and decline are presented thus, Volume I treats of The Empire Builders; Volume II, Julius Cæsar; Volume III, The Fall of an Aristocracy; Volume IV, Rome and Egypt; Volume V, To the End of the Reign of Augustus, A. D. 14. The work is characterized by a largeness of vision, sound scholarship, and a sense of proportion.

The author has the power to measure life that has been by

his own observation of the life of the present, and is gifted with the true historical sense, and the ability to interpret faithfully and interestingly the events of history. The translation is a good one and the history is good reading throughout, "a book that can only be put down reluctantly and with the sense of gratitude to the author."

This, My Son, is the title of a novel by René Bazin, the brilliant French writer, and has been called the greatest novel of Bazin that has yet been translated into English. It is the story of a Breton farmer's family, one son trying to make his way through many picturesque experiences in Paris as a newspaper man, while the other brother and sister remain at the old home on the farm. The story of their lives is vivid and dramatic and makes a strong and beautiful novel.

Miss Alice MacGowan's *Judith of the Cumberlands* is a recent piece of fiction which has won wide popularity. It has been described as a moving story "so cordial, so vigorous, so stirring in action, so full of kind, shrewd humor, of genial characterization and of vitality, that it cannot achieve a greater success than it deserves."

For those of our readers who have been interested in the subject of the Belgian rule in the Congo, the new book of Dr. A. F. R. Wollaston, bearing the title, *From Ruwenzori to the Congo*, will give valuable information on the subject. Dr. Wollaston was attached to the expedition sent out by the British Museum to make collections of the flora and fauna of the region of the "Mountain of the Moon." The book gives an interesting account of his journey across the African continent. In this journey he saw much of the Congo life and was enabled to get accurate knowledge of some methods of Belgian administration. He admits that some harshness was used and perhaps in some cases real atrocities committed, but he maintains that the treatment of the natives there is not more cruel than in some English colonies in South Africa,

or in German and Portuguese colonies. He thinks that if the Belgian territory in the Congo had been opened to foreign traders, and the merchants of other countries had been permitted to pass freely through, there would have been less outcry against Belgian cruelty. In other words, he is of the opinion that all or a great part of the indignation against the Belgians had a commercial basis and that the government has been grossly misrepresented. The contact of the African negroes with the white man has, in nearly every instance, been injurious to the negroes themselves, who have been severely mistreated by other nations so that only a small percentage of the natives has been uplifted by their coming into Africa.



J. N. COLE, JR.,

MANAGER.

PAINT, POLISH AND POWDER.

Have you ever looked at a butterfly and wondered what lay hidden under the brightly-colored surface? Have you thought of what an ugly, helpless insect it would be if deprived of that outer veneering? Of course, you are familiar with the golden and crimson-winged ones that flit about in our gardens. You have seen them flutter about helplessly when the dust had been knocked from their wings.

But there are butterflies and butterflies, so let us direct our attention to another species. The human butterfly, have you met her? She lives in the realm of shams. She is the child of the play-actors of the world stage, the daughter of the would-be aristocrats, who are direct descendants of the idle rich. A people whose eyes have been so blinded by the white light of publicity, the flash of polish, the glint of tinsel and the reflection from many mirrors, that they are no longer able to see or know the things which lie beyond this artificial deceptive brilliance. Take them out of this world and place them in the sunlight of reality. What then; they may attempt to appear wise, but like an owl in the daylight, they only blink stupidly, and do nothing.

Following the development of this beautiful creature we see her first in the caterpillar stage. Here she creeps and crawls along in some obscure path, existing by the toil of others and gorging herself with the foliage from the tree of Life, leaving it all scarred and bare. When the limit of consumption is reached and the caterpillar fuzzi full grown, she retires into the cocoon stage, which, after modern custom, is

usually the hall of some finished school. Here she sheds the fuzz and all other traces of her caterpillar body, and begins to grow her social wings. Evolving from the cocoon or finishing school stage she is a full-fledged butterfly, and ready for her appearance into the limelight of the social garden. Here she learns how to use her newly-acquired wings, heavy with paint and powder and glittering with the polish so carefully applied. All of which is necessary for social flight.

For a time she is surrounded by a swarm of admiring butterflies. She flits around from one "to do" to another, seemingly happy and is allowed to drink the nectar of all the flowers which bloom. But the blossoms soon close, the paint and powder loosens and falls from her body, revealing the ugly skeleton beneath. In vain does she beat the air with her powerless wings, and from the light of social elevation and distinction she is cast into the solitary night of despair, down to a hell of the consciousness of a neglected past, and the searing flames of wasted opportunities.

One is reminded of the story of the prisoner who found a snake in her cell, frozen cold and stark. Filled with pity, she placed the viper on her breast and warmed it back to life. But the ungrateful serpent plunged its poisoned fangs into its benefactor and in a few moments the prisoner was writhing in death agonies. So the social serpent, when you have nursed and warmed it into life plunges its fangs of restless discontent into your lifeblood, and too late you realize that the fascinating snake is deadly.

"Her mirth the world required,
She bathed it in smiles of glee,
But her heart was tired, tired,
And now they let her be."

CUSTOM.

The Salome dance is not immoral, it is art? The bathing girl in most cases feels no compunctions of immodesty, the theatre-goer in evening attire is little conscious of bare

shoulders, while a Persian or Mahammedan woman in the same gown would be disgraced for life. The Indian feels dressed up in paint and feathers. The African woman blushes with shame only when she finds that she has forgotten her string of beads. After all it is only a matter of custom.

A WARNING.

Little flowerlet beware!
 Do not trust this balmy air.
 If it rouse you from your sleep,
 'Neath your cozy cover creep
 Now it blows with balmy breeze,
 But tomorrow it may freeze—
 Fickle as a maiden fair—
 Little flowerlet beware!

Little poet have a care!
 Of this changing month beware!
 Wait till balmy days of June
 Ere you sing your love-filled tune,
 Sentimental posies nice
 Never thrive in snow and ice.
 Tho' today be warm and fair
 Little poet have a care!

Little lover have a care!
 Trust not every maiden fair!
 Let no winning words beguile,
 All are not in love that smile;
 Tender feelings of today
 Soon may vanish quite away,
 Leave you raving in despair,
 Little lover have a care!

S.



Editors Table

H. C. DOSS,

MANAGER.

THE GEORGIAN.

The table of contents of the *Georgian* for February shows a well-balanced literary department with three stories, five poems, and two essays. The best piece of fiction is a love story entitled "The Flirt and the Man." Though the title would suggest nothing particularly elevating, the plot is revealed in an entertaining manner. The turning point of the story comes with a scene of rescue which is intensely dramatic. As a short story "Rizano" is especially striking. While not so original in its conception, this story is unique in its progress and surprising in its culmination. "Brer Rabbit Has a Christening" is rather too dialectic, for the reader, if he is not well versed in dialect, spends so much time in his efforts at translation that the effect of the story is lost. The poetry of this number is not deserving of any special mention with the exception of "The Seasons" and "The Hermit." An essay of singular interest to the student of history is "Alexander Hamilton," which deals at length with the services rendered by that great financier and statesman to the Union, principally with reference to the stand he took for a strong centralized government. "Judge Lindsay, the Friend of the Children," contains some very valuable information based on a kind of subject which is not used every day, and is written in a very attractive style. Indeed, in connection with the Juvenile Court in the city of Denver, the work Judge Lindsay is doing for the amelioration of the conditions of neglected children is invaluable, whether considered from the

standpoint of the individual, family, state, or nation. The methods used by the "kid's judge" furnish a fine example for the judges in the municipal courts of our other large cities.

TENNESSEE UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE. The Sophomores of the University of Tennessee in getting out *The Magazine* for February—the first time any class at the University has undertaken this task—has done itself credit in two ways: First of all, it has put itself before its readers as an unusual class ready to serve the interest of the University in any way; and secondly, the contributions to the publication give evidence of no mean ability. Contrary to what would be expected from some Sophomores, the reader does not find a flood of high-flown, sophomoric sentences, but in nearly every instance the writer is to the point. There are a number of short stories which are good enough. "The History of the Ku-Klux Klan," while it deals with a subject which we have read, and read, and read again, is yet so well written that there is nothing old in it. The writer purposely omits more generally known incidents and thus avoids making his narrative tiresome. The article shows how the "Klan" was founded as a social organization at first and how it then grew simultaneously all over the South; how General Forrest acquired membership and became the Grand Wizard, and finally, how the organization was disbanded. There is something in every one of us that causes us to be interested in the doings of this mysterious order, and we should like to see other articles dealing with some of the less-known events in its history. In "The Public Life of Oliver Cromwell" we find a brief discussion of the public services of Cromwell. The writer of "Jack Warner's Opportunity" would have had an excellent story if he had omitted the two paragraphs pertaining to Kathleen—"the woman in the case." Love is a good thing and fits very well into some

stories of the proper length, and when interwoven in the plot; but in this story the love element makes us feel the need of an M. D. It is told in the same old way—he was poor; she was rich; he became ill; she attended him, and we are left to infer that he captured her with all her dear love and attractive purse. And all this in two short paragraphs! With this exception we commend the author of this story. The “Class History” depicts a class of many experiences, to say the least, not ashamed of its record. The verse in this issue is mediocre. To the appearance of this issue of the magazine much is added by the picture of the ’11 Class. It may be added that, to us, the cover of this magazine is the most attractive that comes to our table. To end with, we wish to congratulate the Sophomores of Tennessee on their issue of their university magazine.

**THE BAYLOR
LITERARY.**

This magazine is attracting the attention of many of our contemporaries, and justly so, for it carries material worthy of any college magazine. The leading number, “Shakspere in Germany,” tells of the love of Germans for Shakspere and of the influence he has borne among this people. How critics and translators, as well as musicians, have busied themselves with the works of this genius, is well told. The article as a whole is exceptionally praiseworthy. “The Legacy” treats of the culmination of a love affair in a most novel way. It increases in interest as one reads and in the last scene a good laugh cannot be suppressed. “Brer Squirrel in Trouble”—an imitation of the style of Joel Chandler Harris—is a piece of excellent dialect, with the exception of one or two inconsistencies, a fault to be found in much of the written dialect which appears in our magazines. The writer of “A Strange Adventure” shows a marked talent for writing, and we hope to see more from her pen. This is one of those stories (if we may so term it) which you cannot read fast

enough; there is something just ahead which you want to know. However much good may be said about "The Literary," there are many typographical errors which are unpardonable. This must be due to the lack of efficient proof reading, as there are too many errors to permit the blame to be attributed entirely to the printers.

**WILLIAM
AND MARY
LITERARY
MAGAZINE.**

Although there is a scarcity of both verse and fiction in the February number of this magazine, the material used is, in the main, carefully selected. Of the three short poems, "A Stream" deserves first mention, but even this does not call for especial comment. It may be admired for its simplicity and frankness, and it seems to have sprung from a "soul that is never at rest." While the poem may be said to have some qualities of music, it is pervaded with that sentimentalism which characterizes most of our modern verse. For the article entitled "Shakspeare's Gems" we have no especial criticism except the mention of its brevity. If the writer had been more elaborate in his remarks, the paper would have been one of real worth and benefit to the student of Shakspeare. "Number Sixteen" is a story, the plot of which is properly planned. It relates pathetically the tempora secunda and adversa of a disappointed lover, and one cannot but sympathize with the *stranger* as he lies upon his dying couch with no one about him whom he can call friend. The other departments of this magazine are doing their duty. We would suggest that the editors encourage the writing of fiction among its contributors.

**UNIVERSITY
OF TEXAS
MAGAZINE.**

The editors of this magazine are sending out a publication which speaks well for the institution from which it derives its existence. The verse in the February number, as a whole, is

good, and is of a more serious nature than most amateur productions. The variety of subject matter, the style and the meter make the collection a very refreshing one. The prose does not fail to reach the standard set by the poetry. "Kitty & Co." is perhaps the best piece of prose. "The Sting of Victory" is a rather long story, its length being an additional feature of admiration. It is far superior to those stories usually thrown from the college quill. It reveals that faculty, on the part of its author, of being able to hold the attention of his reader. Other articles deserve comment, but we cannot do more than mention them. These are "Art in the American Home," "The Princess of Dreams," "The Man Who Turned Back," "The Goddess of the City," and "The Return." Nothing adds more to the magazine than the department under the head of "The Scrap Book," which contains brief sketches and essays, varied in subject matter. All departments toe the mark of excellence, and assist in making this magazine rank among the best of our exchanges.

We acknowledge receipt of the following for February: *Baylor Literary*, *St. Mary's Muse*, *Guilford Collegian*, *Tennessee University Magazine*, *Virginia Magazine*, *The Record*, *The Grenadian*, *North Carolina Magazine*, *The Lenorian*, *Vermont Monthly*, *Emory and Henry Era*, *The Haverfordian*, *Wake Forest Student*, *The Ivy*, *Red and White*, *Davidson Magazine*, *Furman Echo*, *The Acorn*, *Donegal Banner*, *Harvard Illustrated Magazine*, *Florida Pennant*, *The Georgian*, *Texas Magazine*, *Pine and Thistle*, *Emory Phoenix*, *Niagara Index*, *Andrew College Journal*, *Randolph-Macon Monthly*, *William and Mary Literary Magazine*, *The Transylvanian*, *Vermont Monthly*, *Buff and Blue*, *The Mercerian*.

THE TRINITY ARCHIVE

THE TRINITY ARCHIVE is a monthly magazine published by the Senior Class of Trinity College. Its aim is to promote and develop the exercise of literary ability among the students of the college.

Vol. XXII

Table of Contents

No. 6

LITERARY DEPARTMENT

Immortality (<i>Poem</i>).....	<i>Olin Wannamaker</i>	265
Technical Education in the South.....	<i>C. W. Edwards</i>	266
Two Names.....	<i>J. N. Aiken</i>	277
Immigrants (<i>Poem</i>).....	<i>C. M. Hutchings</i>	282
Dueling Among German Students	<i>G. T. Jenkins</i>	283
Haru Wa Kinu (<i>Poem</i>).....	<i>Kwali</i>	289
An Indian Legend.....	<i>W. A. Mahoney</i>	290
A Snowstorm.....	<i>M. A. White</i>	293
EDITORIAL.....		295
LITERARY NOTES.....		297
WAYSIDE WARES.....		301
EDITOR'S TABLE.....		306

MANAGER'S NOTICE

Alumni, professors, students, and friends of the college are invited to contribute literary articles. All matters for publication must be in by the fifteenth of the month previous to month of publication.

Subscription price, \$1.25 per scholastic year, nine months. Single copy, 15 cents.

The names of old subscribers will be continued until the Business Manager is notified to discontinue them.

Changes in advertisements may be made by notifying the Business Manager.

Only one copy of the ARCHIVE will be sent to advertisers who take less than a half page.

Address literary correspondence to M. A. BRIGGS, Editor-in-Chief.

Business correspondence to T. A. FINCH, Business Manager.

*“Take thou no thought for aught save truth and right,
Content, if such thy fate, to die obscure ;
Wealth palls, and honours, fame may not endure,
And noble souls soon weary of delight.
Live steadfastly. Be all a true man ought,
Let neither pleasures tempt, nor pain appal ;
Who hath this he hath all things having naught,
Who hath it not hath nothing, having all.”*

—Sir Lewis Morris.

THE TRINITY ARCHIVE

Trinity College, Durham, N. C., April, 1909.



C. L. BIVENS,
MALENE HARRELL, }

MANAGERS.

IMMORTALITY.

BY OLIN WANNAMAKER.

So we shall sail forever the blue Main,
And never shall the mountains of that Shore
Swim into ken:—up from the rippling laugh
Of circling leagues of level waters rise
Before our silent, forward rounding sails,
Pink in the perfect gleam of changeless Dawn,—
A limit to all seas and voyagings.
Nay, man is infinite also, son to God,
And how shall he forever cease, and Be,—
Never become a greater than the last!
Only, the multitudes of islands glide
Or seem to glide as we go sailing on,
Giving us glimpses of the ever strange,—
New life forever blossoming isle by isle,—
Where we may rest and change into that life,—
And on at length departing sail the Deep
Boundless, the round horizon clipping it!
And the great stars shall rise and then pale dawns
And glittering noons upon the foaming blue,
But never shall we wake and cry, At Last!

TECHNICAL EDUCATION IN THE SOUTH.

BY C. W. EDWARDS.

In no field of human endeavor has a greater revolution been wrought during recent years than in the methods and machinery of teaching. The little log schoolhouse of the district school, now known and loved by us all because of its associations, is fast passing into history—together with the blue-back speller, and the hard-working pedagogue who, for some eight or ten hours a day, laboriously taught the young idea how to shoot. In its place we find coming into being the commodious, well-heated, lighted and ventilated central school, with shops, laboratories and libraries fit to minister to many of the needs of developing child life. In place of the log that sufficed for the university equipment of the famous Mark Hopkins and his pupil, we are now face to face with the university whose annual expenditures exceed a million of dollars, and when instruction is now offered on such a large scale that, of all the students matriculated at the 622 colleges in this country, one-third are found in twenty-five large institutions. Now between the university on the one hand and the high school on the other, we find another educational force that shows great virility and wonderful progress—the agency that is known as the small college. Many problems connected with institutions of this class now stand forth in strong relief, but with only one of these has this present message to do, namely: The problem of just what contribution the South can reasonably be expected to make through this particular agency to the development of its industrial life. I say this is essentially a problem of the small college because there is not an institution at present in the South that can claim any higher rating. We have no universities because we have not the means at present to support them. The total productive endowment of our richest institution does not nearly equal the current expenses of one of our real universities during two years. Our best

patronized so-called universities do not matriculate as many *bona fide* students as some of the small colleges in the North. For these reasons then I say that the general problems of higher education in the South are just the same problems with which we have to deal in Trinity today.

But before entering into a discussion of higher industrial education I wish to discuss very briefly certain of our needs along elementary lines. Education must keep in close touch with the progress of civilization and stand ready at all times to minister to its needs.

A generation ago the average child of the South went to school to learn reading, writing and arithmetic. At home the boy learned much of black-smithing, carpentry, shoe and harness-making. He knew the qualities and varieties of woods, the habits of bird and beast and the characteristics of various plants. The girls and boys learned weaving, dying and the making of dies, soap and candle-making, canning, preserving, the curing of meats and all degrees of cookery. In other words, their industrial education came to them both by necessity and tradition.

Today the life of the average Southern boy is materially different. The influx of population into towns and into factory life, the almost exclusive use by every one of machine-made products from a distance has removed this great educative influence, leaving as our problem a type of child lacking in the knowledge and initiative that characterized our fathers. The child today boasts as his chief accomplishment a mere *book* knowledge of everything which comes very near to being no knowledge at all. To fill up this great gap in the development of child character it is imperatively needful that we supply this great lack by giving to every child in school an opportunity to acquire manual dexterity and nature knowledge at first hand, not only as a pure educative influence, but also as a basis for earning a livelihood in the years to come. The cry for the recognition of vocational subjects

and industrial education in college entrance requirements, as well as in courses preparatory for life, has been heard and heeded in France, England and Germany. The apprentice system has been forced out of existence by industrial concentration and development, and the keen competition in the older societies has forced the issue. The depletion of our magnificent natural resources and the changing conditions of population in America is beginning to make itself felt here also, so that in the future a keener witted, a more dexterous and a more stably characterized generation must be developed to meet this world competition. All of this burden cannot be carried by the college, for reasons that I hope presently to make clear. It is an obviously divided burden and must in the nature of things remain so.

In the first place only about 6% of all our school graduates ever go to college at all, and 84% of our graded school graduates—*i. e.*, from eight grades—never get even to the high school. While last year only 25,000 students completed a three-year course in all our colleges combined, of all descriptions, we had three-fourths of a million and more that graduated from school and did not enter college at all. What is being done for this intelligent horde of unprepared citizens to fit them for their life's work? Is it possible for the college to handle this number? And if it is possible, is it desirable that a college should give up the work for which it is peculiarly fitted to go into this field? Its own harvests are too ripe and its own laborers are too few to permit of it.

Obviously we should have established at strategic points so as to be reasonably accessible to all, a system of central high schools where the students not intending to enter college to follow professional courses, may be given vocational courses that may be a basis for development in the agricultural and mechanic arts. Aside from the great advantage of training a very large number of students, by this means the training is given, not only to the boy, but to the entire family

and community in which he lives. The instruction given in the day is carried to the field and shop at once and there worked out under practical working conditions, making each day's teaching give daily results in the home life throughout the length and breadth of the State. We are living in a generation of poor farmers, poor machinists, poor carpenters, masons and workmen of all kinds, so that it is practically impossible for an honest contractor to get any contract thoroughly executed.

And in no line of human endeavor are the better human qualities more lacking, yet more needed, than in these humble vocations. Truly Christian education has but begun its work when it reaches the college man. You may say that the A. and M. colleges are designed and especially fitted for this work, but, aside from the great loss arising from their being too remote from the actual life of the shop and the farm, they frequently serve as a means of escape from such life rather than a training for such vocations. At such institutions the man is in danger of getting a taste of town life and ways—its theatres and social attractions—until in the end he would much rather stay in town and wield a yardstick behind a counter at twenty dollars per month than make an independent living following the plow and living next to nature.

All this may seem very much out of the way, but the point to be emphasized just here is that many of these institutions in the college field are now teaching *vocations* when in reality the field of the college in industrial education is *professional*, rather than vocational. They turn out good dynamo greasers, wiremen, engine tenders and land surveyors, but they do not make engineers, although they give engineering degrees. Both kinds of work must be done and it would be difficult to establish for either a preponderating importance. But it is manifestly a greivous waste of opportunity for one to attempt the work of the other. Hours could be spent profitably

in a discussion of the needs and opportunities of the institutions in the high school class in the development of the good mechanic and the good artisan. Suffice it here to emphasize the fact that the college is *not* the place to go for training of that sort. What then is the duty of the college? What is the world now demanding of college men? Only a few years ago the world demanded of the college merely skillful technical workers—men who could read a transit day in and day out without a blunder, who could plan a power plant with a precision that without the variation of an eighth of an inch the various units could be assembled into an efficient whole. The demand was for the man who could faithfully follow the routine of professional practice and be depended upon for the proper execution of details. The captain of industry was supposed to outline his plan, determine all the general questions of policy and merely went into the market and hired him an engineer to carry it into execution in much the same way as we sometimes hire an architect to draw to scale our already pencilled sketch of our house. Today the engineer must not only cover this ground, but, as a primary requisite to success, he must be a thinker of power, an originator of ideas, a man capable of meeting on the same cultural plane great thinkers in every field of life. The world has realized that the engineer is not a mechanic, but that his training and habits of thought make him apt to be exceedingly useful as a leader in many lines formerly closed to him. Today we find engineers as governors of States, mayors of cities, presidents and managers of large industrial plants, railroads and the like. There is hardly a line of public service that is not distinctly of another profession, wherein the engineer is not called upon at times for assistance. The demand of the world today upon the college is for master thinkers—men capable of the highest work in engineering; not only master workers in science, but men capable of living in cultural sympathy with the best class of men everywhere.

To this end then the college training of the engineer can no longer be the mere drill in technics that we find in nearly every Southern college today, and that we found in even the best colleges in this country fifteen years ago. He must have his quota of literature, of history, and of language, that he may live the intellectual life of his kind. He must know his modern language that he may keep up with the progress of the technical world at first hand, and further be prepared to pack his trunk on a day's notice and make his way anywhere from South America, or South Africa to Japan. Growing as our industrial life is into a world power in all our large enterprises, a procedure of this sort is not only in the future but actually in the present.

This state of affairs has not only been passively recognized by the best institutions in the country, but in these institutions an actual premium is put upon men with cultural training, aside from merely technical work. To emphasize the claim that the present demand is for a broad, fundamental and liberal training, as contrasted with narrow or special work in engineering details, the following opinions from some of our most noted engineers are given:

Mr. Robert Moore, President of the American Society of Civil Engineers, says: "The engineer must also know something of language and literature, of political science and of history, in order that he may understand and evaluate the knowledge particular to his own calling. He who aims at the highest success as an engineer must be a more learned man than his predecessor of the last century."

Mr. L. B. Stillwell, one of the leading electrical engineers, says: "The ideal education cannot be too broad. The aim should be to educate and train rather than inform. The purely engineering training might well follow a college course."

Mr. W. C. Armstrong, engineer for the Chicago and Northwestern, says: "I have always been an advocate of the

broader courses of study. I would, therefore, say that any scheme for lengthening the course of study should have for its first object the extension of those subjects which make for a liberal education."

Aside from the fact that a semi-technical undergraduate course is by far the best training for the future engineer in the field, there are two other, and, if possible still more, weighty reasons why the strictly technical course should be avoided by the prospective engineer. The boy of sixteen or seventeen entering college can, in the nature of things, have but the vaguest possible notion of just what qualities and what instincts it takes to make an engineer. If a proud father discerns a fondness for building mud dams and running flutter wheels, he is at once set apart as a future Gatun dam builder. If he at an early age develops a knack of constructing electric batteries or building tomato can steam boilers, he is at once dedicated to engineering. Neither he nor anyone else knows the latent possibilities of the developing mind. He has only the most superficial knowledge of the duties of the profession and of the qualities of mind requisite to success in it. It is not only unwise, but it is a crime against humanity to place a young boy in a college course devoid of all that is purely cultural, innocent of pure science, except in its most necessary phases, and subject the untried youth to a four years' grind in subjects for which he has discovered a total unfitness and finally an absolute distaste, thus leaving him at the end of his college course poorly fitted as an engineer, with a distaste for the work, and yet with so technical an equipment that he has no adequate preparation for anything else—doomed to carry his handicap through life. How much better for him would it be were his college course so evenly balanced between the cultural and the technical that in the first place, primarily, he has been taught to *think* and to *live*, and after that when he has come into a realization of what his powers really are and where

his real interest lies, he has no serious handicap in whatever direction he may turn. As a matter of fact it is always a serious problem with even a senior to decide upon his future. How impossible of final decision is it to the high school graduate before entering his college course! On the other hand it must not be forgotten that it would be equally foolish and dangerous for a boy with decided inclinations along engineering lines and with any idea of developing into an engineer to take for his college work a purely literary course. He could probably elect enough of the more advanced engineering courses to fairly test his ability and inclination to master the profession, but he would then be so greatly behind in so much that is best acquired in the early stages of development that he probably would not in this case ever overcome his disadvantage. Any one familiar with the experience of some of our brightest Southern students will understand what hardships frequently follow when they begin a preparation for a life's work at a mature age when such training involves manual dexterity in such things as drawing and shop work.

The third reason why a semi-technical college course is the only one practicable in the South rests primarily upon the limitations of our secondary schools as now organized. If you will examine the total requirements for graduation in the most technical of the high grade engineering schools of America, such as those outlined at Columbia, Cornell or the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, you will find that the requirements in the courses covering cultural topics, such as languages, history, economics and the like, are as great and in some instances are greater than the requirements in these topics for graduation in the engineering courses at Trinity. It is not practicable to require a greater number of hours of recitation per week than at present, and it would probably be the part of wisdom to reduce the number rather than increase it, if possible. Would

it not be the most egregious folly for any Southern institution to cut out of the curriculum those cultural, fundamental studies required by the best institutions everywhere in favor of those special, technical courses requiring the most expensive equipment and best trained students? These cultural studies, we know from long experience, we can give adequately—probably as satisfactorily as they can be given anywhere and certainly less expensively. On the other hand we know that the advanced technical courses cannot be given without an enormous outlay of time and money, and always require a more mature student than we usually have at hand. Is it not obviously wise to take our students as they come to us from the schools and lead them consecutively and with the greatest thoroughness into the fields necessary for their sane development?

It is indeed a great temptation for any college especially interested in a large matriculation to give a great deal of time to drawing, foundry, lathe and other phases of shop work. In the first place it makes it possible to fill up a course with subjects that are in some measure possible to anyone barely able to read and write, thus making it unnecessary to turn away any applicant for admission. In the second place such courses and equipment have a palpable advertising value with the general public. To one familiar with the requirements of engineering training only in the most general way these courses look particularly good in the catalogue and the equipment on the campus is taken as a certificate of efficiency. In one of these typical Southern institutions where arithmetic is studied in the freshman class there is actually a greater variety of technical courses offered than at Columbia, where the calculus, instead of arithmetic, is the freshman study! Sifted down to their essence these high sounding courses would probably resolve themselves into a species of manual training—really the *only* kind of work possible to such institutions.

Hence it becomes evident that with the preparation at present obtainable of students entering college in the South, it is impossible to crowd into the college course the very necessary cultural courses and at the same time offer much technical work. If any Southern institution were given millions for equipment it is still doubtful as to whether a single extra course (aside from shop work) could be wisely introduced into such a curriculum, as is now being offered at Trinity. Much can be done in completing the equipment for giving courses now offered and for otherwise increasing the efficiency of instruction, but beyond that our progress will have to be very slow. Even shop work has not the preponderating weight usually given to it by the novice.

For every additional course completed in the secondary schools the college can substitute one in its own curriculum of higher grade, but much that is now offered in engineering colleges must in the future be offered for entrance. The educative value of shop work has been demonstrated in the schools, and it is true that a good draftsman is rarely made unless the work has been begun at quite an early age. The emphasis in secondary education must be more and more upon a preparation for living rather than a preparation for college, and the college must mold its entrance requirements to meet this development.

In conclusion, I beg of you then in college to thoroughly test yourself. Work along every line open to you patiently and thoroughly. Do not let deficiencies in preparation discourage or disappoint you, work carefully and thoroughly as far as you can go. Know a small field thoroughly rather than a large field discursively and be not faint if the way seems rough and hard, for in that way only in the fullness of time can come that knowledge of self which is the very keystone of success. Do not let yourself be deceived by the "get educated quick" school of engineering that manufactures an engineer over night, as it

were, from any and all material. Work and develop faithfully those courses the application of which in engineering you cannot now see—for those are the very things, those are the very fields of thought that in after life will be forever closed to you. Of engineering you will be learning every day, all your life, and in technical matters even after the most barely technical training offered anywhere on graduation your education would really only begin. No school ever graduated an engineer and *any* school is fortunate in developing a graduate with the bare ability to think because, after all, that is the Alpha and the Omega in life. On no lesser plane can those master workers in science be produced who will influence the entire life of their generation. The greatness and effectiveness of a Raphael or a Michael Angelo, for instance, consisted not nearly so much in the individual masterpieces that were the product of their hands, as in their ability to touch and influence thereby the entire life of the Italy of their day in such a way that their ideas of symmetry, form and color may be seen actuating even the artisan hand. So we must hold it as our ideal and privilege to develop men of the broadest type—men not only individually productive, but men capable of reproducing themselves in the lives of their fellows and creating things of lasting value to the civilization of their day.

TWO NAMES.

BY J. N. AIKEN.

“On Friday, May 6, Professor William Bowen, of Zwemer College, will deliver the annual anniversary day address of Parmlee University. Professor Bowen is an alumnus of Parmlee, having graduated in 1900. He is now Professor of English Literature in Zwemer College, at Ruskin, where he is making an enviable reputation.”

So ran the notice of Parmlee University's anniversary day celebration in the Brownsville *Star*. Professor Bowen, sitting in his study at Zwemer, read it with satisfaction; he had often imagined such a thing happening. Was it really true? “Hump,” he muttered, “that reporter should have written, *having been graduated*, instead of *having graduated*.” He threw the paper down and picked up the speech he was to make and read it over. “Um, sounds pretty good.”

Professor Bowen was a very young man. He was well known in all the colleges of the State as a man of great knowledge of literature, and of keen insight; but his reputation had not yet reached the reading public, for he had only begun to contribute to magazines. He was yet unmarried; indeed he cared little for the fair sex and looked upon them as persons of inferior intellect and refused to converse on sensible topics with them, saying that they were not capable of comprehension. However, he believed that some day he would find a girl suited to his tastes and had confided the belief to Harry Jennings, an old classmate and a doctor in Brownsville.

A few days before the above notice appeared in the paper, Professor Bowen had received a letter from Dr. Jennings telling him of a girl who had just come into the town to live, Emily Richards. In this letter Jennings had written:

“She is the girl you have been looking for, old man. She has all kinds of sense and has just come back from a year's travel in Europe where she made a special study of Italian—

Dante and those fellows back there, you will know who they were. Her father is a member of Parmlee's board of trustees, and you will be sure to meet her when you come down on anniversary day. What I am afraid of is that when you see her, you'll be so much in love, you won't be able to speak."

"Hump," said Bowen again as he re-read this letter, "we'll see, we'll see."

The morning of the 6th of May saw the Professor of English Literature on board the little train which ran between Ruskin and Mountain City, where he was to change cars for Brownsville. He had determined to think no more about his speech and all the way to Mountain City he was engaged in a meditation on Emerson's Essay on Self-Reliance and how he was going to lecture about it to his class next week.

In the hustling station at Mountain City, he was still absorbed in this subject, when he, not looking where he was going, ran into a girl hurrying along, followed by a young man.

"Pardon my awkwardness," he exclaimed, raising his hat.

"Hello, Bill," shouted the young man; "you're the very man I'm looking for; you are going to Brownsville, are you not?"

Bowen nodded assent, and the young man, who was an old acquaintance, continued: "Let me give you the best job you ever had in your life. Miss Lee here is going there too—pardon, Professor Bowen, Miss Lee."

The two bowed, and Miss Lee spoke:

"Mr. Howard is so impulsive, I do not want him to trouble you when you are to speak tonight, and of course want your time to"—

"Hold on, let me finish," broke in Howard, laughing. "Bowen, I want you to take charge of this young lady and see that she gets home all right."

"With pleasure," assented the professor.

"O, you must not, Mr. Howard. Dr. Bowen, I will not have him worry you with this. I can easily get along."

"No trouble at all," said he. "I had decided not to think any more of my speech, and I shall be glad to have some one to talk to on the way over."

"Train for the south! All aboard for Atlanta, Birmingham, New Orleans."

"There's your train," said Howard. "I must go." A hasty handshake, and he left.

Bowen led the way through the gates out to the train, found Miss Lee a seat and took his place beside her. It was the first time he had a chance to notice her. He saw beside him a girl of about twenty; dark hair, and soft black eyes; her complexion was dark and in her cheek a dimple came and went as she talked. But her talk; that was what astonished Bowen; never before had he heard a girl talk so sensibly. Naturally she, knowing his favorite topic, turned the conversation to books, and as they sped southward she spoke of them with almost as much ease and discrimination as he could use himself. Thinking perhaps too much of this subject would bore her he spoke of Howard and found that she had only known him a few weeks, having visited his cousin in Mountain City and met him there. They knew few people in common and the talk turned again to letters and art. Bowen could not keep his eyes off of that dimple; he was fascinated by her whole manner and conversation; as she was a woman and a young woman at that he was astonished at her knowledge.

He helped her from the train in Brownsville and they were at once in the midst of a crowd of young people. Despite his learning and culture, Professor Bowen could be a polished society man when he tried, and on this occasion, his actions would never have revealed his favorite work had he not been introduced as "Dr. Bowen." Just as the company was leaving the station, President Hurst, of Parmlee, hurried up, and grasped Dr. Bowen's hand.

"I have been looking for you all over the station," he said,

and dragged the young man away before he could ever get Miss Lee's permission to call.

In the carriage with President Hurst, she was not forgotten, and though the talk at once turned to academic topics, Bowen answered in a half-hearted way. That dimple was still before his eyes.

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That night President Hurst introduced Dr. Bowen in a few sentences, and then for an hour and a half the professor cast a glamour of words over the audience. He surpassed himself. Never had he been known to speak so well. Jennings in the audience wondered. His friend might have told him of the inspiration of a pair of black eyes under a big hat, but that was then impossible.

Immediately after the conclusion of the address, the speaker was surrounded by enthusiastic people, all trying to congratulate him. Jennings could not get to him for a while; when at last he reached him he said, "I intended to introduce you to Miss Emily, but"—

President Hurst broke in: "Dr. Bowen, Mr. Richards, a trustee of the university, has invited us for a moonlight drive; I took the liberty of accepting for you. He is waiting now. Let us go."

"All right, Dr. Hurst. Jennings, I'll see you tomorrow," he called back and pointed to the figure of the President moving through the crowd. He thought he might have a chance to see Miss Richards.

Outside the auditorium, there were several carriages waiting. Dr. Hurst stopped at one of them.

"Here we are," he said. "Dr. Bowen, Mr. Richards."

"Glad to know you, sir," said the business man. "My daughter, Dr. Bowen."

The professor looked at the figure on the seat opposite Mr. Richards. It was the girl he had come down on the train with.

"I think—I think I have met your daughter, sir; we came down on the same train this morning."

"O certainly she did come home on that train this morning." Mr. Richards motioned him to the seat beside the girl. The carriage started and soon they were out of town among the fields. The two older men fell into a conversation and left the young couple to themselves.

"I don't understand this name business," said Bowen.

She laughed a merry laugh:

"You see I am only father's adopted daughter. Mr. Howard's cousin, Mary, always calls me Emily Lee, and that's why he does. The people here call me Emily Richards, while the people at Blount, where we lived until last month, called me either one. It seems strange, doesn't it, to have two names? It gives me a feeling that I am an outcast sometimes, an orphan. Papa is just as good to me as my own father could have been; my parents died when I was a little girl."

They were passing through a wood; the moon had gone behind a cloud and it was almost dark; striking a rough place in the road, the rattle of the wheels almost rendered the voices of the two men in front inaudible. Bowen leaned over closer to the girl and said lightly, though with an underlying tone of earnestness:

"May I come to see you tomorrow? I want to ask you if you are not tired of having two names; one is enough."

The answer was drowned by the noise of the carriage. Then they were silent a long time. The two men in front talked on. Perhaps they were thinking of the morrow.

IMMIGRANTS.

BY C. M. HUTCHINGS.

The gates of the New World are open ; the lights of the harbor
side

Welcome the black sea-horde : the ships that come in with the
tide—

Come in to the Land of Tomorrow ; come in with the morning
sun :

Their eyes grow silent with wonder, the Jew and the Greek
and the Hun.

They are men of an alien speech, men of an alien blood ;
The sullen, patient Slav ; the Hun with his gypsey brood.

“Shall they find a place with our people, the swarthy mate
with the fair ?

Shall we twain be one nation ; like brothers one heritage
share ?”

“Can they make this their nation, call our fair fields their
home ?”

Thus we doubt, and cavil, and question. No matter our an-
swer ; They come.

Silent and ceaseless they come, like sea-birds tossed by the
night ;

They pour through the ports of the nation like waves when
the breakers are white.

L'ENVOI.

“The gates of the New World are open ; they come at our own
behest :

*But twilight must wed with the morning ere the East can mix
with the West !*

DUELING AMONG GERMAN STUDENTS.

BY G. T. JENKINS.

Athletic sports are needed and demanded by all students under forty years of age for the purpose of expending their surplus energy and of diverting and refreshing their minds. In England this demand is met by such sports as cricket, football, rowing and swimming, while in America baseball, football, basketball, and tennis serve the purpose. Some few individuals contend that our methods are too strenuous, and that they even have a trace of savagery in them, and further that athletics take precedence of studies. These individuals cite Germany to us as a nation of gentlemenly scholars who have outgrown all such childish and brutal practices as football and mumble-peg and intercollegiate athletic matches of every kind. But when we see the scholarly German staidly playing tennis in a high stiff collar and nicely creased trousers, and when we hear him upholding the custom of dueling as the only sport for civilized man, and then denounce football as a game fit only for the lower orders of humanity, we begin to suspect him of inconsistency. But when we find that the so-called barbarious custom of dueling in Germany is, for the most part, really no more dangerous than football (the place of which it supplies among Germans), we begin to see that there are two sides to every fence.

No doubt it is surprising to most people to hear a duel spoken of as an athletic sport—a substitute for such a game as baseball or football. Still, that is what most duels among Germans really are, and in that light they are regarded and defended by those who understand and practice them. Of course they also claim for them additional educative and other valuable discipline. This duel for sport which is, as I have said, the most common duel among German students is called *Bestimmungsmensur*, or duel by agreement. To be sure, there is the regular duel of honor, not different from the duel as understood here and formerly so common in the South.

As both kinds occupy an important place in German student life, and as both are widely misunderstood in America, I have thought it not out of place to speak briefly here of them, relying for my information on Prof. Thiergen's little book entitled "Am Deutschen Herde," and on other sources.

First, then, the duel of honor. This duel is fought to gain redress for insult or injury; and the provocation from which these duels arise vary from the most deadly insult down to incidents that seem trivial and, at most, excusable. But the student duelist is not permitted to choose for himself the method of the duel, nor even allowed to select the time or place at which to fight the duel; the entire arrangement of duels rests with the *Ehrengericht*, or Court of Honor. This court is composed of elderly representatives from all the fraternities of Germany and its jurisdiction extends to all things relating to duels of honor among German students. All demands for duels are brought before this body by the fraternities of the students desiring the duel. It hears the side of both the challenger and of the defendant and then appoints a method of dueling in keeping with the severity of the insult and of the provocation causing it. It also names the time and—in case the parties are at different universities—the place at which the duel must be held. The method of dueling and the degree of danger depend upon the kind of weapons used. These are pistols, sabres, and regular dueling swords, called *schlaeger*. As the pistols and sabres are deadly weapons, often severe wounds, and sometimes death, result from the use of them; the *schlaeger* rarely inflicts more than a flesh wound or bruise, because it is too heavy and blunt to be used effectively; but the very bluntness of the sword makes the wound extremely painful. The way in which a case is conducted is given in the following illustration.

Herr Schwarz considered himself insulted by some language used towards him by Herr Rotbart, and accordingly

challenged him to a duel with sabres. The fraternities of Herren Schwarz and Rotbart presented the case to the *Ehrengericht* at its next sitting. Herr Schwarz's friends contended that Herr Rotbart had used exceedingly vile and abusive language in addressing Herr Schwarz. The friends of Herr Rotbart held that the ungentlemanly manner in which he had been laughed at and jeered, made the language used justifiable. The court then considered the cause and motive of the merriment and of the language, weighed the evidence given, and decided to grant to Herr Schwarz the privilege of fighting a duel with sabres with Herr Rotbart. The gentlemen were informed of this decision and obtained the required weapons from their fraternities—for the fraternity, not the student, owns the weapons,—and the duel was fought and Herr Schwarz received a severe wound for his pains. If one of the gentlemen was not a member of a fraternity he would have to get a fraternity with which he was on friendly terms to present his case to the *Ehrengericht* and also to lend him its weapons upon a moderate payment for the use of them. The methods of dueling with pistols and sabres are similar to the methods with which we are familiar, but the *schlaeger* duels are entirely different, and to illustrate this method I will give an incident as told by Prof. Thiergen:

Two students of Dresden collided while coming around a street corner; both were half drunk; so the accident, instead of being smoothed over, angered them both and they immediately exchanged cards, or challenged each other to a duel. Their fraternities presented the case to the *Ehrengericht* and demanded a duel with sabres. The court decided that the severity of the challenge was not consistent with the severity of the injury received and appointed instead a "*Schlaegermensur bis zu Abfuhr*," i. e., a duel with *Schlaeger* fought until one duelist is disabled, or for thirty minutes if neither is severely wounded. The gentlemen learned the decision of the court and the duelists, seconds, umpire, and doctors assembled at the appointed place at the proper time.

The scene of conflict is a hall of the restaurant of Räcknitz, a suburb of Dresden. All the participants in the duel are present. The right arm of each duelist is loosely wrapped with linen bandages to keep the sword from cutting the wrist arteries; the neck is protected in the same manner; the heart is covered by a leather apron, and the eyes by goggles heavily rimmed with steel. Thus all the vital parts of the body are guarded from danger; for the object of the game is not to kill, but "to write with an iron stylus the memory of the conflict upon the enemy's countenance," and upon his countenance alone, for the head and face are the only parts of the body aimed at. The umpire marks off two semicircles out of which the duelist cannot step while fighting. The seconds, one for each duelist, are in position, each on the left side of his friend; they bend far over, leaning on their swords, and watch every movement of their friend's opponent. Whenever one duelist lands a blow, his second cries, "Halt," and asks that this hit be noted in his friend's favor. In case a duelist infringes on any of the rules, the second of his opponent knocks up his weapon and asks the umpire to take notice. The duelists step into the ring, take their swords in their hands and make several passes through the air to try them. The doctors wait in the background with their basins and bandages. The umpire, watch in hand, now takes his position so that he can see both opponents equally well. Then, "Silence for the first round," he cries.

"Cross swords."

The duelists cross swords hilt to hilt.

"Crossed," answered the seconds.

"*Los*" (which is to say, "Go it!")

At these words both duelists quickly leap back and the battle is on. Blow upon blow whizzes through the air.

"Halt," suddenly cries one of the seconds. The fight ceases and the second says further, "Will the umpire please note the first hit." A blow had laid open the cheek and nose of Herr

H. ; his doctor comes up with his vinegar sponge and stops the bleeding somewhat. Herr H. then steps back into his ring and the umpire cries again :

“Silence for the second round.”

“Cross swords.”

“Crossed.”

“*Los.*”

And again the swords clash against each other. The wounded one holds out well, but his second grows more and more serious ; he sees that on account of the congealed blood in his friend’s nostrils he breathes with difficulty, and visibly grows weaker, while his opponent presses him hard. Here the second works a little trick to give his friend some relief.

“Halt,” he cries. The swords sink. “I beg to call attention to the fact that Herr N. has advanced over his line.”

The umpire examines the position, looks wise as customary, and orders the gentlemen to step back a little. Then the third round begins ; but soon Herr H. lets his sword fall ; his second stops the fight and the duel is over. The doctors now come up, wash the wound, sew it up with needle and thread without further preliminary, and order him to bed for a week or so.

This description fits exactly the methods of fighting the *Bestimmungsmensur*, or the athletic duels spoken of above. The peculiarity of these duels is that all “fighting” fraternities are matched, one against another, and the two thus matched are allowed to hold matches with no other fraternity, from one year to another. This may seem to be a poor substitute for intercollegiate athletics, or college athletics of any kind. It does furnish entertainment, however, for these two fraternities hold their meets every week in the collegiate year. Their custom is to go on a fixed day to the hall of a restaurant, which is permanently engaged for this purpose, and to fight their men as New Orleans darkeys fight cocks.

First, everybody drinks a glass of beer; then the first pair of duelists are made ready for the fight; one fraternity lines up on one side of the room and the other on the opposite side; the duel is fought, and the wounds are sewed up by the doctors. Everybody drinks another glass of beer. The second duel is fought, and then more beer is drunk; the third duel, and still more beer; and thus it goes on until dark. Then everybody goes home, some full of the joy of victory, others full of the sorrow of defeat, and all full of the beer of the restaurateur.

These customs may seem foolish to some; yet do they not develop sureness of eye, skill, coolness, cunning, and courage? And must we not admit that the conduct of German students toward one another is pitched on a higher and more dignified plane through the influence of the honor duels? We remember to have heard something similar to this regarding life in the South before the war when duels were commonly engaged in to punish rash speaking or gossip about innocent people.

HARU WA KINU.

BY KWALL.

Haru wa kinu! Haru wa kinu!
Asa midori naru nii kusa yo,
Tooki no omo wo egake kashi;
Saki tewa akaki haru bana yo,
Kigi no kozue wo some yo kashi.

Haru wa kinu! Haru wa kinu!
Kasumi yo kumoyo, waki idete,
Kooreru sora wo atatame yo;
Haru no ka okuru harukaje yo,
Nebureru yama wo fuki samase.

Spring is coming! Spring is coming!
Shoot, new grass, and paint the meadows,
Farms, and hill-sides; lovely flowers,
Dye the twigs in hues so mellow.

Spring is coming! Spring is coming!
Move out haze and warm the freezing
Sky; the balmy breezes gently
Blow and wake the mountain sleeping.

AN INDIAN LEGEND.

BY W. A. MAHONEY.

I was sitting on the porch of the old house of my grandmother, in a kind of reverie. In the pines in front of the house I could hear the night song of the whip-poor-will and the call of a bobwhite to his mate. The neighbor's dog was baying at the moon which had just ascended above the pines. Overhead in the top of the old moss-covered oak a mocking-bird was singing his moonlight song, keeping time with the branch which swung back and forth in the evening breeze. It was grand, but I longed for the sea breeze and the roaring of the Atlantic. At this stage of my reverie I was awakened by my grandmother, who came to tell me of the underground river and this legend which had been handed down for generations:

“Until a few years ago tribes of Indians would come from all parts of this State and adjoining States to the annual feast held on the banks of the ‘Sink’ and Newman’s lake. Often warriors from tribes hundreds of miles away would be attracted to these feasts by the tales of their fathers, who had been here and seen the abundant supply of fish, mussels and game in and around the lake and sink.

“It was to one of these feasts that Billy Bowlegs brought his daughter, Tallahassee. She was considered the beauty of her tribe, and many warriors had fought over her. Tallahassee came from the southern part of the State, the everglades, and this was the first time she had ever been north or attended a feast in which so many different tribes were represented.

“At the feast were two Indian warriors, sons of their chiefs. One was Oconestoga, from the Yamasee, in South Carolina, the other was a Tuscarora, from North Carolina. These two warriors had met on the bank of the Savannah, and as both were going in the same direction they journeyed together. They soon became fast friends. They forded the streams,

hunted, fished together, and slept on the same bed of moss at night. At first sight one would have thought that they were from the same tribe, for their stature, strength, and suppleness were about the same. On their trip they had tried to prove which was the stronger, but neither could overcome the other.

“They were gladly received at the feast, as they were sons of distant chiefs and from such famous tribes. They marveled at the beauty of the country—the ever blooming orange trees, the tall palms and the abundance of game. The squaws gazed on them and longed for such a warrior; while the warriors looked at their strength with wonder and admiration. Seldom had such physical beings been seen in their midst.

“The second afternoon of the feast Tallahassee became tired of the noise and, as a number of warriors were off hunting and fishing, she went to the bank of the lake to rest alone. She took a seat on a cypress knee and amused herself by watching the various feats of the animals which were in such abundance in these regions. She was so interested in them that she did not see Oconestoga as he approached the cypress tree. He had been searching for her ever since she had left the camping grounds, and here they remained together until sunset.

“That night the Tuscarora saw Tallahassee sitting in front of her tepee. She was singing to herself as she sat there in the moonlight dreaming of her home among the date palms. The Tuscarora had never heard such singing before, but Columbus had heard the same song, when he sailed to the West Indies. It was a song she had learned from the Manitou, and it charmed Tuscarora, as Sir Francis Drake’s men were charmed when they thought that they had heard the mermaids chanting their matins. He waited until she had finished her song before interrupting her. She sang other songs which won his heart as they sat there in the quiet moonlight. The Tuscarora told her of his tribe

and home in North Carolina and tried to persuade her to leave her people and home among the orange, cocconut and date trees for the pine; but before he could get his answer Occonestoga appeared.

“A big dinner was being prepared near the sink the next day. All the warriors and squaws were present except one. They amused themselves in the Indian fashion—dancing, playing, and feats of strength. The Yamassee was not missed until the time came for him to give the dance of his tribe, then they remembered that they had not seen him since the former night.

“He had been lying under the palmetto watching the games and swearing vengeance against the Tuscarora. There he had remained so quietly the whole evening that no one knew he was near until he spied Tallahassee and Tuscarora sitting and conversing away from the crowd. He left his lair and with long steady strides was soon facing the Tuscarora. He challenged him and they clutched each other; every muscle was exerted to its utmost. They fought thus in each other’s arms for some time, neither one conquering the other, and as they fought they worked their way towards the edge of the sink. When the crowd saw them so near the edge they warned the lovers, but they did not heed. An old Indian chief had started to the bank to keep them from falling in, but before he could reach them, they fell into the water. Thus the two lovers, locked in each other’s arms, went to their happy hunting ground.

“Some days afterwards a chief on his way up the St. John’s river, from the feast, saw two bodies, surrounded by hyacinths near the bank—about where Palatka is situated. He paddled towards them and found that they were the bodies of the Indians locked together as when they fell into the sink.

“But how could they get so far from the sink? It is at least fifty miles from the sink to Palatka.”

It has been proven that there is an underground river from the sink to the St. John’s.

A SNOWSTORM.

BY M. A. WHITE.

I, the sole occupant of the stage coach, had just left the small tavern. Behind loomed the great divide of the Rocky Mountains. The coach went thundering down the side of the mountain, one of the highest peaks in the west. On one side was a deep ravine, measuring perhaps a thousand feet in depth. Over this precipice perhaps many a mountain lion had been hurled by an angry bear. On the other side there was a sheer ascent of more than a thousand feet. I could hear the roar of distant waterfalls.

While hurrying along, for I was to catch the evening train into the city at a small station at the foot of the mountains, I noticed that the clouds hung unusually high above the tops of the mountains. This, the driver said, was almost invariably a sign of a coming snowstorm.

When, in a few hundred yards of the bottom of this particular peak, I poked my head out of the coach, I drew it back in as a snail draws itself into its shell at the least disturbance. The snow was falling in blinding sheets, but the undaunted driver kept on, speaking encouragingly to his horses, when his mouth was not in great danger of being filled with snow. He told me that he knew of a cabin not far away and that we would have to find our way there and remain until we could get away safely.

It was becoming terribly cold and, in fact, we would have frozen had it not been that we came upon the cabin unexpectedly. The coach was driven under the shed at the rear of the cabin. I found a pile of wood in a corner of the shed and soon I had a roaring fire. We thawed ourselves out, unharnessed and fed the horses and got our supper and blankets out of the coach.

We ate our supper, rolled up in our blankets, after replenishing the fire, and went to sleep. I woke up about two o'clock, because of the howling of the wind and beating of

the snow on the windows. It sounded to me as if all the furies of Jove were being hurled upon this lone cabin, up in the wilds of the Rocky Mountains. I fell asleep again, after having built up the fire, only to wake up about four o'clock. The moon was shining on the white world without, making one of the most beautiful scenes I ever beheld. The mountains towered up all around us, the snow had drifted up against a huge rock, the combination forming almost a perfect picture of a cabin. Once I came very near calling my companion and informing him that we were in a small settlement. The stillness began to frighten me, and when my companion turned over, I thought I was attacked.

I replenished the fire, rolled up in my blanket and slept soundly until late the following morning.



M. A. BRIGGS, - - - - - EDITOR-IN-CHIEF.
 GILMER SILER, - - - - - ASSOCIATE EDITOR.

ACCURACY.

It is a noticeable fact everywhere, and especially among students, that only a very few persons can bring to bear upon any one subject definite, accurate knowledge. Professors are often heard to complain of this lack of accuracy in the answers of students on class. In almost every case the student has some knowledge of the subject under discussion. He is able to guess at it, to make a stab which comes more or less close to the mark; but rare indeed is the man who has the subject thoroughly in hand, knows that what he has is absolutely correct, and is able to express his knowledge surely and without hesitation. When such a one appears, the precision with which he hits the mark, the very decisiveness of his tone of voice, mark him immediately as a person of strong personality and well organized faculties. So seldom do we see this type and so often do we see its antithesis that we feel that there is no one thing which students should guard against more carefully than this lack of definiteness, this inaccurate manner of hitting at things. As we heard one man say to another some time ago, about the only thing that the majority of us are sure of is that we are sure of nothing.

This lack of definite knowledge is, of course, largely a matter of habit. It is so easy to get a superficial knowledge—enough to pull through on—by mere cursory investigation that few of us have the will to go deeper and prepare the sub-

ject thoroughly. The best student finds that he has picked up more or less isolated fragments of various subjects here and there and that he has a conglomerate smattering of a large number of things and a thorough knowledge of only a small fraction of the material upon which he has been at work. From the nature of the case, by reason of the amount of material covered in the limited time, this is all that can be expected. But, as we have said above, the average student is deficient in thorough knowledge, even in regard to the small fraction referred to. As to this fault as exhibited in the class room, while freely acknowledging that more than ninety-nine one-hundredths of it is due to the individual student, we venture the assertion that more review work—more intensive and less extensive work—would be of benefit. It seems to us that in college work the amount of ground covered is too great in many instances for thorough work and that comprehensive knowledge of the subject is often sacrificed as a result of attempts to cover more space. This, however, will not hold in regard to all subjects, nor to all students, and, after all, it is the student himself who must face the issue and remedy the defect by developing the habit of thinking accurately and connectedly.



Literary Notes

PEARLE LEOLA BRINSON,

- - - - -
MANAGER.

In an age when literary productions, whether of prose or poetry, aside from their artistic value are perhaps chiefly of interest because they throw light upon the personality of the author himself, and give an insight into the various stages of transition through which his own individual soul passes in its growth and development, that particular form of literature known as the critical biography naturally gains prominence. Among recent publications are several valuable additions to this branch of literature, three of which we shall briefly discuss here.

Perhaps one of the most interesting of the recent biographies is *Henrik Ibsen, the Man and His Plays*, by Mr. Montrose J. Moses—it being a minute study of the body of Ibsen's dramas, with full analysis and description of the individual plays, and sufficient biographical data to enable one to relate them to the various stages of his life and career, all of which is supplemented by a running critical comment. The different aspects of Ibsen's works are treated in detail; and then, from a broader viewpoint as an artistic whole, his development as a dramatist is traced from his childhood till his latest years. Mr. Moses, while greatly admiring Ibsen, is anything but a blind enthusiast and idolater of his subject, taking a perfectly sane view of his merits and defects. He fails not to point out clearly and decidedly the limitations and faults of the dramatist while trying to do justice to his abilities. It cannot be denied that Ibsen's point

of view with regard to life was one-sided and narrow, that his works are lacking in variety and shading and have a morbid tendency. Mr. Moses doesn't even claim original ideas for him, but expressly states that his conceptions had a historical foundation and had been developed by others. The life portrayed in his dramas is commonplace and narrow, and, when studied consecutively, his works display a paucity of ideas, a narrow outlook upon humanity, and a monotony resulting from repetition.

Ibsen was essentially an artist, not a scientist or philosopher. He wrote to express what he felt within himself, not to formulate a scheme of life or a philosophy of society, and the people who seek for such in his plays will invariably be disappointed. He cannot be considered a great thinker, a great interpreter of life nor even a great dramatist in the noblest sense of the word, and it is a significant fact that among all the men and women who people his dramas there is not to be found one noble or generous character, which statement alone speaks eloquently of the artist's limitations. Yet notwithstanding all that has been said we must remember that he was an extremely adroit and effective dramatist, who exercised a great influence upon the dramatic writing of the time.

The Life and Letters of Lord Macaulay, by his nephew, George Otto Trevelyan, is considered the best biography which we have of Macaulay. It was originally published in 1876 and has recently been enlarged by the addition of a chapter which contains a wide selection of the notes made by Macaulay upon the margins of his own books as he read. By reading these "marginalia" one is enabled to obtain a more intimate acquaintance with the "keenly critical, comprehensive, and very human mind of Macaulay" than would otherwise be possible. The shrewd and trenchant notes made upon the spur of the moment as he read throw much light upon the mental processes of the man, who, besides being a great thinker, was one of the most extensive readers which

the world has ever seen. In these notes he has commented upon many authors, prominent among whom are Ben Jonson, Pope, and Swift, Gibbon, Shakspeare, Cicero and Plato. In this biography there is no lack of information or sympathy, the author having been so intimately acquainted with his subject and in such perfect harmony with him in matters of character and literary tradition. There is added besides the "marginalia" several appendices, one of which is an account of his first public speech, written by a friend of the family, the others containing personal matter of simliar nature.

The *Life of Charles-Augustin-Sainte-Beuve* is the fourth volume of the French Men of Letters Series, and is written by George McLean Harper, professor of English Literature in Princeton University, and author of *Masters of French Literature*. Professor Harper thinks that now, more than ever, should Sainte-Beuve be recognized as forming, together with Taine and Renau, the intellectual triumvirate of modern France, but that henceforth he is not to be considered merely as the greatest French literary critic, but as "one of the world's chief critics in the broader sense—a man who has thrown the light of reason upon all great questions of psychology, morality, religion, politics, and art."

Ernest Thompson Seton has got out a new book, which he calls *The Biography of a Silver Fox*, written in pretty much the vein of *The Biography of a Grizzly*, by the same author. The whole story of the life of Domino Reynard, that most aristocratic of foxes, is related, beginning with his early cubhood and extending to his prime of life, that happy, glorious, free life among the Goldur hills, to the romance of his life-union with Snowyruff. The account of his adventures and his cunning, told as only Mr. Seton can tell such things and supplied with many of the authors most characteristic illustrations, makes a most delightful and fascinating book.

Simeon Tetlow's Shadow, by Jennette Lee, is the story of a man and a railroad, with the stir and thrill of life in a big corporation running through it. It is a bustling life into which we are initiated, where there is daily battle against other corporations, an unending struggle for dividends, of dangers within and without, with sometimes an instance of self-sacrifice, of faithful service rendered. But the intimate human touch of the story lies in the relationship which existed between Simeon Tetlow and his "shadow," and the devotion of John and his mother, which of itself would make a beautiful story. John was not bright and clever, had always been stupid and slow, but he knew that he was needed, and he never failed in his duty to the road and to Simeon.



Wayside Wares

J. N. COLE, JR.,

- - - - - MANAGER.

CHILDREN AND FLOWERS.

It was Easter Monday—two little tots in clean white dresses came out on the lawn to play. They had been to a party and each one carried in one hand a small basket filled with candy eggs, while a tiny white rabbit was clasped tightly in the other. Left to amuse themselves they soon began to pick the violets which bloomed in patches over the lawn. Some of the blossoms they put carefully in their baskets, others they tried to weave into a chain; they even decorated the white rabbits. Both children seemed entirely absorbed in the flowers and perfectly happy.

Many older people had looked at those same violets often that day, yet they never stooped to pick a few and were little conscious of the beauty which lay at their feet. They took the flowers as a matter of course, and passed on. The children, however, were attracted to them at once. It may have been because the flowers were blue and bright and fragrant, it may have been because they had more time and were not burdened with the serious thoughts and responsibilities of the older people. Yet somehow every child seems to love flowers naturally, almost instinctively, possibly they understand their language, which we forget when we grow older, and somehow we feel that innocent children are nearer and closer kin to flowers than the grown ups. Whether this be true or not, we like to think it.

THE NIGHTINGALE.

The cathedral at Cologne at sunset. The most magnificent Gothic structure in the world, with its two towers rising to a height of five hundred feet, with its numberless flying buttresses, with its galleries, gargoyles, cornices and foliages, once seen can never be forgotten. When softly lit up by the long slanting rays of a midsummer afternoon's sun it becomes indeed a fairy structure of burnished gold in soft relief against the deep blue skies of the Rhine regions.

Facing the cathedral and extending perhaps three hundred feet straight ahead is a small expanse of green planted with shrubberies and flowers. At the farther end of this little park is a row of ordinary benches. On these seats assemble every afternoon admiring tourists and even residents of Cologne, never tired of looking at the magnificent building. From these benches one gets an unobstructed view of the cathedral in its entirety—a thing impossible to do at a less distance away without an uncomfortable craning of the neck.

On one of these benches, in company with several others, I sat for an hour late one afternoon last July and looked with a feeling of wonder not unmixed with awe at the venerable structure. The open Bædeker in my lap prefaced its elaborate description of the cathedral with a double star. It told me among other things that back in 1248 was laid the cornerstone of the present structure, that in all the centuries following thousands of workmen had been employed on it, millions of dollars had been spent on it, the artists and architects of twenty generations had given their life blood to it, and that not until a bare score of years ago had it been entirely finished. So elaborate and intricate are the arches and traceries that it is beyond modern skill to build another cathedral like it.

I had not been sitting there long before I noticed a young girl sitting near me on the bench adjoining. She was not exceptionally beautiful—not even very pretty. What at-

tracted my attention was her pretty blond hair and a certain over-tinted complexion which I at once ascribed to an indiscreet use of cosmetics. She couldn't have been more than sixteen—and she had a peculiarly attractive way of looking at one.

Unlike myself she seemed not to have the slightest interest in the cathedral and scarcely ever looked at it. Instead, however, she scanned closely every newcomer to the benches, and especially did she observe closely every young man that took his seat there.

I divided my attention between the cathedral and her, and presently I saw an ordinarily dressed young man sit down beside her. In a few minutes they were laughing and talking together in a very jolly manner. They sat there about ten minutes and then arose and walked off in the direction of the river.

Sitting near me was an old woman whom I judged to be of the working class, who had evidently noticed my interest in the girl, for she leaned over to me and whispered confidentially and smiling at the same time:

“*Sie ist eine Nachtigall.*”

My knowledge of German colloquialisms, then as now, was limited, and I didn't at all understand.

“A what, did you say?” I asked her.

“A nightingale,” she repeated. “I know their kind well—there are many of them in the city.” This was accompanied by a contemptuous smile so fraught with meaning that I understood at once.

“A nightingale!” One of Lecky's “martyred priestesses of humanity,” and so young! “A nightingale.”

The great sunbathed cathedral, the pride of all Germany, the colossal monument to human power, the lofty citadel of a mighty Church, the buttressed stronghold of St. Peter on earth, still stood before me in all the magnificence of an evening sunset, but somehow it had lost some of its glamour.

What boots it that twenty generations of artists have la-

bored, that millions of dollars have been expended to rear in six centuries a temple of stone in which to worship, when within its very shadows images in God's own shape and far more valuable than a dozen cathedrals are permitted to go to destruction with hardly an effort to save them?

"She is a nightingale—there are many of them in the city." The virtuous multitude shrug their shoulders scornfully and go into their beautiful temple to pray. J.

OPTIMISM.

The season's on for playing ball,
 And it's so hard to know
 How I can do my work at all
 When there's a game, you know.

But I am living in the thoughts
 That 'fore it's much too late,
 I'll somehow come to change those noughts
 To flashing "ninety-eight."

B. S. P.

THE SUPERLATIVE HAT.

"'Twas simply grand!" Her dark eyes shone,
 Her breath came quick and fast—
 She pitched into a higher tone
 To make th' impression last.

"'Twas simply elegant," she said,
 "The cutest little—oh!
 I can't say blue, or pink, or red,
 But all—er—don't you know!

"The colors all magnificent,—
 Superb, *exquisite*, that!"—
 Her breath and words were almost spent—
 "A *perfectly darling* hat!"

E. H.

FORTUNE'S FAVORITE.

Mary had a little hip
And she was mighty glad,
When portly hips were all the go
'Twas easy 'nough to pad.

But when Dame Fashion gave command
That slim hips were the style,
Then Mary thanked her lucky stars
She'd had 'em all the while.



Editors Table

H. C. DOSS,

MANAGER.

**THE
TRANSYLVANIAN.**

The *Transylvanian* for March in its characteristic neatness, as well as thinness, brings to us a few articles of especial merit. "The Greek Theatre and Its Modern Survival" is an account of the construction and arrangement of the earliest Greek theatre, and, finally, of the most modern survival—the Greek theatre at the University of California which has added a great deal of fame to that university. A view of this theatre is used as a frontispiece. "The Eye of the Apaches," as the name suggests, is a short story of capture and rescue in the early days when Indians were scalp-hunters. The writer of "Old Men in Shakspeare" attempts to prove that Shakspeare often played the part of an old man in the presentation of his own plays. The writer concludes by saying that it is probable that the poet took such a part. While the preparation of papers of this kind takes some study, and for that reason mainly is it to be commended, it strikes us that such writings are useless, for how much more do we know and what have we gained after we have read the paper? In our writing we should have an object, and that object should be to accomplish something. "The Geography of Homer" is by far the most instructive and most excellently-written article in the magazine. It is a most praiseworthy production. The Book Review department has a single review of Thomas Dixon's latest book, "Comrades." From this synopsis one may get a fair idea of what the book is, the problems it deals with, and the purpose for which it is supposed to have been written.

**THE WAKE
FOREST
STUDENT.**

Among our various exchanges there are a few which are always deserving of the greatest praise, and others which are generally poor. We have noticed during the entire year that there has not been an issue of the *Wake Forest Student* which could not be placed among the first in rank. The editors have shown marked ability in the selection of material, and the contributions to the *Student* have been unusually good. Sometime ago in commemoration of the seventy-fifth anniversary of Wake Forest College the management issued an elaborate alumni edition and in so doing did credit to the institution. From this other magazines should take a suggestion. Likewise a suggestion of especial value to magazines of denominational colleges is to be found in the March issue of the *Student*. This issue is of interest particularly to Baptists, as it contains only historical papers giving accounts of Baptists and Baptist associations in North Carolina. However, the papers prove to be good reading for anyone. The editor's expressed reason for such an issue is that it may be said that Baptists, besides being good makers of history, are good preservers of history. Historical issues of college magazines are generally profitable, and it would be a good plan for the rest of us to issue at least one historical number each year.

**THE
CONVERSE
CONCEPT.**

The leading place in the *Converse Concept* is given to a story entitled "The Blood of Barry de Vere," which is to be continued. Though it has a strange setting and is unusual in style, the part published is well composed and promises something more interesting in the end; but in general we do not approve of the idea of a continued story for a college monthly, for the usual reader of such pieces, unless he be directly interested, does not appreciate them as much in parts as when they can be read in the complete form. Then this story, if published

in its entirety, would not have been too long for one issue, for the March number of the *Concept* tends to be too much on the short-story order. The best short piece of fiction in this number is "The Price of a Secret," which too has an unusual setting, but is told in a manner such as to hold the interest of the reader; and the love element in the second part rather adds to the story than detracts, as is often the case. "Molly" and "That Short Story" are so short that they can hardly be classed as stories, but in them we read merely of incidents, without any particular plot being involved. The former is very clever, and the latter is too local to concern us. With the possible exception of "A Song of May" the verse of this number is nothing more than rhymes. The editorial department is strong. What the editor has to say on the subject of dress contains some good, practical sense; and it is a kind of theme which is always appropriate. The editorial on the revision of the tariff is equally as good, but it seems to us out of place in a college magazine, where we would expect editorials of more direct concern to the college community. The local departments take up too much space, we think, for more of it could have been used to advantage in the literary department, and locals in a monthly are never of interest to an outsider and frequently not to the students, because of their antiquity at the time of publication. Then, we should like to offer a general criticism concerning the way in which the locals are written up in the magazines of our sister colleges. For instance, a glance at this department would be convincing that the *Concept* is a production of a girls' college. We refer to such locals as: a certain man "*delightfully* addressed the Y. W. C. A. some time ago," and certain young ladies are attending a house party given by another at "*her lovely* home." These with other such "*delightful*" and "*lovely*" locals we must admit grow monotonous with such adjectives and adverbs.

We acknowledge with thanks the following for March: *State Normal Magazine, Florida Pennant, Guilford Collegian, Converse Concept, Wake Forest Student, Pine and Thistle, The Transylvanian, Vermont Monthly, The Grenadian, The Mercerian, Roanoke Collegian, Emory Phoenix, Georgian, Davidson Magazine, Randolph-Macon Monthly, Tennessee Magazine, William and Mary Literary Magazine, North Carolina Magazine, North Carolina Booklet.*

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THE TRINITY ARCHIVE is a monthly magazine published by the Senior Class of Trinity College. Its aim is to promote and develop the exercise of literary ability among the students of the college.

Vol. XXII

Table of Contents

No. 7

LITERARY DEPARTMENT

Two Trinity Men in England.....	<i>Louis I. Jaffe</i>	313
Where Ariel Hid (<i>Poem</i>).....	<i>H. E. Spence</i>	337
The Ghost in the Castle.....	<i>L. A. Puryear</i>	339
An Echo from the Past.....	<i>Mary Loomis Smith</i>	342
The Prayer (<i>Poem</i>).....	<i>E. S. McIntosh</i>	348
The Land of the Lost Souls.....	<i>Edwin L. Jones</i>	350
The Captive Tiger (<i>Poem</i>).....	<i>C. M. Hutchings</i>	354
A Pilgrimage.....	<i>G. S.</i>	355
Thomas Bailey Aldrich.....	<i>J. L. Hutchison</i>	356
The Rhymester's Art (<i>Verse</i>).....	<i>Louis I. Jaffe</i>	364
An Unpublished Letter of J. Fenimore Cooper.....	<i>William K. Boyd</i>	366
Letters of Nathaniel Macon to Judge Charles Tait.....	<i>William K. Boyd</i>	368
Some Social Traits of the Rich Square Quakers.....	<i>W. A. Bryan</i>	371
Rev. Brantley York on Early Days in Randolph County and Union Institute.....	<i>William K. Boyd</i>	380
EDITORIAL.....		400
LITERARY NOTES.....		402
WAYSIDE WARES.....		406
EDITOR'S TABLE.....		411

MANAGER'S NOTICE

Alumni, professors, students, and friends of the college are invited to contribute literary articles. All matters for publication must be in by the fifteenth of the month previous to month of publication.

Subscription price, \$1.25 per scholastic year, nine months. Single copy, 15 cents.

The names of old subscribers will be continued until the Business Manager is notified to discontinue them.

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Address literary correspondence to M. A. BRIGGS, Editor-in-Chief.

Business correspondence to T. A. FINCH, Business Manager.

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“What has it all been for? For the knowledge that makes life richer; for the friendship that makes life sweeter; for the training that brings power to the task which is hard and high; for the wisdom that suffers and triumphs and is strong; for the vision that shall light your way like a pillar of fire; for the truth that shall make you free.”—Le Baron Russell Briggs.

THE TRINITY ARCHIVE

Trinity College, Durham, N. C., May-June, 1909.



C. L. BIVENS,
MALENE HARRELL, } - - - - - MANAGERS.

TWO TRINITY MEN IN ENGLAND.

BY LOUIS I. JAFFE.

PART I.—LIVERPOOL, STRATFORD AND OXFORD.

We stood, my good friend Siler and I, upon the landing stage at Liverpool with two tightly packed suit cases at our feet. We were quite content to stand thus for a while and enjoy undisturbed the sensations of the first few minutes on English soil. Willing hands on all sides offered to convey our luggage to the Adelphi, to the Lime Street Station, to the Hamerican Line office—anywhere, in fact, but we declined their hospitality, having particularly in mind the warning of a follow-passenger, that to permit your suit case to be touched in England means sixpence, while to have it taken anywhere means anywhere from a shilling up.

Our available funds, which we had converted into American Express checks in Philadelphia before we left, were just sufficient with strict economy to take us through our itinerary in Europe. Porterage fees had not been provided for in our plans. Spurred on by the thought that we were earning a shilling apiece, perhaps, we picked up our heavy bags and made for the elevated station a block or two away. "The Liverpool Corporation Tramways," read our

tickets which cost "tuppence" each. For this munificent sum we were taken in a few minutes to the heart of the city. Once more with our suit cases at our feet we stopped for a look around. This time it was on a street corner teeming with vehicles and pedestrians—our first sight of busy England.

"Keep to the left," read signs at intervals along the curb; it was the first thing distinctly British that struck our eyes. All vehicles passed each other on the left side of the street instead of the right, as is the custom in America. Undoubtedly it is just as satisfactory; to us it was novel, to say the least. Swam into our ken the characteristic double-decked tramcar of Liverpool. It looked top heavy to us, unaccustomed as we then were to the sight, and the people on the upper deck seemed to be in anything but a secure position. "Lewiss For Good Tailoring," read a large sign running the length of the car, and (thrice welcome sight) "Heinz's 57 Varieties," read another smaller sign hard by. Never before did that large, warty, green pickle radiate such good cheer. No longer were we strangers in a strange land.

We stopped a little messenger boy, whose tiny blue cap was maintained in its precarious position on the very top of his head by a strap running under his chin.

"Will you please direct us to Cook's Tourist Office," I asked him. He looked at us blankly for a moment. A glance at our clothes and at our bulging suit cases brought enlightenment.

"Eoh! Ye wish Cook's, deon't you?" (he pronounced it to rhyme with spooks). "It's on Lord street, a short ways up." And he proceeded to give us minute directions. It proved to be but a few squares distant. Cook's, as everyone knows, is fondly enshrined in the hearts of all tourists. The officials down to the humblest porter seem to live solely to smile, look gracious and answer questions. That this uniform

suavity is good policy is abundantly shown by the large patronage they enjoy. At Cook's we translated one of our precious express checks into shining English pounds and shillings and obtained the needed information about trains, hotels and railroad fares. We left our baggage in their kindly care and started out for a short tour of the city, for it was our purpose to leave the next morning for Stratford.

At one of the book stores on Lord street we bought our first batch of post-cards. We also bought here two guide books on Germany at just about half what we were asked for the identical books in Philadelphia. Siler, who was temporary cashier of the copartnership, handed the clerk (pronounce it clark, please) a pound, and receive in return a handful of English silver. To this day I have never known whether we got back the right change on that deal. To add together crowns, half crowns, shillings and sixpences and then subtract the sum from a pound, was at that stage of our trip, beyond even the keen mathematical faculties of my partner. For a full minute Siler eyed the handful of silver lugubriously, doing mental gymnastics the while, then with a troubled "I guess it's all right," he shoved the offending crowns and sixpences into his pocket. We left the store followed by the compassionate glances of the clerk. A day later, however, we had mastered their monetary system and, although still barbarous compared to our simple decimals, it presented no further difficulties.

A few hours of tramping along the larger thoroughfares made us good and hungry and we looked about for the sign of a restaurant. We might have looked in vain for such a phenomenon, for among our cousins a restaurant is a tea-room. To a nearby tea-room then, we adjourned. For a shilling and three pence each we obtained a good wholesome meal topped off with the most delicious strawberries and cream imaginable. Tuppence extra for the white-aproned, round-raced girl that waited on us, brought us a genial Eng-

lish smile from her which in some inexplicable way had the effect of putting us in a better humor than ever with England and things English.

Late in the afternoon we found ourselves near the Central postoffice, where we repaired to write a letter home and to send off some of our cards. The bareness of the interior was surprising. An immense room was what we saw, entirely bare of the gratings, windows and railings so characteristic of the American postoffice. On the sides were long counters upon which at intervals were metal stands bearing placards inscribed variously "Stamps," General Delivery, Registry, Telegraph, etc. Behind the counters, exposed to full view, were the various systems of pigeon-holes. To the portly gentleman behind "Stamps" I said:

"I want two two-penny half-penny stamps, please." He smiled indulgently as he repeated "two tuppence 'a'penny stamps, yes, sir." It occurred to me that it was a mighty polite way of correcting one. Henceforth I said "tuppence 'a'penny" with all the nonchalance and mutilation of a born Britisher.

We spent a few more hours in rambling around the city and then toward nightfall we hunted up a modest little hotel, where, for five shillings, we got a small but clean room on the third floor, containing two beds. We returned to Cook's for our bags, and upon our return to the hotel lugged them up three long narrow flights of stairs to our room. It was too unpretentious a place for an elevator, or lift, as they call it over there.

An hour or two later I found myself in the pretty little park just back of Liverpool's most magnificent edifice, St. George's Hall, on Lime street. It was only one square from our lodgings and I lingered there on a park bench, taking in with all the interest of an amateur the magnificent classic outlines of the structure. All unnoticed by me a barefoot little newsy stood near and watched my interest. Soon he could contain himself no longer.

“What d’ye think of it, Yank?”

There were oceans and oceans of pride in that little remark, and I quite forgave his little dig at my nationality.

“Great,” I said, and bought an evening paper.

In case of fire that night we would have been in a sorry plight indeed, for although I made a careful investigation, I could not discover anything like a fire-escape leading from the windows of our room. Nothing so dire happened, however, and after a good rest and an early breakfast, we repaired to the Great Western Railway station, from which place we were to take the train for Stratford.

We looked in vain for the ticket office, instead we soon found what we wanted—the booking office. Likewise in England you don’t check your baggage, but you book your luggage. We found that it would be to our advantage to buy a ticket to London, our objective point, via Stratford and Oxford, the two places where we wanted to stop. Stop-overs are permitted on English railways at any point and for any length of time, a feature which to the tourist at least is a great blessing.

They have a saying in England that only fools and Americans travel first-class, and it was due partly to an effort on our part to disprove this caluminous assertion, and partly also to a certain paucity of express checks, that we bought third-class tickets to London, or rather we booked to London, third-class. Sixteen and sixpence. The only safe way to handle your baggage in England is to take it along with you in the coach, which we did. Their checking system is unique. You signify your desire to have your baggage checked. An official at the station, or sometimes the guard, as they call the conductor, pastes a label with the name of the destination, on the bag or trunk and that ends it. If you want it to go along on the same train with you, you have to take it to luggage van (baggage car) yourself. When you arrive at your destination you have to go to the luggage van after it. If there are any changes of trains en route you

have to go to the van at every change to see personally that your baggage is placed aboard the right train. The company assumes no responsibility for losses and issues no checks. In America you run the risk of having your baggage smashed, in England you take chances on your bag turning up at your destination. There is little choice between the systems, for in spite of their lax method luggage seldom goes lost for good on English railways.

An English locomotive has a decidedly unfinished appearance. In place of the familiar cow-catcher of every American locomotive it has two large protruding bumpers or buffers designed by huge springs to lessen the shock of a collision. Each car is also provided with a like set of buffers. Most English locomotives lack the roomy cab of the American engine and leave the British firemen and engineers very inadequately protected from the weather.

The cars are somewhat shorter than our American cars and instead of having one longitudinal passage through the center with seats on both sides, like ours, they are divided into three transverse compartments, each compartment having two seats facing each other and running the width of the car. Each seat can accommodate comfortably six persons. The compartments have each two doors opening on the sides of the car, thus permitting them to be emptied quickly in case of accident.

We found an unoccupied compartment, and having deposited our suit cases on the roomy steel racks overhead we pulled the doors to, to keep out, if possible, any further passengers. The seats were very comfortably upholstered and had very high backs—a grateful change from the short-backed seats of the American car. In the matter of windows the English car has this great advantage over the American, namely, it can be opened and shut without loss of either patience, strength or temper. You unhook a strap and the window falls open from sheer force of gravity. To close it

you have merely to pull back the strap and hook it over a little projecting knob. The strap is perforated at regular intervals, thus permitting any degree of opening. I have often wondered since when wrestling with American car windows why we couldn't have some of these common sense windows over here.

Only once during our entire ride of three or four hours to Stratford was our privacy intruded upon and that was when the guard came in to punch our tickets. Arrived at Stratford we checked our suit cases at the station for tuppence each and wandered forth into Shakspeare's country.

It is but a short distance from the station to the little town. The first object of interest that attracted our notice was the pretty memorial fountain erected by George W. Childs, of Philadelphia. A perfect little Gothic affair of pure white, it stands in an open square, a lasting bond between England and America, and a beautiful tribute to the greatest of Englishmen.

The water that flowed in endless streams into the polished granite basins we found too warm to be drinkable. (Right here I must digress in the form of a paranthesis to the effect that we found it next to impossible to get good wholesome ice-water anywhere; and as for carbonized fountain drinks the kinds that we were served at English fountains were mere travesties on the American product. Although every chemist-shop, as they call a drug store, or restaurant of any pretensions showed placards in their windows announcing to the thirsty tourist "American Ices," we found them too Anglicized to be palatable. I believe that the American who will have the enterprise to open a genuine American soft drink fountain with the repertiore say of a good Philadelphia ice cream parlor, in Bond street or on the Strand, will not only fill the proverbial long-felt want, but will eventually reach the knighthood).

The center of interest in Stratford is of course the Shak-

spere house. It had already been made familiar to us by many pictures and we were in front of it almost before we knew it. In a sense it was disappointing. A very prosy, much restored example of a type of structure that abounds in the older English towns, it stands hard upon the street unrelieved by a single shade tree or the slightest patch of green. One would have been glad to associate the master poet of all mankind with a birthplace a little less prosaic.

Within the house is shown the room in which the poet was born, together with many articles of furniture used by him during his lifetime. In the old Stratford church, where Shakspeare led to the altar pretty Ann Hathaway and where now rest his mortal remains, is the well known bust of the poet, which most visitors find disappointing and which has been characterized recently by Mark Twain as "the precious bust, the priceless bust, with the dandy mustache, and the putty face . . . with the deep, deep, deep, subtle, subtle, subtle expression of a bladder."

Stratford itself is pretty and romantic in the extreme. The general air of the town breathes a certain complacency and serenity as if conscious of the precious dust that has there found its last resting place. At the time that we were there the town was full of American tourists. At every shop almost, on every street, in every winding lane, we came upon them, on foot, on wheels, and in monster touring cars.

Shops without number do a thriving business in Shakspeare souvenirs. These vary from picture post-cards of his grave to wooden splinters purporting to come from his table, chair or bed. It is extremely likely, however, that these splinters are furnished in gross lots by some enterprising lumber dealer in Shoreditch.

A few hours sufficed to cover the town and we wandered out to the Avon that meanders lazily through the deep lawns and meadows on both of its banks. In one little park near the large Shakspeare Memorial Theatre we lay down in the grass

and tried for an hour or two to imbibe some of the magic beauty of landscape and surroundings that had inspired, three hundred years before, the mighty Shakspeare. Doubtless the grass was as pretty now as it was then, and just as inspiring, too, the surroundings. That we came away two hours later, a little wiser perhaps, but not more inspired or enlightened, was due probably to our innate inferiority to Shakspeare; I can find no other explanation.

"A twenty-minute ride for a sixpence," offered a youth in a pretty little gasoline launch on the river, who had stopped for a moment recognizing at once that we were foreigners, and mistaking us perhaps for two steel magnates in disguise—who knows,—but we demurred. To lie on the soft grass and dream was more in keeping with our mood just then.

An hour or two later we returned to the town and hunting up a little tea-room with dainty little tables covered with linen that was snowy white, we dined *a la carte*. Not that they had such a barbarism as a printed bill of fare—not a bit of it. We ordered poached eggs on toast, good old English tea, and "those things in the window with a hole in the center and black currants in it." We never succeeded in mastering the names they gave to their pastry. After our initial blunder in calling for pie instead of tarts we resorted to the pointing out method as the one exposing us least to ridicule. After a vain effort to get cold water we ordered and got at once delicious ice cold fresh milk with which we finished our repast. Another short ramble about the town and we repaired to the station just in time to catch the train for Oxford. We got there late in the afternoon.

A few minutes after our arrival we had found in a kind of students' and tourists' *pension* a large airy room on the first floor opening upon a pretty little enclosed garden. It was one occupied regularly by a member of the household, but the landlady who was geniality itself gave it up to us for the sum of four shillings each per diem. We came too late

for supper—we soon learned to refer to the last meal of the day as tea—but our kind lady rummaged together a meal which she placed before us with many apologies. “You gentlemen came so late ye kneow,” and “we had a number of American ladies with us for tea,” etc. We pardoned her embarrassment and fell to. Never during our short stay in England did we enjoy a tea like that one in Oxford. There was cold chicken and roast beef and fruits, to say nothing of a multiplicity of desserts, puddings and salads, big red strawberries and—I hesitate—cold, cold beer. And the next day when we settled up we found that the charge for that feast was just one and sixpence each. Imagine an American hotel feeding one like that for thirty-seven cents.

Tea over, we went out for a walk about the town. Night-fall in July does not come before nine o'clock in England; we thus had an hour or two to explore the town before darkness. Our *pension* happened to be on the same street with, and only a square or two distant from, the famous Bodleian Library and Museum, greater than which there are only three or four in the world. Unfortunately it was already closed for the day, so we put off our visit to the library till the following morning.

Soon we found ourselves walking up High street, at that time alive with strolling couples, townsfolk and students. We could spot them on sight—those students. They were dressed for the most part in flannels—tight-fitting trousers and absurdly short and ill-fitting coats. Unlike the well-tailored American garments that fit close around the neck and flow in long graceful lines from the shoulder, they seemed to fit nowhere in particular, but had the appearance rather of having been hung up to dry. They were cut away at the corners in a kind of rounded off fashion that made one wonder if the coat was intended ever to be buttoned up. Notwithstanding their odd clothes they were a fine looking lot of men. Their long, peculiar, loping gait and their generous

width of shoulder, despite the apparent absence of all padding, bespoke their devotion to athletics.

The display of athletic paraphernalia in the shops astonished us. Window after window for blocks together showed in endless variety, tennis rackets, balls, athletic clothing, canoes, paddles, and cricket bats. Verily the English university man is nothing if not an athlete.

The antiquity of Oxford is everywhere apparent. One meets it in the old crumbling Gothic doorways of the chapels and churches, in the moss-covered flag-stones of secluded courtyards and in the magnificent ivy-covered walls of the college buildings. The very trees in some of the older churchyards, trained and pruned and manicured through the ages bowing their lofty heads with the weight of the centuries, form long sepulchral cathedral aisles, and rear high above the pedestrian magnificent Gothic arches of green. Stately in architecture, richly endowed with a wealth of historic associations and intimately connected with a galaxy of famous men, Oxford cannot but charm the visitor.

Late in the evening we strolled into Addison's Walk behind Magdalen College. Hard by the little Cherwell River it leads—a rather narrow pebbly walk flanked with stately trees. And on this self-same path, two hundred years or so ago, they say Joseph Addison was wont to stroll—a long stretch of time from then to the present—peace be to his dust. After all, the span of even the longest human life is not so long—this has been observed before—and Oxford more perhaps than any other place in England brings this brevity of man's existence home to one. It was an old town even in Chaucer's time. It was old when Erasmus came there four hundred years ago to study. Even the institution known as New College was founded as long ago as 1386.

At ten o'clock that night High street was well nigh deserted. Tired with a long day of tramping, we returned to our lodgings and enjoyed a night's rest, such as only well-fed

tramps in a strange land can enjoy. Each of the two beds in the room were immense oak affairs and could easily accommodate three men. The windows opening on the enclosed garden admitted a faint cool breeze laden with the odor of many flowers, and we slept like tops. At nine we breakfasted on 'am and eggs and whitefish. All the others had breakfasted an hour ago. It was because of our lateness and because the regular dining room had already been cleared up that our little table was set in the garden, a circumstance that added much to the enjoyment of the breakfast. *Tete a tete* we dined, Siler and I, in an old English garden. The food was excellent, the linen snowy, and the air was cool and smelled of roses. Pastoral and primitive in the extreme, and all for a shilling!

The Bodleian Library was our next objective point. We found it extremely interesting. It is particularly rich in old manuscripts and rare books. Among the most treasured of these is the first Bible printed at Mainz. There is also a good collection of original drawings by Raphael and Michelangelo. In the archæological department we saw for the first time some finely preserved Greek and Roman marbles. The gallery of plaster castes of the famous pieces in other museums was especially interesting. In a few hours we had finished our perforce superficial inspection of the library. Several hours yet remained to us till the evening train to London and we spent them in a rather hasty exploration of the more famous colleges. Christ Church, with its famous old chapel, we found especially beautiful. The rich mellow effect of the wonderful old stained glass upon the interior is beyond description by mere words.

In Oriel College, which boasts among its students Sir Walter Raleigh and Dr. Arnold, of Rugby, we found on the bulletin boards various notices and announcements written in Latin! At dinner several hours before this our host had told us of the commencement exercises of one of the

colleges, in which the principal speaker of the day delivered his speech wholly in Latin. He added, however, that it was his opinion that not everybody present on that occasion understood every word he said.

An hour or two later we bade a very reluctant farewell to the old university town, resolving to pay it another visit on our return trip. I may add here that we never saw Oxford again. A ride of a little more than an hour landed us at the Paddington station, in the metropolis of the world.

PART II.—LONDON.

On Eastburne Terrace, a minute's walk from the station, we found a small hotel wherein we obtained a large, comfortable room with good exposure. For three pence we had bought at a news-stand a well-written little guide-book, which we now consulted for the best way in which to spend the rest of the evening. We decided in favor of a 'bus ride to the Strand, and after that a theatre.

Accordingly a half hour later found us in front of the Praed Street station of the Metropolitan Underground Railway, which was a minute's walk from our hotel, waiting for our 'bus. Although we had been given voluble directions as to what color 'bus to take and had been told, furthermore, that each line of 'buses carries signs indicating its particular route of travel, they were all so thoroughly covered with advertisements of every description that we found it almost impossible to decide whether the particular 'bus we saw coming was headed for Nestles Food, Tottenham Court Road, Van Houten's Cocoa, or Holborn Circus.

Finally we espied one marked Charing Cross, and feeling instinctively that it was going in the right direction, hopped aboard. Up the narrow winding stairway in the rear, we climbed, making our way to the top, nor did we stop until we found way up in front a vacant seat immediately behind the driver. We were determined that no one should obstruct our first view of London from the top of a 'bus. A London 'bus

pursuing its way deviously, windingly, hesitatingly, yet steadily down a crowded street has a picturesqueness of motion entirely its own. High in our tower, like Elaine the lovable, we sat and looked down upon the slowly moving panorama of London street life. It was the realization of a dream of years—seeing London from the top of a three-penny 'bus.

Down Praed street we lumbered and turned into Edgware Road. At the famous Marble Arch, one of the popular entrances to Hyde Park, our two-horse cruiser veered into Oxford street, that well-known thoroughfare of shops. Past Marshall & Snelgrove, the widely-known drapers, by special appointment to His Majesty the King; past Peter Robinson's, the big mercers, by special appointment to H. R. H., the Prince of Wales; past Jay's fashionable mourning house, by special appointment to H. R. H., the Dutchess of Connaught; and past a hundred other drapers and mercers and whatnots, all by special appointment to somebody or other, we pursued the uneven tenor of our way. A sharp turn to the right and we rolled into Regent street, that highway of exceedingly fashionable shops. Across Piccadilly Circus and further on we rumbled till the Nelson Monument rose high before us in Trafalgar Square. Here we alighted.

There is probably no better known open place in the world than Trafalgar Square. The noble monument to England's great naval hero, tall and slender and blackened by the ever-present London soot, is its conspicuous feature. Across from it rises the monstrous Charing Cross Hotel, adjoining the well-known station of that name. Here is situated the National Picture Gallery in a large building, whose architecture is far from beautiful.

Samuel Johnson once said that the full tide of existence is at Charing Cross; it may well be said of it today. It is the heart of London. An endless stream of carriages, omnibuses, taxicabs and automobiles, a seething, bustling throng

of people, and everywhere tall white-gloved policemen carrying long polished canes—this is Charing Cross. It is said to derive its name from the little village of Cherringe, situated half way between London and Westminster, and from the fact that about 1291 Edward I. erected here a cross to mark one of the nine resting places of the body of his wife, Queen Eleanor, when it was being brought from Nottinghamshire to Westminster Abbey. This account, however, is disputed and other reasons are given for the origin of the name.

From Charing Cross we turned into the Strand, London's most famous thoroughfare. As the name implies it was once the bank of the Thames, now, however, it is several hundred yards from the river. This street has seen in pageant or procession nearly everybody who has helped to make history for Britain. It is preëminently a street of princely palaces, magnificent hotels and theatres. The Savoy lavishly illuminated beckoned us with its many electric lights. The play was the "Mikado," a musical comedy, which we found to be a good deal above the average play of its kind. It was then at the height of its London run and the large theatre was jammed.

The next day was Sunday and we attended morning services at St. Paul's. It was our first time in a cathedral of such magnitude. The impressive sermon, the mighty organ peals, and above all the vastness of the interior, impressed us deeply. Strangely enough we found St. Paul's far more beautiful from without than within. The interior, although noble in proportions, is bare almost to dreariness. Most of its statuary is in doubtful taste. The statue of Doctor Johnson, for instance, who is here represented by a half-nude figure, suggests, as a famous traveller has remarked, "an athlete catching cold." Just why the good old Doctor should be represented so scantily clad is not plain. In many places the cement holding in place the huge blocks of the columns is plainly visible. The great dome is entirely devoid of decora-

tion of any kind, and from its dull, murky appearance must be covered layers deep with venerable cob-webs.

The afternoon of this day up till the time of closing, 6 p. m., we spent in the British Museum. One might spend weeks in this colossal storehouse of relics and still merely touch the surface of things, so filled with valuable and interesting objects are its vast galleries. One can well imagine how, like a sputtering film of rare and curious visions, the general impression of the Museum must have been to one who had only six hours in which to "do it."

The collection of Greek and Roman statuary, as varied and as extensive as any in the world, was especially interesting to us. The famous Parthenon friezes mounted in their original position, in a made-for-the-purpose temple, brought graphically to our minds.

"The glory that was Greece,
And the grandeur that was Rome."

The Rossetta Stone, which has unlocked the treasures of Egypt and Assyria, encased in glass, has found here its last resting place. Gruesomely interesting was the mummy-room with its scores of dried and swathed human corpses defying decay. According to appended data some of these were four thousand years old. They looked as if they were good for at least four thousand years more of post-mortem existence, before returning to dust like all other respectable humans.

The relics of Pompeii and Herculaneum bore mute but eloquent witness to the unhappy fate of these two cities. Here a plate of fish, there a piece of chicken, and there a loaf of bread, some showing in part the original coloring, all, however, turned to stone, served only to make the catastrophe more pathetically human, more appalling.

In the manuscript room are displayed under glass, letters from the hands of nearly all the English monarchs. Letters from Goethe, Schiller, Byron, Rousseau, Voltaire, Longfellow, Napoleon, Cromwell and a thousand others equally

as well-known in history, hold one's interest as with an iron grip. The printed books number over two million and are constantly being added to, for a copy of every book published in the Kingdom is required to be deposited here.

Gallery upon gallery contain nothing but illuminated mediæval manuscripts; others are devoted exclusively to vast collections of vases, bronzes, majolicas and porcelains; and still others to Pre-historic, British, Anglo-Saxon, Mediæval, and Ethnographical collections. At the entrance to every one of these galleries stands the ubiquitous British cop scanning closely everybody that goes in or out for possible thefts. We had explored in a very superficial manner about one-fifth of the Museum when the gong rang and the police cleared the building of visitors.

Eight o'clock that evening found us on Rotten Row following the Serpentine in Hyde Park. Rotten Row (for what reason I know not) is the name given to the popular driveway in London's most famous park. In the late afternoon during the London season it is the fashionable boulevard of her four hundred. Together with Kensington Gardens, which is a continuation, the park covers over six hundred acres. The Serpentine on which boating and, at certain times, bathing, is permitted, runs almost across the park.

A Sunday evening crowd in Hyde Park in midsummer resembles very much that of a feature day at a big exposition. Here work-a-day London, young and old, especially young, seeks the green grass and the leafy shade that is denied it on the East Side. It is London's great love-making center. Everywhere one meets dapper youths, short-coated, tight-trouserred, high-collared, carrying their inevitable canes in their gloved hands, and at their sides the underdressed or overdressed lassies of their choice. They are all much alike—these couples; most often one meets them walking arm in arm—a custom that had its air of novelty for us uncouth provincials. But especially at their best does one find these couples occupying the benches under the trees.

The English park lover loving his love on a green bench in Kensington Garden is without counterpart in America. No false modesty troubles him. He embraces his colleen in full view of the moon, the electric lights and the passing throng and seems to glory in so doing. As far as I could determine, by involuntary observation, the more his sylvan bower was exposed to the gaze of the curious, the more intent was he in his wooing and the more affectionate in his caresses. Nor was Phœbe always passive. She, too, showed no embarrassment, but gave herself up to his kisses with utter abandon—as if she intended to wed him on the next Bank Holiday.

If one should take a championship game between the Chicago Cubs and the Detroit Tigers, multiply the crowd present by ten, clothe all the men in short tight-fitting coats and provide each one of them with a cane, a boutonniere and a girl, one could then gain a fair idea of a London crowd listening to the grand band concert in Hyde Park. For a penny each we obtained good seats near the band-stand. The music the night we were there was equal to that of the best bands in America, and what the crowd lacked in artistic appreciation it made up in prolonged applause after each popular number.

All of the following day we spent at the Franco-British Exposition. The Exposition grounds were at Shepherd's Bush, a suburban part of the city, and was reached in about an hour by the tube (our Londoner pronounces it "chube") from the Praed Street station, which, as I've had occasion to mention, was only a minute's walk from our hotel. At one of the changes in the subway I boarded the wrong train and became separated from Siler, whom I did not see again until I got back to our quarters late that night.

The Exposition did not differ much from American fairs of the kind. It was much larger and more elaborate than the Jamestown Fair of 1907, but lacked Jamestown's beautiful water front. There was the usual midway with its wild-

west shows, electric theatres, human prodigies, catch-penny fakirs and oriental exhibits.

The display of gowns by the leading Parisian and London firms was the admiration and despair of all visiting women. The Palace of Fine Arts was perhaps the most interesting. Here was exhibited the best and most recent sculpture from the famous salons of London and Paris. No one was permitted to take a kodak within the building, and anyone caught sketching any of the groups was peremptorily ejected. Scenic railways on all sides echoed the shrieks of the coasters and the Flip-flap, the distinctive thriller of the Exposition, raised one to a dizzy altitude and brought one down again for sixpence. The Flip-flap has not yet made its appearance at our American resorts and it defies accurate description.

The Court of Honor, a shimmering silver lake, flanked all around by the white exposition buildings, when lighted up at night by thousands of multi-colored electrics, was a scene of unusual splendor. One thing that marred the general air of gait and happiness was the entire absence of that distinctive, joyous, indispensable item of exposition diet—the peanut. Nowhere, for love or money, was it to be had. Imagine a big fair without peanuts!

At ten o'clock there was a spectacular display of fire-works in the immense Stadium. Here, one month later, Johnny Hayes won the now historical Marathon from Durando, furnishing by the same token a new fad for American athletes, as well as a lot of valuable advertising for O'Sullivan's rubber heels.

At Westminster the following day we spent perhaps the most interesting hours of our entire stay in England. For historical interest to English-speaking people, no one building in the world can compare with it. Prayers have ascended from this venerable site for thirteen centuries, while parts even of the present structure date back to 1065. From the time that the barons went forth from their moated castles

with their vassals and retainers to fight with cross-bow and battle-axe, to the present age of aerial navigation and monster Dreadnaughts, England's heroes have found their final resting place in this, Britain's Pantheon of Genius.

It is a magnificent Gothic Pile built in the form of a Latin cross. The architecture of the choir, nave, and transept is Early English. From the plainness of St. Paul's, the Abbey, with the beautifully embellished pointed arches of its pillared aisles softly tinted by aged windows of mellow color, is a grateful relief. A single visit of a few hours, such as we were perforce compelled to make, is entirely inadequate for a just appreciation of Westminster Abbey.

Especially impressive were the royal tombs and chapels. That of Henry VII., built in the Tudor Gothic style, and perhaps the most elaborate in the Abbey, contains the remains of that monarch and his consort. In the north aisle of this chapel is the monument and buried place of Queen Elizabeth and her predecessor, Queen Mary; also the remains of the young princes murdered in the Tower. In the south aisle, only a chapel's width away, lies Mary Queen of Scots. Once the earth was too little a place to hold both of these famous women at the same time; now the last sad scene at Fotheringay is forgotten and Mary and Elizabeth sleep almost side by side. Some of these royal statues lie recumbent on their tombs, others kneel in a position of prayer; the tombs of others are marked only by simple slabs; all, however, conquerors and conquered, murderers and murdered, once covetous of the world, are now silent, each has his little six feet of earth and wants no more.

Surrounded by these royal tombs and incased in a chair of heavy oak stands the famous Stone of Scone upon which, for centuries before it came into the possession of the English, the kings of Scotland were crowned. Many legends are rife concerning its origin. The most famous one of these relates that Jacob, of patriarchal memory, pillowed his head

on this stone that night when he had the vision of the celestial ladder. In this rather unprepossessing chair have been crowned the queens and kings of England for six hundred years.

Honored equally with her kings and queens are England's poets and statesmen. The Poet's Corner of Westminster Abbey, always softly illuminated by the rich glow of rare stained glass, is indeed an ideal haven for those, often storm-tossed spirits and shipwrecked souls, whose mission on earth it was to interpret the Muses. Although buried in Stratford, Shakspeare here looks down upon the tombs of his successors holding in his hand a scroll upon which are carved these lines from the "Tempest:"

"The cloud-capped towers, the gorgeous palaces,
The solemn temples, the great globe itself
Yea, all which it inherit, shall dissolve
And, like this insubstantial pageant faded,
Leave not a rack behind."

In this sacred necropolis of Genius one meets with everyone who has added his mite to English literature, from Chaucer, the Father of English Poetry, to Tennyson and Browning, of our later day. Here, too, proclaiming the kinship between all who write in the English tongue, the American is thrilled to find the kindly face of his own Longfellow.

Among the effigies of England's famous parliamentarians, in the Aisle of Statesmen, one notices especially the statues of Gladstone and Disraeli. Rivals and bitter enemies as long as they lived, yet faithful to the good of England as each saw it, their differences are now all but forgotten and both are equally honored by their common country.

From the Abbey with its air of antiquity and its hallowed memories, to the Victoria and Albert Museum with its vast exhibitions of man's progress in the arts and sciences and its interesting collections in the departments of Natural History, is a far cry both in distance and in thought. The Museum is in South Kensington, a short distance from Hyde Park.

Near the Museum is the Albert Memorial, the richest and most elaborate monument in London. It was erected to the memory of the husband of Queen Victoria at a cost of 120,000 pounds. Around the base of the monument which rises from an elevated platform of granite, are cut in high relief one hundred and sixty-nine life-size figures of the world's famous poets, writers and artists of all ages. At the four corners of the platform are colossal groups symbolic of the four continents, Europe, Asia, Africa, and America. In the center of the monument is a great bronzed gilt statue of the Prince Consort under a Gothic canopy.

An object of special interest in the machinery department of the Museum was Stevenson's first locomotive, "The Rocket." A crude affair of cast iron with a long crane-like smoke-stock, it looked painfully antiquated.

We began our last day in London, on the following morning, with a visit to the National Gallery. Paintings must be seen—they cannot be described. The number of paintings in the gallery exceeds 1,400. Some of these were obtained by gifts and legacies and others were purchased by the nation. One picture by Raphael was bought from the Duke of Marlborough for \$350,000. Just why that particular canvas should be worth such a princely sum was not exactly clear to us. I confess that I am not a connoisseur. It is probable that the Sistine Madonna had something to do with the price.

Although the Dutch, Spanish, German and French schools are all well represented, the gallery is especially rich in the Italian school. Here we saw our first Rembrandts and were fortunate enough to hear an interesting lecturer comment on the highly-prized canvasses of that master. Here also are the finest examples of the Old English School of art, especially the well-known collection of Turner's, of which Ruskin was so lavish in his praise.

We made the most of the few hours yet remaining to us, by paying flying visits to the various points of interest in

the city. Those objects that stand out clearest in my mind at the present time, are, the low-lying, windowless stone pile of the Bank of England and the Royal Exchange hard by; London Bridge of international fame and the Tower of London further up the river; the Houses of Parliament extending a thousand feet along the river and covering eight acres of ground; the beautiful Victoria Embankment extending a mile and a quarter along the river, from Westminster to the Blackfriar's Bridge; the War Offices, Scotland Yard, and Cleopatra's Needle on the Embankment; Buckingham Palace and the Queen Victoria Memorial.

At the Charing Cross office of Thomas Cook & Son we purchased, that evening, round-trip tourists' tickets for our proposed tour of Germany. Only an hour or two remained to us in which to make the night train for the Continent, and it took us every minute of that time to get back to our hotel and from there half-way across London to the Liverpool Street station. Riding in London's admirable subway that night, I found an English weekly that some passenger had left in the seat, which contained a little story about an American and a cockney. There is a widespread belief that the English have no sense of humor. I take it that this story is a fair specimen:

“A recently arrived American gentleman had occasion to employ a cockney drayman in hauling his luggage and trappings to his newly leased London apartments. There was a deal of luggage and the cockney was employed all day. With the last load he handed the American a bill made out after this fashion:

To Osferaday.....	8/6
To Afertheos.....	2/6
Atakin Ofimomagan.....	6/6
	<hr/>
Hallofhit	17/6

The American was non-plussed. With the help of a policeman the bill was finally deciphered to mean:

To horse for a day.....	8/6
To hay for the horse.....	2/6
Taking him home again.....	6/6

All of it..... 17/6

The American demurred against the last item, but the cockney was obdurate."

An hour and a half after boarding the train at the Liverpool Street station we rolled into Harwich, seventy miles away, where the steamer was already in waiting. Twenty minutes later we were steaming across the English Channel on our way to the Hook of Holland.

WHERE ARIEL HID.

BY H. E. SPENCE.

Through the sunshine and the shimmer
 Of a golden day,
 Dazzled by the charms and glimmer
 Of the fields of May,
 Through the wood and fields I strayed,
 Seeking where blithe Ariel played,
 Trusting to unfold the secrets of the charm-
 ing little fay.

Where the humming-bird's a rover
 In the blossomed tree,
 Where amidst the crimson clover
 Softly hums the bee,
 Thought I that I felt his wing—
 'Twas the breezes of the spring
 Blowing smoothly, softly, gently o'er the
 velvet of the lea.

In the coverts of the thicket
 Where the nymphs hold sway,
 Hark the music of the cricket
 As he pipes his lay!
 Where the elves and fairies dance,
 Hasten thither and perchance,
 You may find the prince of fairies leading in
 the roundelay.

Where in vines and branches swinging
 Hangs the precious nest,
 Notes of gladness loud are ringing
 From each feathered breast,
 Hopefully I sought him there,
 'Mid the scenes of beauty rare,
 But their singing had no charm for him
 and fruitless was my quest.

Where think you at last I found him?
You could never guess:
Sleeping Laura's hair around him,
Toying with a tress;
She to him was passing fair,
More than nature's beauties rare,
I admire his taste but, envious, I begrudge
him the caress.

THE GHOST IN THE CASTLE.

BY L. A. PURYEAR.

At last I was in Stuart's Castle, the goal of all my boyish ambition! From earliest infancy I had heard wonderful tales of this castle a true mediæval palace in the heart of America, and now, that I was at last within it, a sense of awe came over me and I hardly dared examine my surroundings.

The story of the castle is as follows: Long before the Civil War a Mr. Stuart decided to build a beautiful residence and selected, as a suitable place for this, a hill about five miles out from Clarksville, Tennessee. It was a beautiful spot. The castle was to be situated on top of the hill and a deep lawn, covered with giant oaks, sloped gently down to the Nashville pike, which ran before the house. As at that time we had very few manufactories in this country, Mr. Stuart bought nearly all his material from abroad, beautiful marble statuary from Italy and France, and almost every country of Europe contributed something towards the beautifying of his house. The walls were of stone, the outside doors to be of triple thickness of oak, with brass fittings, the stair-cases were to be of mahogany, and every door-knob in the house was inlaid with diamonds and gold.

Ill luck, however, seemed to be the fate of this house. Scarcely had the walls and flooring been finished when Mr. Stuart died and left his son to carry on the work. Nothing further was done for about two years, but at the end of that time the son began work again. Within three months, however, after work was begun the second time, his mother died and the work again stopped. Finally, after a lapse of three years, Mr. Stuart again began work, but this was interrupted by the Civil War. He came out of this a broken-hearted man and had not the spirit left to attempt to finish the castle. Finally, however, he fell in love with a beautiful young girl and when she accepted him, offered her either this castle,

which he promised to finish, or a residence abroad. The girl chose the castle, so work was begun on it once more. The building was pushed forward rapidly this time and was finished all except the placing of the statuary, pictures and a few minor decorations, when Mr. Stuart took his young bride out so that she might in person direct the placing of several statues. As the workmen were following her directions the marble slipped and fell, killing her instantly. Mr. Stuart died a few weeks later with a broken heart, and from that day the castle has stood deserted.

In connection with this castle there is a story told among the negroes that the young wife comes back and haunts the place where she was killed. I do not believe in ghosts, and yet that explanation may solve the mystery that happened to me in the castle. But I'm going too fast.

Scattered around me, where I stood, were pieces of statues and figures, pieces of mahogany facing and many other little things which lay just as the workmen had left them so long ago. After admiring the various things down stairs I went up to the second floor to see what I could find there. There were not as many things here as on the first floor, but, in one of the back rooms, I found a large port-folio of oil paintings and sketches. I became very much interested in these, so much so that I grew oblivious of my surroundings and was only recalled to myself by being unable to see the pictures because of a sudden darkness. I had been in the castle some-time and it was growing late in the evening, but the fact that worried me and the cause of the sudden darkness, was a great black cloud which was coming up as if on the wings of a hurricane. I immediately ran down stairs and started for the tree where I had left my horse tide, but before I got half-way, the rain broke, and thinking that maybe it was only a shower and would be over in a few minutes at the most, I went back to the house. But it kept growing darker and darker and the rain seemed to pour down with redoubled

force. While I sat waiting for it to stop I became drowsy and finally drifted off to sleep.

I have no idea how long I slept, but suddenly I became wide awake—as fully awake as I have ever been in my life. Everything was as still as death except for the mournful drip, drip, drip of the water from the eaves. An uncanny feeling crept over me, I knew not why, and I could feel the hair on my head rising. From where I lay I had a complete view of the hall, and suddenly at the far end of it, I saw, to my horror, a white figure. I lay perfectly still. All power of motion had gone from me. I couldn't move. I wanted to close my eyes, to look somewhere else, to shut out the picture of that white figure, but some force stronger than my will, kept them fixed on that woman in white, for that I now realized it was. All at once, to my horror, I saw that she was coming down the hall toward the room I was in, and in a flash I realized that the room in which I lay was the same in which Mrs. Stuart had met her death. I wanted to cry out in terror, but my voice stuck in my throat and I could do nothing but silently watch the approach of that silent figure, as she glided ever nearer to the door of my room. At last, after what seemed an age of horror, she stood in the doorway. I prayed as I have never prayed before nor since that she would turn, but no—she took another step forward and—then everything went black before me. When I came to my senses the morning sun was shining in through one of the windows.

I have never been able to explain that night. I was told by my friends that being in the castle had brought to my mind the old negro ghost story, and so I had either imagined or dreamed what I saw. They may believe that if they like, but I will always believe that I saw Mrs. Stuart's ghost that night.

AN ECHO FROM THE PAST.

BY MARY LOOMIS SMITH.

"What ideal June weather," I thought, as I gazed dreamily at the lovely landscape before me. The tender, young green of the trees had not yet become soiled by the dust of summer and the drowsy noon was melting into a soft sunshiny evening.

I was sitting on the veranda of one of those beautiful old Southern homes, of which so few are left. The driveway, leading from the broad steps to the great stone gate, was a continuous line of elms, through which the sunlight wavered; the spacious, colonial house with its wide verandas and large white columns rose out of a gently sloping lawn. Just on one side of the house was a dear, old-fashioned flower garden and the wind wafted the delicate fragrance of "Sweet Betsies," "Sweet Williams" and "Moss Roses" that perfumed all the air. The whole had an appearance of the long ago and one seemed to have stepped back into the early sixties.

Just then my reverie was broken into by the clear, cheery voice of my hostess. "You here, Bob! Who are you thinking about? You may as well own up. Is it the Northern hero or the Southern knight?"

"Neither," I laughed. "I was only thinking what a perfect place this is and how lovely you and Jack were to invite us to share it with you. Now, Miss Bettie, are you satisfied?"

"Quite, dear; it is a lovely old place and, while it was ideal for a honeymoon last year, this year it seems just right for a house party and"—

Just then the portly figure of Aunt Chloe appeared in the doorway. "For de Lawd's sake, Miss Bettie, cum down ter dat kitch'n an' circumvent dat no' count, kinky-hyar'd, yallo', nigger gal. I kan't mak' her do nothin' an' all dem fokses i'll be back hyar ter supper ter reckly ez hongry ez"— Aunt Chloe, fairly boiling with indignation, stopped for lack of breath.

"All right, Aunt Chloe, I'm coming now, if you'll excuse me Bob," and Bettie arose.

"Do let me go and help," I begged, but Bettie shook her head. "Headaches and hot kitchens are not congenial, dear. While I am gone you may amuse yourself by rummaging anywhere you please and to your heart's content."

"Joy!" I thought, as she went in. "I'll explore that mysterious old attic"—for if there is anything I adore, it is an "old-timey" attic filled with romantic looking trunks and boxes.

As I started, however, the dim, cool darkness of the parlor lured me in. Here one felt the power of the past more than ever, for it was just as Bettie's grandmother had left it, nearly half a century before. Here and there on the polished floor were the quaint, old, hand-woven rugs; carved mahogany chairs sat about with dignity and in every nook there lurked a table, some of them holding dainty, fragile china. In the corner was the Chickering Grand, its keys yellowed by the hand of time; and then there was the great fireplace with its shining brass andirons. But the thing that caught my attention and held it was a tall, gilded harp. Why was it there—I wondered—and who had played upon it?

I closely scanned the oil-paintings of beautiful women and chivalrous men that looked down upon me from the wall. Perhaps it was one of these—ah—this was the one; I felt sure of it! Anyone could look at those dreamy eyes and feel that their owner possessed the soul of divine harmony.

It was the picture of a girl of, one would say, eighteen years. The face was not beautiful, for the features were too irregular for that—the nose was a bit too small and the mouth a bit too full—but there were great masses of golden-brown hair above a low, broad forehead and the eyes were soft and dark and dreamy. The lips, however, were smiling and mischief lurked in the dimples that were always playing in and out. It was, altogether, a lovely face and there was an

expression on it that would always haunt one—a wistful, pleading and yet mischievous expression.

“I will certainly ask Bettie all about her,” I thought. “I know she has a romantic history,” and I sat down near a small spindle-legged desk that I might gaze the more.

What if I should find something about her, after all—but there was nothing in the desk—only a few letters and some of Bettie’s paper. I must confess I was rather disappointed—I had almost hoped to find something. Just then the face on the wall compelled me to look up and as I moved my arm a thread in my sleeve caught somewhere in the desk. There was a click and before me lay a secret drawer that had not been opened for years. I could scarcely realize my good fortune and pinched myself to see if it were really I. “Barbara Cameron! of all luck—I can’t believe my eyes!”

I did manage, however, to examine the contents of the drawer. There was a miniature of a handsome young fellow, with black hair and clear, blue eyes, that seemed to look the whole world in the face. He wore a blue uniform and the regalia of a Federal cavalry officer. Then there was a yellowed roll of paper, closely written in a dainty handwriting, grown dim with age. All the sentiment of my nature told me that here was a romance.

Seating myself in the western window where the evening light streamed in I began:

“March 28, 1861. Just think—I am eighteen years old today! How really ancient I am getting. Dorothy says I will be an old maid if I don’t watch out. I expect I will, for my knight has not come riding yet—but really I don’t think old maids are so bad, after all—especially if one is a dear little thing like Miss Davenport. However, I told Dorothy that she need not worry about me for she is seventeen herself. Mother gave me a pearl necklace she had when she was eighteen, and Daddy gave me the dearest little pink satin slippers with real gold buckles. I have been dreaming about

such slippers for years. They match my new dress—my first satin dress. There are advantages, after all, in being eighteen, for next week I am to have my first ball.

“April 2, 1861. Dear me! What an exciting day this has been! Dorothy came over to help me dress and we had loads of fun. She looked darling in her blue silk—she has such pretty golden hair and blue eyes. Dorothy fixed my hair with a curl over my shoulder and a pink rose in it.

“Just before the guests began to arrive a young man rode up who said he had lost his way and asked shelter for the night. Daddy, of course, welcomed him and insisted on his attending my ball, and since Brother Jonathan had a suit that exactly fitted him, he really could raise no objection.

“As Dorothy and I came down the stairs I thought I saw Brother Jonathan standing by the window. I leaned over the banister and called to him to look. He turned around and—it wasn't he—it was somebody else. I couldn't move. Dorothy says we both simply stared. Fancy it! Daddy broke the spell by coming in just then and introducing us. As it turned out, he was the stranger and his name is Robert Lorraine. He is very tall, with black hair and blue eyes. Dorothy is much taken by his appearance, I think.

“During the evening someone asked me to play on my harp and sing. Several times I caught Mr. Lorraine's eye as I was playing. He told me later that he was very fond of the harp—his mother used to play on it. At the very last dance, which was a minuet, he was my partner. He dances beautifully—so very gracefully.

“April 8, 1861. We have all been so frightened. Of course, we knew there was some talk about secession, but we did not really think it would amount to anything. Now trouble seems imminent between the North and South; many believe that war is threatened. Daddy and Brother Jonathan have gone to Charleston to find out what it really means.

“April 14, 1861. What terrible news the mail has brought

this morning. Fort Sumpter has been bombarded and Lincoln has called for volunteers. War seems to be declared.

“October 7, 1861. I have been so busy and in such a turmoil that I have not even had time to write in you, my diary. There have been several fierce battles. Daddy was wounded in one and is at home now. How cruel war is—O the anxiety and terror of these months! The other day I saw in the paper that Captain Robert Lorraine, of the Union Cavalry Division, No. 22, had bravely distinguished himself. Dorothy said she knew that he would turn out to be a surprise, but I was rather shocked. We had thought all the time that he was a Southerner—and it seems he was born South, but went North. But if he is a Yankee I must say he is extremely courteous in manner.

“December 9, 1861. We are all hoping that this terrible war will soon be over, but at present the prospects are very dark for the South. Daddy is still at home, but Brother Jonathan has been distinguishing himself. I have seen Mr.—or Captain, I should say—Lorraine several times lately. Once he came here under a flag of truce. He has such an air of the true nobility that I almost like him, I think.

“April 11, 1862. Of all wonderful things! Today Captain Lorraine came to see Daddy on matters of importance—but I did not know he was here. I was playing in the parlor when suddenly feeling that there was someone in the room, I looked up and he was standing there. I can never forget the look in his eyes. Neither of us spoke, and then he held out his hand. ‘Shall we, also, be enemies?’ he asked. ‘I have no right, I know, but if you would only give me some hope that after the war is over I might dare to love you; will you?’ I tried to be very dignified, but I am afraid I utterly failed. His voice had such a pleading note that I reached out my hand. He bent over and kissed it and I—fled in a most undignified way. I am, really, very ashamed of myself, but—it was that inexpressible something in his eyes.

“This has been a beautiful day—though it was rainy for awhile, later the sun peeped out and the birds began singing. It is such days that one feels that everything is ‘in tune.’

“June 21, 1862. What shall I do! I almost feel that I will go mad. Captain Lorraine’s company is in camp several miles from here. Today I learned, accidentally, that a body of our troops is to attack these in the dead of night and take them by surprise. They are certain that few will escape, for they are not strong in numbers and are worn out by a long day’s march. I have asked myself, ‘Ought I not to be glad that the dear Southland may gain something? Why should I care? I feel almost as if I were a traitor to my country, but I must confess I would give my life for one man on the Northern side. There—my poor little secret is out. I tried so hard not to like him—why couldn’t he have been a Southerner?

“12 o’clock p. m. I know I have done something very foolish, but I was so desperate. About twilight I took Chloe and Uncle Benjamin and crept up near the Federal camp. Fortunately, the guards were all asleep, and, by the greatest luck, Captain Lorraine was walking up and down in front of the camp. I induced Uncle Benjamin to go near enough to throw a small note at him. He started, wearily, and I almost think he saw me—but then we drew back into the shadows. The note read:

“‘About midnight, please be at the old mill on the South Creek, three miles from here. It is imperative.

“‘AMANTHIS LLOYD.’

“I thought that I might at least keep him out of the conflict.

“It is now midnight and I am awaiting so anxiously the outcome of it all—

“January 21, 1863. What a different thing life seems to me now. It is almost a dreary something that must be en-

duced. Even while I was writing our men returned victorious, having captured nearly the whole of the Federal force. The wounded were brought here, and I tried to help soothe the pain. The doctor sent me with a cooling drink for one poor fellow. 'He will not last till morning,' he said. As I bent over his cot he turned—O the hopeless despair of that moment. Forgetting everything I knelt by the cot. 'Robert, dear, why didn't you go?' He smiled happily and reached out for my hand. 'You do like me a little bit after all, don't you, dear? I had just started for the mill when I heard the noise and went back. I couldn't have been absent, anyway, you know. Don't cry, little girl, think how much better it is than it might have been. Suppose I had left you not knowing that'—(he looked at me with a tender, questioning smile)—'I love you'—I finished. Suddenly everything went around, became black, and I knew no more.

"They tell me that I have been very nigh unto death these months. I wonder why I have been spared. I who would have so loved to go. May God grant me the strength and heart to accomplish the purpose for which I am left behind. As for you, dear diary, I will write no more, for this, the story of my life, is finished."

The page was blotted with tears, and not all those of the writer, for I was crying as though I had known and loved this gentle Amanthis. In the gathering darkness I went over to the harp and, with reverent hand, brushed the strings. There came forth a low, sweet sound that seemed the wail of a broken heart; in the dim dusk she seemed to smile at me, and out in the soft June twilight the old elms whispered "Amanthis."

THE PRAYER.

BY E. S. M'INTOSH.

Sweeter than to wake at dawn and hear the breeze
Tremulously whisper in the aspen trees ;
More haunting far than is the half-remembered air
Of some hymn your mother crooned, ancient and rare ;
Far more simple than is the simplest whitest flower,
That ever in God's sunshine spent its little hour ;
More soul-lifting, and more pow'rful to inspire,
Than a mighty anthem from an Angel Choir !
Ah no, you cannot guess ! You knelt not there that day,
So close you felt her warmth, and heard my Sweetheart pray !

THE LAND OF THE LOST SOULS.

BY EDWIN L. JONES.

The formation of the country was wild, frightful in its desolation, deathly in its deadly aspect, weird beyond the uttermost limits of human imagination. Take from Milton's description of hell and chaos its fire, its brimstone, its sulphuric atmosphere, and you have a faint description of this region. Ragged crags and bottomless chasms rose and fell without reason. No vegetation could cling to that rocky foundation. Not even an insect represented the animal kingdom in that desolate land. The atmosphere was leaden in color and in weight, and oppressed the very soul. The silence was deathly, unbearable, except when the wind rose in fitful gusts and swept aimlessly around in spasmodic shrieks, that pierced even to the marrow. Surely this is the burying ground of the refuse of all nations. No one with hope or ambition, or the love of life, though life coursed only faintly through the veins, dared venture through that wilderness of chaos and despair. Well-beaten trails, worn by feet turned only one way, pierced it from the outside world in all directions. Whitened bones, spread in profusion everywhere glistened in the baleful light. Leering skulls kept each other company. Those who knew rightly called it "The Land of the Lost Souls."

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Two men, twin brothers, had served their thirty years' term in the prison. Two months before they had seen the prison doors open and close behind them, and they stepped into the dead of winter, free men—free only in the use of their lives. The jail had left its indelible mark. Day after day, night after night, they tramped the streets, growing more and more desperate and hopeless as door after door was shut in their faces. Work was denied, food withheld, and shelter was unobtainable. The light of starvation glittered

in their eyes. As they walked the streets, passersby stepped into the gutters to avoid them and shuddered after they had passed. Now they were sitting on the outside of the prison walls. Yesterday, they begged to be taken back to those cold arms, but the doors opened not. Since then, weighted down with despair, they had sat there without a movement. Their heads were sunk on their breasts, their wild eyes glared into nothingness. A month's growth of beard gave them the appearance of beasts.

At last one slowly raised his head and turned it with extreme effort. "Bill," he said, "Bill, there's no hope. We're old. The young uns won't have us. We can't even steal a livin'. No hope, Bill"—and his words came in fitful gasps—"No one will have us. Only—the—Land—of—the—Lost—Souls—wants—us. We know the way. Let's—go."

Bill nodded his head. Painfully they arose, and with the aid of sticks, they tottered forward. Slowly they approached the Land of the Lost Souls. Terrified watch dogs dropped their morsels and ran yelping away with their tails between their legs, at their approach. People took them for the forerunners of plague and famine, and spent days and nights in terror after they had passed. No one offered sustenance, no one gave sympathy. Broken, aged, famished, hopeless, they approached their goal. Gaunt Death stalked behind, only a few paces away, a satisfied leer on his wasted countenance. A kind word offered the travellers would have discomfited him. They finally stood on the border line. The Land of the Lost Souls loomed up dark before them. The land of plenty, the land of love and hate, the land of greed and fraud, the land of neglect shone bright behind them.

"Curse them, Bill! Curse them! before we go farther. Curse! curse! curse," and his voice rose to a pitiful shriek.

"Damn you. May—" His momentary energy vanished and he sank down exhausted—he couldn't even entertain hate in his enfeebled condition. Hours they remained there.

Hours. Hours—who knows how long? They had no wish to go farther, neither could they turn back. Frightful images distorted their imagination. Bill's companion first felt the disturbing presence of a hostile element. Looking around he espied Death slowly approaching, rubbing his bony hands together in the delight of anticipated pleasure. One look sufficed. Shrieking to Bill, he plunged into the dark bowels of the Land of the Lost Souls. Bill saw Death at almost the same time, and arising with the energy of fear, he followed his brother. The Land of the Living would know them no more. But Death kept steadily on. He knew they could go but little farther.

High above, on a ragged crag, in a one-roomed, decayed hut, a woman was tossing about on the rocky floor. No Inquisition ever rivalled that scene. Famine, thirst, despair, past sins, and hopelessness, combined their powers to torment that victim. All the suffering of earth and hell was embodied in her torture. Sin had claimed her in the Land of the Living, and when old, the Land of the Living gave her no living for her shame, and she had made her wearisome way to the Land of the Lost Souls. Death stood at the door; for a few moments he stopped to enjoy the devilish torture, then at a word, his agents vanished away. Death knew she could stand no more. The wind arose, and shrieked in unearthly sounds through the decayed hut. Now and then a shriek would arise above the noises of the wind and would stop the blood in its course, so awful was the suffering embodied in it. She knew, Death knew, that that shriek was the flight of some lost soul from the Land of the Lost Souls to everlasting torture.

In the valley below the two men stumbled forward in their old walk. Not seeing the bones they stepped on, the skulls they scrambled over, only realizing the terrible desolation before them, and Death pursuing them, they pressed on. Blindly they almost stepped over the edge of a precipice to an unfathomable depth below, and they stopped on the brink.

"Let's stop. Why go farther? We have left God and the world on the line. Death and Satan must get us sooner or later," Bill jerked out.

Now, for the first time, they caught the sounds of those distant shrieks. Intuitively, they knew their meaning. They were standing on the brink of that precipice, and only one movement would join their souls to that eternal wail that rises in pandemonium-like volume over the Land of the Lost Souls. Up above, in that decayed hut, the woman gave one convulsive spring and her soul fled from its muddy vesture of decay with a shriek that split the mountain crag and hurled the nearby rocks bounding down the mountain side.

Above the wild medley of sounds, the brothers heard that piercing shriek. It stopped their hearts' beat and paralyzed their muscles for a few moments. When the shriek died away, their hearts in one convulsive jump seemed to burst from them. Bill made one step forward to catch his, as he thought, deserting heart, and plunged down into the abyss. His brother made an effort to save him, and fell down after him. Scarcely had they left the brink, ere their tired souls, tired ere they began eternity's journey, fled above in one united shriek that hurled the rent crag from its foundations crashing down into the abyss. Under that mountainous grave the twin brothers lie, but their lost souls are soaring above and are forever rising in triumphant hate above the common shriek of their mates.

The Land of the Lost Souls has not changed; it is still there. Whoever must go there, knows the way. Bill and his brother left scarcely a trace as they passed over the trail, but that trail and the thousand others are shiny and smooth with use. Bill and his brother have made the journey, but pressing on behind them, the trails, worn by feet turned only one way, are crowded with the discouraged, the weary, the hopeless, and the outcasts.

THE CAPTIVE TIGER.

BY C. M. HUTCHINGS.

Night's shades have dimmed the purple shades of the Jungle.
Silently from his lair

The grey wolf stalks, a shadow among the shadows.
His is dominion there;

He will not see, like fires in the depths of the Jungle,
Your cold eyes evil glare.

Deep, green, and gold is the pool in the heart of the Jungle.
The young faun comes to drink.

Nor fears that your lithe, long form—acrouch in the marshes
And sedges, down by the brink—

May spring like a striped death, O fear of the Jungle,
Ere she can leap or shrink!

Peace creeps, with night, on the far-off vales of the Jungle.
There you are Lord no more,

You beat on the merciless bars with madness of longing
Like sea-waves break on the shore.

In sleep alone is rest; and the dream-given Jungle
Wakes to your sonant roar.

A PILGRIMAGE.

BY G. S.

In the brief span of my years it has been granted me to make several memorable pilgrimages of greater or less distance. Among those which I hold as the most profitable and entertaining, was one to the shrine of a woman who contributes voluminously to current magazines upon timely topics in the home and the theory of scientific child rearing.

For an item worthy of notice, she has children of her own, and I had reason therefore to reckon her doctrines practical. A limited perusal of her writings had left me with glimpses of the joyous good health and happiness which naturally accrue to votaries of her methods, and I must admit that when I approached the inner sanctum of the shrine whence came these prescriptions and pledges of exultant bouyancy, I was somewhat out of countenance to find a rather sickly looking priestess reposing in a cushioned chair and seeking surcease from the pangs of a racking headache in generous drenchings of the most fashionable headache powders.

With what awe a nature as prosaic as mine could muster, I took note of the workshop with its table piled in a confused jumble of papers and the disordered rows of books around the walls. Noticing my effort to grasp the dignity of my situation, she was moved to compassion, and between the grimaces from her wretchedness, she welcomed me to the home, and assured me what pleasure it would afford her to have me look it over with her at another time when she was more at her ease.

The unkempt maid who had piloted me into the holy of holies had been suddenly called to the second floor by a most tormenting noise. The lady in the pillows looked relieved to see her part of the house intact after the shock, and seeing her troubled at my presence, I bowed myself out with what grace I could summon, assuring her I could make my exit without a guide.

But my confidence in the retention of my bearings was unwarranted. I emerged into a hall which seemed certainly the one by which I had entered. I tried several doors but each time was rewarded with the sight of a confused interior. No sooner was the third door closed than an outcry arose in a room at the other end of the vestibule; and so shrill and persistent was it, that I judged some one sorely in distress, and hastened to put my best service to the relief of some one of the noted household. On opening the door I stood spectator to one of the most melancholy spectacles it has been given me to witness.

I was in the nursery and had intruded upon as fierce a fight as a group of brats could make. The center of the mêlée was a tug of war between a frenzied damsel and a surly young chit, with a wax doll for the rope. The boy had the hair and she had the feet, and though he was somewhat her inferior in point of weight, I verily believe he would have been victorious if his fists had been less encumbered with jam: but through the thick of the fight I saw his hold was oozing from his fingers. The situation was further enlivened by a mingling of three others in the disagreement; and as if to keep up the high pitch of enthusiasm, a fourth in dresses sat in a corner, bawling, and mauling the floor with a hatchet, in the throes of a deadly fear lest he should be judged a minor part of the performance.

Too much startled and horrified to move from my tracks, I was relieved to see the maid come racing down the stairs and to the rescue. She acted with the promptness of one accustomed to such emergencies; for her treatment was startlingly heroic. The first sweep of her broom knocked over two and she impartially judged the dispute with a shower of slaps and shakes. The baby was solaced with a huge biscuit from the store which she carried in her apron pocket.

I prayed her the next act of her mercy might be the pointing out the way of quickest exit. And when I breathed the

open air of fresh spring-time again, I was put into a meditative mood,—to contemplating upon such scenes of domestic tranquility.

In my musings the thought which came to me first was that I had not seen the father of the household; but on further consideration I resolved not to open to my mind such an aspect of torment and misery as the sight of him would afford.

THOMAS BAILEY ALDRICH.

BY J. L. HUTCHISON.

Ferris Greenslet's life of Thomas Bailey Aldrich should be of very much interest to the reading public; for Aldrich has made himself dear to every one through his "Story of a Bad Boy" and his poem, "Baby Bell." And his place in American literature will be hard to fill. Greenslet, not only shows him to us in his guise of a man of letters, but lays aside the veil and shows his inner, personal life. Perhaps I could do nothing better than to give first the chief events of Aldrich's life, as Greenslet presents them to us.

Aldrich was born November 11, 1836, at Portsmouth, New Hampshire, the old seaport town which he made famous through his "Story of a Bad Boy." The early part of his boyhood days was spent in New Orleans, the old Creole city, where "he drew imaginative clues to a richer and more romantic life than was to be commonly observed among the dwellers upon the North Shore." After dwelling for three years in New Orleans he returned to Portsmouth to prepare for Harvard. It is of "those golden boyish years" that we read of in his "Story of a Bad Boy." Greenslet says this book is "simply a composed picture of vivid boyhood memories." It was here in the old Nutler house that he cultivated his love for reading. But his father died before he was ready for college; and, having left very little money, "Tom Bailey" was not able to enter Harvard to study literature with Professor Longfellow, but went to New York to work for his uncle, Charles Frost.

It was perhaps best for Aldrich that he did "spend his early years as a young commencer in literature" at New York. For Boston being a big literary center would perhaps have been detrimental to his individuality as a writer. But in New York, literature was not yet on its feet; and Aldrich had for friends many other struggling writers. Among his literary acquaintances in New York

were Bayard Taylor, the Stoddards, Stedman, Winter, Willis, and many minor writers. He also developed a lasting friendship with Edwin Booth, the actor, and Lawrence Thompson, the sculptor. Much of Aldrich's time was spent in writing, while a clerk. But nothing very important was produced except "The Ballad of Baby Bell." Once, however, Aldrich received fifteen dollars for a poem, which had been accepted by "Harpers." Mr. Frost, hearing of it, said: "Why don't you send the d—d fool one every day?" After writing "Baby Bell," Aldrich resigned his position as clerk and took up literature as a profession. Although still very young he was given the position of assistant editor, first on "Evening Mirror" and later on "The Home Journal," of which N. P. Willis was editor. Leaving these, Aldrich took the editorship of the "Saturday Press," a paper started by the "Bohemians." "Bohemians" was the name the New York group of writers gave themselves, their special hobby being to roast the New England group. In respect to this, Aldrich said of them: "I found there a bitterness against Boston as great as the bitterness against respectability."

Wanting to get in a better literary community, Aldrich soon left New York, and went to Boston. Here for a while he was a freelance, writing first for this paper, then that. Later he was chosen editor of the "Illustrated News," and then of "Every Saturday." On the strength of this last editorship, Aldrich married a Miss Woodman. Although very busy with his editorial routine, Aldrich spent much time preparing to launch his first novel, "The Story of a Bad Boy," which was completed soon after the birth of his two children. This book was received with great enthusiasm both here and abroad. It was the beginning of his career as a novelist, for up to this time he had only attempted poetry. It was while editor of "Every Saturday" that he wrote "Marjorie Daw" and "A Rivenmouth Romance." After writing these books, Aldrich found himself with the reputation "of an international humorist."

Greenslet writes briefly from here on of Aldrich's beautiful home life; his life at Ponkapog; his travels in Europe; his editorship of the "Atlantic Monthly;" the sad death of one of Aldrich's sons; of his own sudden death in 1907. Of his death Greenslet writes: "With his last look and smile he said, 'In spite of all I am going to sleep; put out the lights;' and for those who loved him darkness came."

When I said that Greenslet wrote briefly of Aldrich's life from the birth of his twins to his death, I did not mean that he passed over that period of his life in a brief manner. But Greenslet lets Aldrich tell his own life for the greater part by means of his letters subtly brought in. I do not think that he (Greenslet) could have chosen a better way to show Aldrich as he was—a witty, lovable, God-fearing man, with a great love for his home life. And what better can a biographer do than to make us feel as if we knew and lived with his subject? If he can do this by well chosen letters, so much the better.

The five principal things, I think, that Greenslet had in mind in choosing the letters he did, were to show Aldrich as he really was; his home life; his friendship with the leading literary men; his delicate and ever ready wit; and his criticisms of the literary men of his time.

Greenslet, speaking of Aldrich's ancestors, gives an extract from one of his letters, which, I think, shows the true spirit of Aldrich: "An old aunt of mine used to say that Henry Aldrich, who wrote a humorous sketch giving five reasons why a man should drink, was our ancestor. He was a scholarly and musical party, and I am ready to adopt him." Farther on Greenslet gives a good picture of Aldrich as a young man: "Aldrich is not for us a row of books on a shelf. Let him be in our minds for the rest of this chapter as an alert, slender young man with clear, steady, gray-blue eyes and crisp golden hair."

One of the prettiest letters that Greenslet has printed from

the writings of Aldrich, is a note to Bayard Taylor. Speaking of Booth, he says, "I like to mix his gloom with my sunshine." Here Aldrich without being in the least egotistical, has given a very happy characterization of himself—a warm, sympathetic heart and a man loyal to his friends. Though very much before the public eye Aldrich hated speeches—that is, he hated to speak. He wrote one time to Mabie, saying that he "retired from our Jolly Tavern Club because a fellow couldn't eat his dinner there without the creepy dread of being 'called on.'" While speaking of Aldrich's characteristics it would be well to mention the deep and lasting influence that Longfellow had on him. Greenslet brings this point out several times; but I shall only give what I think is the most important illustration. When quite a young man, Aldrich first read "The Footsteps of Angels." Later in life he wrote of this instance, "The poem spoke to me like a living human voice; and from that time I loved Longfellow, and I wrote poetry—such as it is."

Of course a large part of his biography is about the home life of Aldrich. But I think that Aldrich and his wife were one of the happiest couples in literary history; and Greenslet lays special stress on it for that reason. The loving care and attention that Aldrich gave to his various homes is also to be noted. Greenslet seems to want to impress the fact upon us that Aldrich loved the word home. And an extract from one of his letters to Bayard Taylor, I think, shows Aldrich's ideal of a home; "to live in an old rambling cocked-hat mansion with one's betrothed:—to have enough money and plenty of refined people, a choice library of ten thousand books, sunsets, moon-rises, horses, brats and newly-laid eggs—what could be pleasanter?" And—if you will allow me to quote another passage in such quick succession—here is a line he wrote to a friend: "Forty years with only one great sorrow. How many married pairs in this sad world can say as much?" This charming home life of Aldrich was marred by one thing

only—the death of his son a few years before the death of Aldrich himself. The part, which was no small one, that the two children of Aldrich played in his life is another point that Greenslet emphasizes. And it is such things as this, to my belief, that tend to make an interesting biography.

An instance of one of these small points that arouse the interest of the reader, is the beginning of the friendship between Aldrich and Longfellow. Longfellow read "The Course of True Love Never Did Run Smooth," and was so deeply impressed with it that he wrote to Aldrich that he wanted very much to meet him. The letters to his friends such as Longfellow, Holmes, Taylor, and Howells, contain some of the most beautiful passages in the book, for they are personal letters to personal friends, and Aldrich lays open his heart to them. Greenslet tells us that Aldrich never cultivated the art of letter writing as Lowell did. And that, I think, is the keynote of their beauty, for he did not as Lowell did, have that self-conscious air in them. But to return to Aldrich's friends—judging them from the letters Greenslet opens, Aldrich's life contains some warm friendships with great men. Most of the friendships started up in a business way, as with the New York writers, Howells, Clemens and Mable. While often men were drawn to him through his writings, as were Holmes and Hawthorne. It seemed that once a friend of Aldrich, always his friend. There are hardly any better examples of why this was, than are the letters of Aldrich to and about Edwin Booth. Through all the troubles of Booth's career, Aldrich stuck to him.

Speaking of Aldrich's wit, Greenslet says that we have had "witty men given to a more rollicking humor, but scarcely another so choicely gifted in oral phrase, so airy and nimble in fancy, so happily and continuously witty through all his waking hours." I would not even attempt to cite the many instances that Greenslet has shown of Aldrich's wit. I think I can best give an idea of some of his bright sayings

by the following sentence he wrote to Emerson: "Emerson's mind would have been enriched if he could have had more terrapin and less fishball." The letters exchanged between him and Mark Twain give another illustration of his bright wit. One of the happiest little play of words, which Aldrich was fond of repeating, was that "though I am not genuine Boston, I am Boston-plated."

Greenslet closes this interesting biography with a criticism of the writings of Aldrich. His criticism of Aldrich's prose is more a chapter of praise than of anything else. He characterizes his style as being "slender with spare, athletic slenderness" and very polished and finished. For Aldrich was very careful and revised again and again. Greenslet seems to think even better of his poetry. He says that Aldrich has discarded all but the very best of his poetry, and has left us only a few masterpieces. Aldrich was influenced a great deal while a young man by the older writers; but his faculty of self-criticism kept him from falling into a rut. Beauty and pure melody are the chief characteristics of his poetry. Greenslet, I think, sums up his poetry in a line: "For those who love poetry as a fine art, who read it for pure delight, his place in our literature is unique and secure."

THE RHYMESTER'S ART.

BY LOUIS I. JAFFE.

Reader, would you be a facile
 Wielder of the rhymester's pen,
 Strike the dormant chord of rythm
 Latent in the hearts of men?

Sound in merry jingling meter
 All your subtle turns of mind;
 Be a fluent, ready, rampant
 Rhymester of the modern kind?

Mount your make-believe Parnassus
 Tow'ring in the Delphic blue;
 Give the pent-up Muse within you
 Open Sesame to mew?

Hitch your own bewing'd Pegasus
 To your individual cart,
 Ride rough-shod along the highways
 And the skyways of the art?

Ramble in the multifarious
 Idioms of your teeming head,
 Make the classic-loving pedant
 Fondly wish that you were dead?

Revel in the psychic glory
 Of a steady moonward course;
 Croon your lyrics in a meter
 Pilfer'd from a nobler source?

Make a morbid public fancy
 Force the magazines to pay
 For banalities of rhymesters
 Musing in the Milky Way?

See your proud ancestral *nomen*
Hard beneath the title line,
High above a dozen stanzas
Of inanities—like mine?

Reader, if your fancy clamors
For its meed of poet's bliss,
Grant it, for the task is simple—
Merely grind out stuff like this!

AN UNPUBLISHED LETTER OF J. FENIMORE COOPER.

BY WILLIAM K. BOYD.

The following letter from J. Fenimore Cooper to Bedford Brown is presented to the Historical Society by Mr. F. W. Brown of Yanceyville, N. C. It well illustrates a characteristic of Cooper. He desired to be an interpreter of the old world and the new, to give Englishmen and Americans a better understanding of one another. His method was to hold up the strong points of America to the European, and the strength of European culture, its contrast to western civilization, to his fellow countrymen. Often he fell between two stools. His difficulties and his criticisms are here well illustrated.—[Wm. K. Boyd.]

Otsego-Hall,

Cooperstown, March, 24, 1838.

Sir,

Your favor of the 21st reached me this morning. In thanking you for this attention, and the flattering allusion to my book on England, I cannot refrain from expressing the pleasure I feel at finding that the subject is attracting notice in such a quarter. The influence of English opinions, in my view, is certainly on the increase in this country, and I think there is no question that the English know it, and that they are disposed to turn their power to account, in the way of promoting their own interests. In my own case, I do know that so long as I was praised by England, I stood well at home, and that, from the moment when, by observation and comparison, I was enabled to detect the national malignity of that country to our own, and to point out some of its sophisms and frauds, I began to lose ground with my own countrymen. This dates from 1828, when I published some observations on the hostility of Great Britain to this nation.

After having passed years in foreign countries, I affirm

that I know no state of society in which liberal sentiments are so little relished as in our own, among the upper classes. It may not be safe to speak truly in Europe, but take a Russian even, out of his own country, and he will have (as a rule) more sympathy with political freedom, than an American of the higher classes. I might distrust this, were the opinion confined to myself, but I know that others of the same opportunities, think as I do. How long this is to continue, or where it is to end God, alone, can tell, but the illiberality of American travellers, and of many, perhaps most of the agents employed abroad, is a subject of general complaint among liberal Europeans. It is one of the causes of the low condition of the national character abroad, for, while one set deprecates our testimony as injurious to human rights, another despises us for the meanness.

The present political struggle, in this country, appears to be a contest between men and dollars, and it is a bad omen for the first that they are so easily duped by the arch enemy, to their own injury. I think, however, that New York will soon return to a better state of things. Our autumn election will be close, but I believe the quack whigs will be beaten. I have just caused to be printed here, a little book called "The American Democrat," which was intended as a sort of higher school book. I hope you will permit me to send you a copy, as soon as it is ready, which will be in a week or two, as an additional acknowledgment of the favor you have conferred on,

Sir,
Your Resp. Hum. Serv.
J. Fenimore Cooper.

Hon. B. Brown,
Senate U-States,
Washington.

**LETTERS OF NATHANIEL MACON TO JUDGE
CHARLES TAIT.**

BY WILLIAM K. BOYD.

The following letters of Nathaniel Macon are supplied through the courtesy of Mr. J. E. D. Shipp, of Americus, Ga. While at work on a biography of William H. Crawford, he found a large amount of Crawford correspondence in the possession of Mrs. Mary Tait Beck of Alabama, a granddaughter of Judge Charles Tait. He has given the Historical Society copies of three Macon letters which are here printed for the first time.

Buck Spring 20 Oct 1819.

Sir

The letter you wrote on the 12 ultimo was received last Wednesday, from which, I have had some opportunity, of making the enquiry you desired, and have been informed, that the state bank of No Carolina does not pay specie for its notes, my informant added, that he did not believe, one in the state did; that the notes of them all, were taken in the payment of debts, and that property of any kind might be bought with them, and that all were considered solvent; as to myself I know nothing of their affairs or their situation.

I imagine that negroes might be purchased with the notes, of any bank of the state, though very few are ever sold in this part of the country, but at this time, money and bank notes are both in greater demand comma, than I ever knew them, it is therefore probable, that a few might be bought even in this county. unless the produce of it brings a higher price than is expected. The crop of corn is short, other crops tolerable

I rejoice that you are settled to your mind and sincerely hope that you may derive more advantage from the new country, than you expected, and that we may spend the next winter together

Remember me in your best terms to the captain and His Lady and children and believe me to be with great regard

Your friend

Nath Macon.

Washington Jan 9 1825

Sir

By Capt Cobb I received your esteemed present, though I never use a cane, it shall be mine, as long as I live, unless deprived of it, in a way not expected, I shall endeavor to get it home, and then take good care of it.

Who will be elected president by the H. of R—as uncertain as it ever has been, since it was known the House would have to make the election; I incline to the opinion that the General, has the best chance success. The friends of Crawford will support him as long as it shall be deemed necessary; it is not known, who the friends of Clay will vote for.

This seems as if it would be a fine session for the rejected claims, and it is probable, that the treasury will be again opened for injuries or supposed injuries done, in the late war to private property. In yesterday National Intelligencer you will see a letter from the president of the U. S. requesting a committee to settle his account, no remark will be made on it, but read it.

Crawford is fat as I ever saw him, his speech, sight and hand writing is injured by his late sickness; his family well, he attends and has done as I am informed for some time past to all the duties of his office; he might I verily believe have been elected eight years past president, but whether he will ever be now is very uncertain.

Cobb's pleasing & interesting account of the happiness of yourself and Mrs Tait, was I not too old, would probably have prevailed on me to try to change my situation; happiness attend you both; he spoke of you in the most respectfull & friendly terms, & declared he never saw a more happy couple.

I have heard that Calhoun is in favor of the election of Gen. Jackson.

Remember me in the most friendly manner to Mrs. Tait, to your son, his wife & children, & believe me

Yr friend

Nath Macon.

Washington 23 Feby 1825

Sir

I have this minute received your letter of the 3 instant. Before this you have seen in the public prints, the result of the presidential election in the H. of R. Having seen that, you are as well acquainted with the whole affair as I am. It is reported that the president elect is much perplexed in forming his cabinet as it is called; not for want of numbers to fill each place but in the selection of good republicans for them, and that the next will be a republican administration. If it should there will be a great revival of the republican principles which elected Jefferson, they seem to have been dead for years past and I fear are so forever.

I am much engaged at this time, and now start to a Committee; I have written to acknowledge yours

Tender my best respects to Mrs. Tait, your son & his family & believe me

Yr friend

Nath Macon

SOME SOCIAL TRAITS OF THE RICH SQUARE QUAKERS, WITH NEW GARDEN DOCUMENT.

BY W. A. BRYAN.

II.

In my former paper on this subject I tried to give some idea of the Quakers in their relation to marriage and morals. In this it shall be my purpose to treat of the Quakers in his relation to slavery and education.

As a rule, the Quakers never held many slaves during the entire period of its existence as an institution in the United States, and they were among the first who freed their slaves when the movement for emancipation began. It early became a misdemeanor among them to hold slaves, for which members were often expelled from their society. From the records of Rich Square meeting we find that this method of treatment had its desired effect, for before the close of the 18th century all slaves among them had been manumitted. In 1793 we notice an instance of some negroes being reënslaved after once having been set free. The man who reënslaved them, and his wife with him, were dealt with according to the law. This is the only instance mentioned during this year, so it would appear these were the only slaves held by the Quakers of that community. In 1800 we find no complaints, and in 1801 we find this entry: "None buy nor sell, all clear of holding them as such except one friend which is under care," while in 1802 we find that "none buy nor sell, nor hold them as such."

In addition to setting the negroes free it appears that the Quakers provided for them both materially and intellectually. In the minutes of 1803 we find this record: "None buy nor sell, nor hold them in slavery and we believe a good degree of care is taken with regard to the instruction of those under care in a virtuous life, though we think more care is wanting therein." We notice nothing further concerning this ques-

tion until 1825 when we have the following record: "None buy nor sell, one instance of holding which is under notice, no immoderate treatment appears, a good degree of care taken in encouraging them in virtue." In the early part of 1826 it appears that the "one instance of holding," related above, was attended to and disposed of, for we find that "There was a complaint handed up to this (monthly meeting) from Rich Square preparative meeting, against Patience Jacobs for holding her fellow-man in bondage so as to deprive him of the benefits of their labours," and this meeting appoints "a committee to deal with her relative thereto." She persisted in holding her slaves and was disowned.

The negroes who were set free were not kept in the South for long, but were sent to Philadelphia or some other Northern city where they might be cared for. There were even agents who collected these negroes and went with them to the North. In 1832 we find this record: "James Peelle, one of Catherine White's agents (as expressed in the 8 Mo., 1828) informed this meeting that he had a prospect of going to Philadelphia and probably to some of the adjacent counties with the remaining part of her black people." By 1844 we note that "There is but one (slave) under friends' care and he is provided for."

The Quaker did not stop with freeing his own slaves, but early began agitating emancipation among all people. They held public meetings in which they condemned slavery openly and societies were formed for the furtherance of the cause. They went so far that they won the displeasure of their neighbors and these neighbors made it so unpleasant for them in many instances that they removed to the West where their descendants now live. Sometimes whole communities would break up and leave. At a point about twenty-five miles west from Rich Square there was a meeting known as Jack Swamp. So many of the members left here that the meeting had to be abolished and today no Quakers at all are

to be found there. The majority of these went to Indiana and Ohio. Many of the descendants of these people visit the old home yearly.

In the matter of education, there is not so much to be found in the records. We know, however, that it has always been a thing of chief concern among these people to see that their children were provided with the chance of an education. They prefer to teach their own children rather than those of others, and none but Quakers are allowed to teach in their schools. They always have homelike, convenient buildings and above all they strive to put a library in even the smallest schools.

The thing of chief importance which we get from the records of Rich Square meeting in regard to education is the account of the founding of New Garden Boarding School, which is now Guilford College. The idea of such a school took definite shape about 1830, for from the records of 1833 we get the following: "The Yearly Meeting agreed to locate the Boarding School in the neighborhood of New Garden. (It) Appoints a committee to fix upon and purchase a site and erect the necessary building and put the school in operation as early as possible and report their case to next Yearly Meeting. It also ordered the money subscribed for the fund of the boarding school to be paid one-third in four months, one-third in eight months, and one-third in twelve months."

In 1834 we find this entry: "The committee appointed last year to have the care of the boarding school report they have procured a suitable site in about a quarter of a mile of New Garden meeting house and are progressing in the necessary building. They expect to raise the house early next spring, they also inform that Friends of England have committed to the care of Samuel Parsons of New York a donation of two thousand dollars to aid us in the establishment. A subscription was gone into in this meeting to raise an additional fund to what has already been subscribed and several hundred dollars was subscribed."

The report of this committee was very carefully copied in the records of the Rich Square society. It gives in detail the plan for the Boarding School and the rules by which it was to be governed when it went into operation.

It is the most interesting document in the Rich Square records, and with it I close this study:

“THE BOARDING SCHOOL PLAN.

“We propose to the Yearly Meeting the purchase of a small farm with suitable buildings, that with some addition and repairs, might do for a boarding school house, to accommodate forty or fifty scholars, and that it should not be nearer than half a mile to some meeting house, nor farther than might be convenient for the children to attend meeting, at least on first days or those for discipline, not on a public road, with a sufficient Orchard of fruit trees for the use of the school, and more adapted to the rearing and support of Cattle, for the convenience and benefit of the institution, than to the cultivation of the soil for the producing of grain, as a source of profit, and well watered with a constant running stream, and a dry cleanly and healthy situation, and that it be somewhere within the limits of New Garden, Deep river, Western, or Southern, Quarterly Meeting.

“Let the Yearly Meeting appoint two men and two women friends in the limits of the aforesaid quarterly meetings to locate and have the care and oversight of the school, to employ a suitable person as Teacher and superintendent, and other assistant teachers as the number of scholars increases, or as circumstances may require, two of the committee of each sex to attend the school once a month to examine the progress of the scholars in the various branches of learning which they are pursuing, and to aid and encourage the superintendent, assistants, and pupils in preserving Christian principles and religious conduct and good order in the institution.

“The terms of boarding and tuition to be fifty dollars a

scholar a year, one-fourth to be paid in advance and the rest in quarterly payments, no girls to be admitted younger than ten years old, and no boys younger than twelve years old, and let each monthly meeting within the limits of the yearly meeting send one young man or young women who may be willing when sufficiently learned to become teachers in primary or monthly meeting schools—their board and tuition to be paid by their parents or guardian, if they are able, or by the monthly meeting if it should be free to do so—and if not, to be paid out of the funds of the school raised by subscriptions in the yearly meeting, or by donations that may be left to the institution for that purpose, and no scholar to be admitted in the neighborhood where the school is located upon any other terms than being a constant boarding scholar, as those that comè from a distance; none but the members of the Society of Friends and their children of numbers ordained, and none for a shorter time than three months.

“RULES AND REGULATIONS FOR THE GOVERNMENT OF THE
SCHOOL.

“The superintendent shall govern the family of this institution under the direction of the acting committee. He is, therefore, to have the general charge and oversight of the house, and keep account of all expenditures, and provide necessaries for the family. He shall direct the work in the garden and on the farm, and that of the mechanics employed in services agreed upon by the acting committee, and exercise a care that the whole be kept in good order—every request for leave of absence from the school is to be made to him and he is to act therein as may be most conducive to the benefit of the individuals, and the advantage of the institution. All those employed in the house either as domestics or caretakers are to regard the superintendent as representing the acting committee in its absence, and by a ready compliance with his directions and in promoting the interest of the institu-

tion on carrying into effect the conclusions of said committee.

“The teachers of both sexes shall instruct the pupils in such useful branches of learning as may be approved by the Committee, dine with them and one or more be present at their other meals, and lodge in their bed chambers with them, they shall have the government when in school; and by rotation exercise a care of them when out, and attend them in their recreations. They are to keep the boys and girls apart except at meetings for worship or other religious opportunities; but brothers and sisters at the discretion of the superintendent may be permitted to converse together at suitable seasons.

“To prevent any improper communications, the Teachers or superintendent are authorized to examine all letters sent from the children placed in the institution except those addressed to parents or guardians, each scholar after being three months at school maybe allowed to go home on a visit, and the parents or guardians should be careful that it return by the time limited by the superintendent, but no pupil is allowed to make a visit to his or her friends or relatives either in the neighborhood or at a greater distance oftener than once in three months except on extraordinary occasions.

“APPROPRIATIONS OF TIME FOR THE CHILDREN’S RISING IN THE MORNING, MEALS, HOURS OF STUDY, ETC.

“The scholars are to rise from the first of the 9 mo to the 1st of the 10th from half past 5 to 6 o’clock, breakfast at half past seven, and go into school at half past 8, which is to close at half past 11, and dine at 12 o’clock, the school to open in the evening at 2, to close at half past 4, and to have supper at half past 5. From 1st of the 10th to the 10th of the 3 month they are to rise from 6 to half past 6 o’clock; breakfast at half past 7, go into school at half past 8, close at half (past) 11, and dine at 12 o’clock; afternoon school to open at 2 and close at 4 and sup at 5.

“An evening school to open at 6 and close at half past 7.

“From the 10th of the 3rd Mo to the 10th of the 4th to rise go to school, meals &c as in the 9th Mo. From the 10th of the 4th Mo to the 1st of the 9th Mo, to rise at 5 o'clock, go into school at 6, which is to close at half past 7, then breakfast, go into school at 9, close at half past 11, and dine at 12, the afternoon school to open at half past 2 and close at 5 o'clock, sup at 6 and retire to bed from half past 8 to 9 o'clock throughout the year. In the recess of the school, the scholars may at times be employed at the direction of the superintendent and teachers, in such services for the family in gardening or laboring on the farm, as may be judged proper for them, having due regard to seasonable relaxation.

“On the afternoons of first days, the scholars shall assemble in the school house when such passages out of the holy scriptures, or other religious books as the superintendent and teachers may direct, shall be read to them, either by some of their own number or by one of the teachers. Throughout the whole of the 1st day of the week, they are earnestly recommended to keep as much as possible from making unnecessary noise and spend their time in reading the holy scriptures or other religious books. And let it be a general rule, every night throughout the year for a chapter or two to be read to the scholars in their collecting rooms before they retire to bed.

“GENERAL RULES TO BE OBSERVED BY THE SCHOLARS.

1. On waking in the morning you should endeavor to turn your minds inward and wait upon your Great Creator, the author of all your blessings, and think of his great loving kindness to the children of men, in sending his beloved son into the world that whosoever shall believe on him shall have everlasting life, thus beginning the day in his fear. You are to dress quietly, and proceed down stairs without unnecessary noise.

2. Wash your face and hands, comb your hair, and at-

tend to decency and cleanliness in your apparel and at the ringing of the bell repair to and stand in the place appointed for the calling of the roll. You are then to walk orderly into the school room taking your seats without noise and endeavour to sit still until by an intimation from one of the teachers you are to enter upon your respective studies.

3. You are to manifest a becoming deportment towards your teachers, and one another, in school you are to refrain from talking, whispering or making a noise with your feet, learning your lessons in silence, and when repeating them to your master or mistress, you are to speak audably, deliberately and distinctly.

4. When the bell rings for meals you are to collect as before and proceed quietly in pairs, under the tutors inspection to the dining room observing a silent pause before and after meals, eating your food decently and refraining from unnecessary conversation.

5. During the hour of recreation you should observe moderation and decency in all your conduct, carefully guarding against everything that would vex, or provoke each other to wrath, and avoid throwing sticks, stones, &c., calling nick names or mocking one another or the aged, or deformed, but you are to call one another by your proper names, you are not to cut any trees in the woods, or inclosure without permission of the superintendent, nor are the boys to indulge themselves in the dangerous practice of climbing trees, and you are not to stray beyond the bounds prescribed.

6. That you maintain a sober becoming behavior when going to, coming from, and in religious meetings, endeavoring to keep your bodies still and erect, not giving way to drowsy, restless disposition.

7. You are neither to borrow, lend, buy nor exchange without leave, when strangers speak to you give a moderate, suitable answer, with your faces turned towards them.

8. In the evening after supper you are again to collect

together, after the calling of your names you are to retire to your bed chambers in as much stillness as possible, avoiding conversation, folding up your clothes neatly, and putting them in their proper places, and you are tenderly and affectionately advised to conduct and close the day with remembering your gracious Creator, that being the best preparation for quiet repose."

REV. BRANTLEY YORK ON EARLY DAYS IN RANDOLPH COUNTY AND UNION INSTITUTE.

Edited by WILLIAM K. BOYD.

Among the manuscripts acquired by the Trinity College Historical Society in recent years, the autobiography of Rev. Dr. Brantley York is of especial interest. It contains much information illustrative of the social, religious and educational conditions in North Carolina during the first half of the nineteenth century. In his day Dr. York was widely known as a minister of the Methodist Church, the author of text-books on English grammar, and the founder of Union Institute, which under the administration of his successor, Braxton Craven, became Trinity College. That part of his autobiography which describes early conditions in Randolph County and the beginning of Union Institute are here presented with a few notes, in the hope that they will awaken interest in the complete publication of the autobiography, undertaken by the Historical Society.—[WM K. BOYD.]

[Dr. York was a native of Randolph County. He was born on Bush Creek, six miles from Franklinville, in 1805. His parents, Eli and Susannah York, were Baptists and their son was named for a clergyman of that denomination, Dr. Brantley, of Chatham County. The first twelve years of his life were spent on Bush Creek. Some of his experiences there are best told in his own language.]

“When about five or six years old, an incident occurred which came very near terminating my life. My mother sent an older brother and me to call my father to breakfast. When we reached the Still-house, he was just starting what is called a “doubling” and could not leave. In the meantime I got behind the warm tub and by the use of a spoon I found between the trough and the stave, I commenced catching the liquor, as it issued from the worm and drinking; for I loved the taste of it, nor have I any recollection of any time

previous to this when I did not; for I suppose I was like other babies, drenched with it by means of a teaspoon. As soon as discovered by my father both brother and I were sent home, the distance being some three or four hundred yards. Well did the wise man say, "Wine is a mocker," for it made me believe I was what I was not, and that I could do what I could not; for, notwithstanding I was very feeble, yet I believed I could pull up any tree in the forest by the root, and so foolish was I that I actually tried it. After much stumbling and falling I finally reached within some twenty-five or thirty yards of home, and there I fell, and from that time till the morning of the next day, I was as unconscious of everything around me as if I had been dead.

"At this time (1876) it may be thought strange that any member of the Church should follow the distillation of ardent spirits, as a livelihood; but the views entertained by even good people at the time of which I speak, were very different; for no one supposed it was wrong either to make or drink ardent spirits, moderately; drunkenness only was regarded as a sin even by ministers.

"Education during my boyhood was at an extremely low ebb, there being but very few schools and they of a very low grade. The first school I attended I was only about four years old, and went only one day. I went not so much to learn as to be with a favorite sister who had been my nurse. The schoolmaster, (as teachers were then called) was a very large, sour-looking man, and seemed to appreciate very highly the dignity of his position. And the instruments of punishment lay thick around him, in the form of switches, and small paddles called ferrules, and among the switches was one a very large and long one, kept for the purpose of thrashing the floor in order to frighten the urchins and keep them in awe of his authority. But one was allowed to go out at a time, and in order to prevent the violation of this rule, a little hooked stick suspended to a peg or nail driven

in the door facing, must be taken by each one going out and when the stick was absent no one dared go out. Not infrequently confusion arose among the scholars by a race for the crooked stick; then, to restore order, the long hickory was brought down with great force on the floor, accompanied with a stamp of the foot, and a loud husky burst of the voice. By this means order for a while was restored.

“Sometime during the day, my sister succeeded in getting the stick, and I started to follow her, then came the thrash, the stamp, and the squall which so much frightened me that I knew not what to do, whether to go out or to return to my seat—in fact I knew not what he wanted. That was the first and last day of my going to school to this pedagogue; nor was the effect for years erased from my mind; for every time I saw him (which was frequent) a similar emotion was felt, mixed however with hatred for his person.

“I was about six years old before I was sent to school again. The teacher was a very different character from the former; he was clever, kind and indulgent, and the scholars loved him as a father. When I went to say my lesson he would take me upon his knees, and speak very kindly to me, and when I succeeded in saying a good lesson he never failed to praise and encourage me. The school, however, was of short duration; but during the time I learned to spell in five syllables, and was exceedingly sorry when the school closed, for I loved my book and was strongly attached to my teacher.

“Considering the character of the schools of Bush Creek, the inference would naturally follow that the people were ignorant. There were few or no educated persons in that community, and not only were they ignorant, but exceedingly superstitious. Superstition has frequently been termed the twin sister of ignorance; but I am strongly inclined to think, that she is rather the daughter than the sister. There may be ignorant persons not superstitious; but the superstitious are almost invariably ignorant.

“The people of this neighborhood believed in Witchcraft, Ghosts-seeing, haunted houses and fortune-telling. They attributed wonderful, if not supernatural powers, to the creatures of their imaginations,—Witches. They believed that a witch could transform herself into any animal she chose, whether beast or bird. They also attributed to a witch the power to creep through a key-hole, and by the magic of a certain bridle, called a witch bridle, she could change any person on whom she could place it, into a horse; and then what is still more remarkable, both could come out through a key-hole, and being mounted, she could ride this remarkable horse wherever she chose, nor would such an animal assume its identity till the bridle was removed.

“From this superstitious belief in witches, arose a class of impostors, called witch doctors. They made the people believe by certain mysterious operations, that they could break the witchcraft and thus relieve these unfortunate ones from the influence of the much-dreaded witch; and, in order to be sure of their pay for these machinations, they pretended they could do nothing without first being paid a certain amount of silver.

“The people also believed that a witch or wizard was proof against leaden balls shot from a rifle, but could not stand before a silver bullet. They believed moreover that these witches could put spells on guns so that the object aimed at could never be hit while such spells remained unbroken; but for all these evils they had some remedy; for they believed that there were some persons among them, who possessed the peculiar art of breaking these spells.

“When the neighbors came together, the most prominent topic of conversation was relating some remarkable witch tales, ghost stories and conjurations of various kinds; and so interesting were these stories that the conversation often continued till a very late hour at night. Often have I sat and listened to these stories till it seemed to me that each

hair upon my head resembled the quill of a porcupine. I was afraid to go out of doors, afraid to go to bed alone, and almost afraid of my own shadow.

“There were persons who professed to be fortune-tellers, and, as people are generally anxious to know their future destiny they were willing to pay these imposters for unfolding to them the future. They could tell a young man the color of the hair, eyes, skin, and many other minutæ, of the girl who was to be his wife, and describe with much exactness the kind of man that each girl would have for a husband. When it was known when one of these fortune-tellers would operate, the house would generally be crowded throughout the day, so anxious were the people to know what neither themselves nor the fortune-teller could know. I recollect on one occasion an old, yellow man by the name of Bass, professing to be a Portuguese, called at my father’s. He claimed not only to be a great fortune-teller, but he could also unfold the mystery of finding stolen or lost property; besides, he professed the peculiar power of breaking all spells and witchcraft with which persons or animals might be afflicted. The news having spread through the community, the house was filled to its utmost capacity, and the whole day was spent in fortune-telling, breaking witchcraft, and removing spells. Late in the evening, when he had disposed of most of the cases, my parents brought me up, to have my fortune told. I did all I could to prevent it, but yet I was compelled to submit, and the old man took up his parable, with considerable pomp and gravity, and said, ‘This is no ordinary boy; he will be a ringleader, but a leader to all kinds of wickedness, such as card-playing, horse-racing and every species of gambling, and finally,’ said he, ‘he will end his ignominious career on the gallows.’ Poor consolation to my parents and friends to know my destiny. This was a source of vexation to me as long as I remained in my father’s family, for whenever I did anything mischievous or wrong, I would hear the

stereotyped expression, 'There, old Bass' predictions are coming true.'

"In the latter part of the year 1817, my father's family left the old homestead on Bush Creek, and removed some eighteen miles to the west, and settled on a plantation on what was called the Salem Road, some six miles east or rather northeast, of what is now Trinity College. This was an exceedingly scarce year, and those who had large families and small means, found it no easy task to support their families. So scarce were provisions, that the common maple was tapped from the juice of which, molasses of a very inferior quality was made; my father's family made several gallons of this kind of molasses. The following year, 1818, I was sent to school some two and one-half months, in the latter part of the summer and fall, to a teacher by the name of John Short, generally known as Master Short; for teachers, in those days, were generally called Masters. Master Short was a periodic drunkard, and though he generally bound himself in his articles to abstain from drink during his school, yet he seldom failed to violate his contract, by taking sprees of drinking, which generally lasted some ten days or two weeks. His scholarship was very limited extending no farther than reading, writing and common arithmetic. In fact the higher branches such as Grammar, Geography, Philosophy, etc., were seldom or never taught in common neighborhood schools; for I never saw an English Grammar in any school I attended. The truth is, I never saw an English Grammar, to know it was one, till I was nearly twenty-six years old. In this school I learned to write, but of course very imperfectly. I very well recollect frequently writing the date 1818, being annexed to our copies. This was the last school I attended (then in my fourteenth year) during my boyhood days; but I continued to improve by applying myself to my studies at home, or where I worked.

"Soon after we reached our new home my father and my

brother Hiram erected a distillery which was a very common establishment in those days. This distillery was kept up and closely ran, for the most part, night and day, for some two or three years, during which time my father unfortunately acquired the habit of drinking to excess. I wish to state here by way of parenthesis, that the last twenty-five years of his life he was a sober man and a devoted Christian, having signed a temperance pledge which he never violated.

“In this connection an incident occurred which, perhaps, is worth recording. It fell to my lot to frequently aid the distiller, especially at night; as two stills were run, it required considerable attention and work to keep them going; consequently we were frequently aroused from an unfinished sleep, stupidity and dullness being the natural consequence, and to drive these stupid feelings away, a dram was resorted to; hence this frequent dram-drinking created a thirst for more, and, in this way, I contracted a love of spirits.

“On one morning having business to attend to, which required early attention, I arose at day-break. Having taken the morning dram, which was as common as breakfast, I set out to attend to the business. The path led through an old field, over which a few scattering scrubby pines stood. As a clump of trees stood on the bank of the race near the path, I turned aside to say my prayers; for I was in the habit of praying morning and evening; but I could not pray; for the very attempt appeared to be sin. I arose from my knees in much confusion, and as I walked along the path, my mind was engaged in reviewing the past, trying to ascertain what could be the cause when an impression was made so deeply on my mind that I really thought some one spoke, and said that dram is the cause, and so fully was I under the belief that some one had spoken, that I walked around all the pines standing near; but found no one; but there and then, I resolved to abandon dram-drinking, which resolution I have adhered to through all my life, though I found it no easy

matter to keep my resolution, for I had acquired an insatiable thirst for strong drinks, and as almost everybody drank around me, men, women and children, and even ministers of the gospel drank, I found it no easy matter to resist the frequent importunities to drink.”

[In 1820 the York family moved five miles from Salem Road to the estate of William Leach, in the neighborhood of Old Trinity. The condition of the community is described below]:

“I have never known any community or neighborhood more completely demoralized than was this. Very few of the heads of the families made any pretensions to religion or morality and the light of those that did, appeared to be under a bushel; for I never heard a blessing asked at the table or a prayer offered in any family, either by night or morning. Preaching was seldom—prayermeetings never, nor was there any such things as Sunday school. Sabbaths were desecrated; for the young people would frequently assemble together on Sunday, play at cards or engage in some game of diversion. Books were circulated among them which were of the most vulgar and demoralizing character, and eagerly read, especially by the young men and large boys. Though a preacher lived in the neighborhood, and also an exhorter, however religious they may have been personally, they, like Eli of old, utterly failed to restrain their children. Few and feeble were the checks to the downward course of the youth of both sexes. The Athenians in the days of St. Paul were not perhaps more fully devoted to the worship of idols, than were the young people of this neighborhood to the worship of the God of pleasure; for they held weekly trod dance frolics on Wednesday and Saturday nights, and as all came who chose without regard to character or morality, it may be safely inferred, that these frolics were very disorderly and demoralizing. But a change came, and the cause of that change was not a little remarkable. Some minister preached on Sunday

previous to the Wednesday night dance, and Miss Ester Morgan who was an expert in dancing was convicted; but she concealed her state of mind even from her father who was a member of the church and also an Exhorter. The Wednesday night dance came on when several young men called at Mr. Morgan's to gallant the girls to the frolic. Miss Ester however manifested an unwillingness to go; but being importuned and pressed, she consented and went.

"The party having assembled, and ready to commence, the young men began to select their partners, but Miss Ester refused to dance with any. This doubtless was surprising to all; but when they commenced their exercise and the music began, she dropped upon her knees and began praying aloud. This was to the party as a clap of thunder in a clear sky, and perhaps if an earthquake had shaken a house, the alarm would not have been greater, for a greater part of them left the house and fled as for life. The fiddler fled for home and some two or three with him, and one that was with him made the following statement to me: 'We went over fences and through corn fields taking the nearest way for home, and as I heard the blades of corn cracking behind me, I felt certain that the Devil was right after me, and on reaching the door of the house we didn't wait for any one to open, but broke down the door, and jumped into bed and covered up head and ears without pulling shoes, hat, coat or a rag of clothes off, and were almost afraid to breathe, lest the Devil should hear us in our concealment.' Only a few had courage enough to stand their ground. These sent for the young lady's father and some other member of the church and so the dance frolic was turned into a prayermeeting, and just before day the young lady was converted.

"So dance frolics ended, and prayermeetings began. A revival of religion spread all over that community, and nearly all the young people of both sexes professed religion, and joined the church.

“Religion flourished and schools revived, for they generally go hand in hand. This neighborhood (the neighborhood of Trinity College) has for more than a half century been distinguished for religion, morality and learning.”

[In 1822 Mr. York’s parents again moved to a farm two and one-half miles distant. The following year a camp-meeting was held at Ebenezer Church, and among the converts was Brantley York, then eighteen years of age. He at once became active in three forms of religious activity, viz., class meetings, band meetings, and camp meetings. His descriptions of these are of lasting value in an age when they have steadily become less frequent]:

“Class meetings in those days were held as regularly as preaching, and indeed a meeting at least once or twice between the times of preaching, and the preacher in charge scarcely ever failed to hold a class meeting immediately after preaching.

“These class meetings were generally very useful and edifying; but some leaders held their class meetings in such a way that they were scarcely either edifying or profitable. The leader would generally select some member to assist him, and while the members kept up continual urging, would go around and talk to each member on his seat; consequently the members generally could hear scarcely nothing of what the leader or members said; but others leaders adopted a different method. The leader would stand and call the name of each member, and when the name was called the member would rise, and the leader would examine him as to his present enjoyments in religion, whether he was regular in the discharge of his secret prayer, and whether he enjoyed religion in the home circle. He would then give such advice as the nature of the case demanded. This method was highly edifying and profitable. The leader would also occasionally sing a stanza or two of a hymn adopted to the state of mind of certain members, the other members also joining with him in singing.

This tended to make the meeting intensely interesting, as well as instructive.

“In those days the Methodist discipline provided for the formation of Band meetings. These Bands were rather peculiar for not only males and females met separately, but also married and unmarried persons met separately. In consequence of this peculiarity it was impracticable for women in the country to meet in Band Societies; hence the rule could only be carried out so far as women were concerned, in towns and cities. In the neighborhood in which I resided, both the married and unmarried men belonged to the Young Men’s Band; viz., John Gray, William Gray, Ahi Robins, William Lenard and myself. We met weekly, at night, in an old schoolhouse, and, according to the rules of the band, each one, in turn acted as leader. Each meeting was opened by reading the scriptures, singing a hymn and prayer by the leader, after which the leader made a statement of his religious experience during the past week involving such as temptation, trial, religious enjoyment, etc. Each member was then called upon to make a similar statement of his experience,—never going back beyond the week. The meeting was then closed by singing another hymn, and prayer by some one of the members.

“I found the exercises of these meetings to be very advantageous to use, though at first it was very embarrassing to act as leader; for I was naturally timid and retiring in my manners. The Band continued to meet about twelve months, and would doubtless have continued longer, but for the dispersion of several of the members. But this was long enough to endear the members to each other.”

[The young convert soon became an exhorter and preacher of unusual power. His services were in demand. He gives a vivid account of his work in the autumn of 1824]:

“During the autumn of this year, brother Thompson Garnett came all the way from Alamance, then Orange, to re-

quest me to attend a camp meeting of his, to be held almost on the banks of the Haw, at Salem Church. Three different denominations had societies in this church, the M. E. Church, the M. P. Church, and the Presbyterian. To this meeting I consented to go as it would be almost directly in my way to attend my brother, Jno. W.'s wedding, to which I had been invited and consented to go. A young preacher by the name of Jackson, who was attending my school at Piney Grove, resolved also to go. I did not reach the camp ground until Sunday just as the P. E. was closing the 11 o'clock services. I here formed the acquaintance of the late Hezekiah G. Lee, who was the P. E., and as we were walking to one of the tents for dinner he remarked to me: 'I have a notion of breaking up this camp meeting tomorrow morning.' 'Why?' said I. 'Because,' said he, 'we are doing no good. The Protestant Methodist had just held a camp meeting here, and never had a single mourner, and we have been ever since Thursday night, and have not had even a grunt.' 'Thompson Garrett,' continued he, 'is a fool for having appointed a meeting here, for one-half of the people is full of pride, and the other full of prejudice, and the only chance that I can see of doing any good, would be to preach to the negroes, and that is not practicable.' I simply replied I have come with the intention of remaining till Wednesday morning if the meeting continues, and the result may possibly be better than you expect. 'I would rather see it,' said he, 'than hear tell of it, but I want you to preach for me this afternoon.' And here the conversation ended. At the appointed hour, I preached, and some five or six penitents presented themselves at the altar. At eleven o'clock on Monday, the P. E. preached, nor was it any ordinary effort; it was listened to with profound attention, but very little visible effect was produced. At two o'clock, I preached according to appointment, but no extraordinary effect was produced. There were generally at each hour some penitents at the altar, but very few converts up to

Tuesday. At 11 o'clock Tuesday, the P. E. occupied the hour. His sermon was excellent, well planned and well executed, but still there was but very little apparent effect. At 2 o'clock P. M., I preached again from 21st verse of 12th chapter of the Gospel by St. John. 'Sir, we would see Jesus.' The spirit of preaching came from me and when about two-thirds through the sermon there was a display of divine power, that I have never witnessed before nor since. I felt like my feet would leave the floor of the stand, so that I involuntary grasped the book board. In looking over the congregation I saw many falling from their seats. Some were shouting aloud, while others were crying as loud for mercy. I called for mourners, and it appeared to me as if the whole congregation was trying to get into the altar, and such was their eagerness to get there, that they paid but little attention to the manner in which they came, for they fell over the benches or whatever came in their way, and on leaving the stand, the P. E. who had taken his seat in the altar, said to me, 'I have been in the regular work twenty-five years, but have never witnessed such a work nor such a scene.' So wonderful was the effect that some of the brethren searched to see how many there were that were not penitents. The result of the investigation was, only three could be found, and, only one of them was in the congregation in time of preaching. A Mrs. Thompson who had been seeking religion nineteen years and was in despair, remained in her tent. The description of another one was an old decrepit lady that remained in some one of the tents. The description of the other if I heard it I have forgotten. The work went on, no stopping for supper. The shout of 'Glory' often mingling with cries for mercy. The fame of the meeting spread rapidly among the dense population of the community, and as night drew on, the aurora borealis presented the most remarkable phenomenon, that had been witnessed for many years. The whole northern hemisphere appeared almost as

red as, if on fire, and some of the red rays shot up even to the very zenith. This merakable phenomenon, and the extraordinary work which was progressing filled many of the people with wonder and astonishment, and some seemed to think that the day of judgment was at hand.

“I never knew a people to manifest such anxiety for preaching. They came to the preachers in crowds urging most importunately the P. E. to have preaching, but he told them this was impossible as no man could preach in such a storm; but this did not satisfy them; for they continued to come urging their pleas for preaching. A little before midnight the P. E. asked me if I could be procured. I simply replied, I can try, if you desire it. He then ordered the trumpet to be sounded, and proclamation to be made that there would be preaching; if the people could be quiet enough to hear. This was done, and the people became quiet enough to justify the attempt to preach, and just at the hour of midnight I commenced preaching, nor do I think I ever witnessed such an anxiety to hear. The crowd was immense, there were many more than the seats could contain, though, many stood, there were none idly walking about. The effect was overwhelming and many were the slain of the Lord. Soon after the sermon was over, I was compelled to retire for some rest but I believe the work went on without intermission during the whole night. Soon the morning dawned—it was Wednesday and our horses were brought according to order. According to previous arrangement, brother Jackson and I were to meet my brother at twelve o’clock in Hillsboro, which was about seventeen miles distant from the camp ground. After breakfast, we packed up, bade the preachers farewell, and left the preachers’ tent, but my horse was missing. I asked some gentlemen standing by, if they knew what had become of my horse. One replied, I do, for I saw a man take him away, and he directed me to tell you, that you will not get him today; but give yourself no uneasiness

about him, he will be well taken care of, and will be here tomorrow morning, shod all round. I then requested brother Jackson to go on and meet my brother and tell him what had occurred and go on with him, and I would next day go a near way and still reach the place in time for the marriage. The work progressed without intermission and many were the converts, but I know not the exact number, but it was supposed there were more than 200. I gave orders for my horse to be brought next morning by light. I ate breakfast by candle light, and my horse having been brought according to order, I again bade the preachers farewell, but to my surprise, when I went out to start my horse again was gone, and I was informed that I would see him no more that day. Consequently I was compelled to give up going to the wedding, and I continued at the meeting through another day and night. I gave directions to have my horse brought, and not to take him away again, as I had to reach an appointment for preaching, not for a wedding. My horse was brought according to direction, and I left the campground on Friday morning; but the meeting still went on."

[Mr. York's strength was not in the regular pastorate, but as evangelist, and he did not join the Conference until 1838. He also added to his religious work the profession of teaching. His schools were subscription schools, and often evening classes were held for the benefit of those who could not attend by day.

He was also an ardent temperance worker. At nearly every school he organized a "temperance band" and labored to build up a sentiment against the use of intoxicating liquors. During the early part of his career as evangelist, teacher, and temperance agitator, he became connected with the educational movement which has given him a personal interest to all Trinity men]:

"In the latter part of the year 1837, I was invited by several gentlemen in the neighborhood of Trinity College, to

teach a school in that community; after some deliberation, I consented.

“Early in the spring of 1838, I opened a school in a house known as Brown’s Schoolhouse. This house was located about three-quarters of a mile from the place where Trinity College now stands. It was a very inferior building, built of round logs, and covered with common boards. The floor was laid with puncheons and slabs. The chimney was made of wood with a little or no clay in it, tapering up in the form of a partridge trap. The hearth was dirt, and the whole in bad repair; for when it rained it was with difficulty that the books and papers could be kept dry. This house was entirely too small to accommodate the students; consequently we were necessitated to erect a bush arbor in front of the south door, and part of the students were under the arbor and part in the house.

“As soon as the farmers had laid by their crops, the citizens met in order to select a place to build a better house. A committee was appointed, as well as I recollect, to select a suitable site; and after examining several places, the place where Trinity College now stands was finally chosen as the most convenient situation, and in a few weeks a log building 30x20 ft. was erected.

“Early in the month of August, we moved from Brown’s Schoolhouse to the one just completed. We commenced teaching in this new building with sixty-nine students. It was soon ascertained that this building, though much larger and far superior to the one we had just left, was inadequate to accommodate our present number of students.

“The first examination held in this new building was in the spring of 1839. Previous to this examination, I had resolved to attempt to establish a permanent institution of learning at this place, based upon an Education Association, and with a view of reaching the common walks of life with a more thorough education than had been previously afforded them. I consulted one man only, namely, Mr. Jabez Leach,

with regard to this plan, previous to the examination. During the examination which lasted two days, I was requested by several citizens to deliver a public lecture; the time fixed upon for it was the second day, immediately after dinner. My theme was, 'The importance of establishing a permanent institution of learning of high grade at this place.' The lecture having closed, I presented the plan I had previously arranged, which was approved by all. A subscription was then taken up for the purpose of erecting a suitable building. Between three and four hundred dollars were then subscribed. A committee consisting of three; viz., General Alexander Gray, J. M. Leach and the writer was appointed to draft a constitution and By-laws for the government of the Association. The meeting then adjourned to meet some ten or twelve days hence at which time the committee was requested to report.

“‘UNION INSTITUTE EDUCATIONAL SOCIETY.’”

“At the time appointed, the people of the neighborhood met at the place designated in order to organize an Educational Society, and to do such other things as might be deemed important in advancing the interest of the Institution. Up to this time the Institution had a “local habitation,” but no name. The principal of the School was requested to give it a name; the name which he gave it was Union Institute, which name it held till it became Normal College. The Institution was located between two populous neighborhoods, the one on the South, called Hopewell, the inhabitants of which were generally Methodists; the other on the north, Springfield, whose inhabitants were principally Quakers. The object in naming it Union Institute, was to unite these two neighborhoods in the interest of the school. This was happily effected.

“The Committee appointed to draft a Constitution, reported; each member having drawn a draft separately; and, from these several Drafts, a Constitution was formed and

adopted. The Association thus formed, was denominated "Union Institute Educational Society." General Alexander Gray was chosen President; J. M. Leach, Esq., Secretary. The names of the other officers not recollected. The Principal of the school (B. York) was requested to act as Agent for the Society.

"The Society resolved to erect a frame building fifty feet by twenty-five, one story, with an eight foot passage through the centre, dividing the building into two rooms of equal size. Each room to have two fire-places. The rooms were entered from doors opening from the passage. A building committee was now chosen to carry into effect the resolution of the Society.

"The Constitution provided that the Principal and all the officers of the Society should be elected annually by ballot.

"This organization was the beginning or origin of what is now Trinity College.

"The fourth of July, 1839, was set apart by the Educational Society for laying the corner stone of the proposed building. On that occasion a large concourse of people assembled and were addressed by Julian E. Leach, Esq., J. M. Leach, Esq., and the principal of the Institution.

"This was a day of feasting and gladness, full of hope and prospect.

"The work was soon commenced, and before cold weather the building was completed and the school removed into it, and the former building was occupied by the Principal and his family. The Institution was now in a flourishing condition, and, in the new building, the students found ample room and excellent accommodation. Sometime in the spring of 1840, date not recollected, the Union Institute Educational Society held its annual meeting. At this meeting two candidates, the present Principal and Rev. Franklin Harris, offered their services as principal. The election resulted in the reelection of the former, by an almost unanimous vote, only one against.

“In the Spring of 1841, the Educational Society held its third annual meeting. Two candidates again offered their services, namely, the former principal and Mr. John D. Clancy. The former Principal was re-elected by a very large majority—(only two votes for Clancy).

“During this year the Rev. Braxton Craven, a young man of some nineteen or twenty entered the school, and soon after was employed as an assistant teacher, and continued to officiate in that capacity till the resignation of the Principal. The school continued to flourish; the number of students falling under fifty, but it generally far exceeded that number.

“Early in the year 1842, I (the principal) was elected the Principal of Clemons ville High School, male and female; and, for reasons which will be given hereafter, accepted the position, and, in due time, notice was given to the Educational Society that I would not be a candidate at their next annual meeting.

“According to the arrangement made between Mr. Craven and myself he was to go with me to Clemons ville, and still officiate as Assistant teacher; but as the time drew near for the election of another Principal, and no candidate offered his services, some of the leading members of the Society, inquired of me as to the fitness of Mr. Craven for the Principal. Though I was anxious for him to go with me, yet such was his studious habit, and his ability to learn, that I willingly recommended him as a suitable person for that position; consequently he was chosen principal at the ensuing election, and has continued there from that time till the present (June 20, 1876), except two years during the war, during which time he was stationed in Raleigh, Edenton Street Church.

“So faithfully and ably has Mr. Craven discharged the duties thus devolved upon him that the most sanguine expectations concerning him have been more than realized, and Trinity College today ranks among the best literary institutions of the country.

THE ASPIRANT TEACHERS.

“Mr. Isaiah Ingold was my first assistant teacher. He officiated in this capacity for the greater part of 1838. Miss Irena Leach, now Mrs. Braxton Craven, succeeded him, and continued to render such aid as was needed, till Mr. Craven was employed in that capacity, as has already been noticed. The school during its academical career was both male and female.

WHY I LEFT UNION.

“There were reasons sufficiently strong for my resignation, to satisfy my own mind that the course pursued was proper, though I do not know that it would be of any practical utility to the public for these reasons to be disclosed; but because I could not hold my position any longer was not, as some have intimated, any part of the reason why I left; for I was repeatedly and strongly urged to continue; nor was it a decline of patronage; for this was not the case. The work of the four years spent at Union Institute was truly onerous; my faculties both mental and physical having been taxed to their utmost capacity, I not only had a large school to superintend; but, also as agent, I had the funds to collect for carrying on the work, and, then, I was hearing recitations on four subjects which I had not studied; consequently I was necessitated to prepare at night for the recitations of the next day. It was there and then that my vision began to fail, and from that time till now, I have had to contend with defective vision or total blindness.

“I have written this hasty sketch entirely from memory, having no statistics at hand; consequently there may be some slight errors as to terms and dates; but I believe the general statements are substantially true. There may be found, I suppose, in the archives of Trinity College, the Secretary's book, which contains the proceedings of Union Institute Society from its first organization in 1839 till my resignation.”



M. A. BRIGGS, - - - - - EDITOR-IN-CHIEF.
 GILMER SILER, - - - - - ASSOCIATE EDITOR.

THE SEMI-CENTENNIAL.

Fifty years have passed since the foundation of what is now Trinity College. Looking back over the growth of this institution from the vantage point of the present, it is not without some degree of pride and satisfaction that we feel these fifty years to be fifty years of remarkable progress. From an historical standpoint this year marks the end of the first great epoch in the life of the College, and, as we believe, the beginning of a much greater period. It may not be considered in the best of taste for us to express here lavish praise of our College, yet we feel that the nature of the occasion is sufficient excuse for an expression of our pride in her past, our belief in the strength of her present, and our confidence in the brightness of her future. When an educational institution is able to maintain extraordinarily broad and high ideals of life and scholarship and athletics for the half of a century, forging a way through numerous difficulties to a worthy position, one may well congratulate himself on being identified with such an institution.

We are glad to devote space in this issue of the ARCHIVE to one article which deals with the founding of Union Institute out of which Trinity College grew.

RE-UNIONS.

It is always a pleasant sight to see the graduates of a college gathered around her at commencement. We would that more classes might be able to hold reunions on these occasions.

Look at those old fellows of the class of eighty-odd gathered together out there on the campus, talking over the unforgettable college episodes, bringing back memories of struggles and triumphs grown dearer with the passage of the years, enjoying a good joke still, and still feeling that same loyalty to their *alma mater*. There's old Tom, once the greatest lady's man in his class and never satisfied unless devoting himself to half a dozen girls, and who now devotes himself to one and is still satisfied! There's Dick, recognized as the prince of good fellows in his college days, entertaining the crowd with an oft-repeated version of an escapade in which he had gained fame in the estimation of the students and notoriety in the estimation of his professors. There's Harry, a trifle gray-haired, yet with much of the enthusiasm he had when the champion athlete of the College. These and others chat gayly until a carriage decorated with blue banners and ribbons passes by, at the sight of which the jolly fellows break into the old College yell.

Such sights as these are always inspiring, to the old students themselves and to the undergraduates and visitors who watch them with sympathetic interest. We can imagine few things more pleasant than for every class of graduates to have such reunions at their old college as often as possible.

A FINAL WORD.

Feeling that this is the best available opportunity, the editors take this occasion to express their thanks and appreciation to those who, whether as members of the staff or as contributors, have rendered such good service to the magazine during the year. We also gladly acknowledge our indebtedness to the members of the Fortnightly Club, and especially to its president for their coöperation.

In relinquishing our connection with the ARCHIVE we do so with much confidence in the efforts of those who succeed us, and with the most sincere wishes for their success.



Literary Notes

PEARLE LEOLA BRINSON, - - - -

MANAGER.

In M. Harry R. Tremont's new book, *Les Inciviles*, we have a unique specimen of criticism which is calculated to make the ordinary self-satisfied American open his eyes in astonishment. As its title indicates, the book is written in French, and is dedicated to "Americans who are too refined to live in their own country." The narrative is largely concerned with amorous adventures, of a not over-delicate nature in which the American heroine, Miss Maud Lettuceflirt, plays a prominent role. What concerns us, however, is not the plot of the story, but rather M. Tremont's manner of depicting American character and life. He has discovered that the inhabitants of the United States are little better than the Apaches, lacking not only ancestors, but all other ornaments and graces of civilization. He describes them as cruel, treacherous and hypocritical. He even takes issue with the massive jaw and objects to the smooth-shaven chin which to his super-sensitiveness too closely resembles the valets of the Old World.

His picture of the American woman can hardly be said to be idealized. She appears to him in her youth as undeniably beautiful, after the "type Gibson," but possessed only of the one consuming passion—"le flirt"—making sport of the noblest and most sacred emotions. Miss Lettuceflirt represents this type of woman in his book. She is a deliberate, heartless coquette who fascinates the young Marquis, George de Brehau, a youthful scion of the old noblesse and an ardent lover, a gentle spirit in spite of the fact that he is already

suffering from the wounds received as a soldier in Morocco, and after having won his devotion cruelly casts him aside like a broken toy. The elderly American woman is typified by Mrs. Weathercock, a native of Massachusetts, but spending most of her time in Paris where she acts as benefactress of American candidates for grand opera, daughters of baseball players and the like. She is also of a fickle disposition, at first protecting the poor Marquis and then casting him off as a useless encumbrance. The American man is unhesitatingly qualified as a brute, hardly human, unless he happens to be drunk.

M. Tremont is tormented by no doubts as to his ability to treat his subject accurately and exhaustively, for has he not seen and known Americans, who were too refined for their own country, seeking solace and diversion in foreign lands? Besides, he has read the journals which discuss American society, has adventured quite across the ocean, seen Boston, Cambridge, and Harvard College, and has even penetrated several miles into the wilds of Massachusetts, and spent a day in New York. Add to this that he has witnessed that culmination of barbarism—a football game—and one can hardly question his thorough qualification to deal with American life and uncivilization! *Les Inciviles* is a French book, written in the French language for the French people and American expatriates, but it will doubtless afford much amusement and information to the average American who should take the trouble to peruse it.

The great industrial question of unemployment in England has recently been studied, and treated by Mr. W. H. Beveridge in his book entitled *Unemployment, a Problem of Industry*, which, although it deals with facts as they exist in England exclusively, is yet significant for men of other nations as the underlying principles are of general application, and show to what they will finally arrive unless some

policy for the positive prevention of it be discovered and applied. Mr. Beveridge does not offer a satisfactory solution to the perplexing problem, he himself admits the lack of finality in his answer and the reader questions the real advantage to be gained by following the courses suggested by the author. The real value of the book lies in the complete and fair presentation and analysis of the facts and causes of unemployment. He bases his treatment upon the present regime and essentially defends the existing industrial organization, suggesting no practical solution of the difficulty, thus leaving himself open to attack from the Socialist standpoint. This sphinx-riddle of industry is one of the most important as well as perplexing questions of modern life, and no small measure of gratitude will be due the man who finally presents a satisfactory solution of the difficult problem.

Two books of poems have recently been produced, strikingly similar in title and arrangement, both of which revert to the ancient Greek for inspiration and to a certain extent for a model. We refer to the collection of poems brought out by Mrs. Edith Wharton under the title *Artemis to Actaeon* and that of Mr. Maurice Hewlett called *Artimision, Idylls, and Songs*. Mrs. Wharton's volume is divided into three parts, of which the first contains several poems in blank verse, the second a number of sonnets, and the last a collection of miscellaneous lyrical works. As the name indicates, several of the poems are founded on old Greek legends and myths dealing with Artemis, the immortal virgin, and her lover, Actaeon. The verses are characterized by a rare felicity of phrase, and display all the grace and loveliness of the intellect combined with careful work and polish. As a whole the book must be considered an academic production, displaying exquisite form and poetic conception, but entirely lacking in strong and passionate appeal to the emotions.

Mr. Hewlett's book is only a little more voluminous than Mrs. Wharton's. Here we find a series of three long poems

of irregular form, followed by a group of sonnets, which are in turn followed by lyrics. The knowledge of the early Grecian myth, as betrayed by this author, is essentially the same as that shown by Mrs. Wharton's verse. In two or three poems Mr. Hewlett has made use of a meter of singular quality, but which, when read as if they were written in prose, according to his own direction, has a simple dignity and beauty very pleasing to the ear. The two books, when taken together, are especially interesting as treating a similar theme from the standpoint of a man and a woman.



Wayside Wares

J. N. COLE, JR.,

MANAGER.

THE ETERNAL QUEST.

Every one of us at some time in our childhood was possessed of an almost consuming desire to catch a bird and "hold it in my hand." Do you recall the days when you watched the humming-bird buzzing and darting among the flowers of the garden and lawn. How you stared motionless and open-mouthed at the tiny wondrous creature as it shot from blossom to blossom, now a mere flash of color, now standing in mid air, its delicate wings invisible in their rapid motion. How you longed to catch it and have it all your own. And do you recall the day some one so kindly let you in the secret of putting salt on the bird's tail. Surely you would catch one now, and all that day you sneaked cat-like after them, full of eager expectancy with a hand full of salt. So many times you barely missed the coveted prize. So many times you were almost sure that some had landed squarely on its tail, but surely not, else you would have caught it. Even after dark, when you realize that the day had been spent in vain, you never thought of doubting the power of the salt, the fault was all your own.

This lesson of salting the bird's tail has not been learned by all, however, for a great many people go through the world today with a hand full of salt, waiting for the Bird of Paradise to come and perch at arm's length and quietly submit to a salting. They have never realized that here at least, salt has lost its savor.

SKETCHES.

I.

It was Memorial Day. The spacious auditorium was packed to its utmost capacity, the day was hot and sultry, and the animal heat which every person seemed to fairly radiate rendered the temperature almost unbearable. The veterans were seated in a body in the center section, and the children, a restless seething mass, were crowded on the sides. The speaker, himself a veteran of the Civil War, had just been introduced. It was an impressive moment. He arose with difficulty and advanced with slow uncertain steps. He greeted his comrades and began at once to tell the story of the war, familiar, yes, but it will ever thrill. Look at these men, these grey-haired, battered giants, their faces deep-furrowed with the lines which sorrow, struggle, and years of hellish battle had traced. Their eyes, though dimmed by age, were still lit up by the fire of grim defiance and a courage which had sent them fearless to the very mouth of thundering cannon. They still retained that "Charge Hell with a bucket of water" spirit, which at times had brought them victory when only death seemed possible. Their hands were gnarled and knotty, their faces tanned, their shoulders bent and stiff; yet when one looked he felt that truly these were the men of the nation. All honor to these lingering heroes of the thin grey line, thin, and fading fast. Their hearts are still warm with love for their Southland, a love latent, though ready at any moment to burst into flame.

The speaker's story grew on him more and more. The perspiration streamed from his brow, his voice trembled with emotion, his thin hands shook, he pitched into a higher key. The hearts of his hearers were with him too, for their necks were strained and tense, and they seemed to be held spell-bound by the story which fell from his lips—the story of the war.

But not so with the children. They could not understand

the old man who kept speaking and much less those men who kept listening with such eager attention and such profound silence. They grew restless and figity, they whispered and giggled. One little girl who had tried very hard finally became desperate, she slipped back into her seat, let go the flower she had long held so tightly, and said seriously, "I ain't going to clap for him."

II.

"Stand aside, call the next defendant," said the Chief as he spun around in his chair and looked at the clerk and a motley row of prisoners and witnesses, who were waiting their turns.

"Sandy Covington," called the clerk, and a long, lean, rather quizzical looking individual, shuffled up to the seat just vacated. Sandy had red hair, a red face, and a bristling red mustache, yet he looked much unlike a prisoner, for his eyes sparkled good naturedly, and in spite of intense seriousness the lines made by frequent smiling were still visible. "You are charged with selling whiskey," said the Chief, sternly. Sandy took his seat without a word. He was up against it now and he knew it. A hundred thoughts flashed through his mind, he had a vivid picture of long monotonous days on the roads, of lonesome nights, and of the stifling heat of the cells in the approaching summer, and back of it all a vague haunting vision of a wife and six children at home without meat and meal.

The witnesses were called and examined. The evidence was drifting strongly against him. The last witness even testified that Sandy had at one time bought as much as ten gallons of whiskey. Clearly no one man would buy ten gallons at a time for personal use. "That will do," interrupted the Chief. "Has the defendant anything to say?" he turned to Sandy with a piercing look. "Has the prisoner anything to say?" he questioned. Sandy motioned to the retiring witness who halted, and as he waited Sandy's brain

was working, working faster than ever before. Yet in spite of the tumult within him there still remained a vague, hazy vision of wife and children with nothing to eat. To all appearances, however, he was the same Sandy, except for the almost bloodless hands which clenched the chair.

"You say you seen me when I got it, did you?" "Naw, I never seen you, but I knows you got it," said the witness fiercely. "Well, right thar's where I got you; you has to swar in this hear court, and if you hain't seen me then you can't swar." The witness looked at the Chief and the Chief looked at Sandy, they both knew that he had won. That night he went home sober for the first time in many a day, and a free man.

THE ARGUMENT AGAINST IT.

"Yassah, ef it hadn't er been fer dis heah probition I'd er had a plum good job right now," said Uncle Harvey, with emphasis. "I ain't use to no sech doings. My old marster use to take his dram ever day, an' he'd allus give me one jes' as regular as he tuck his'n." Well it's not prohibition, Uncle Harvey, if you would let liquor alone you would be all right. "Naw suh, naw suh! hits dis heah probition; ain't I done had my dram ever day now fer gwine on forty yeah and dis hear de fust time hits give me any trouble.' "

It seems that Uncle Harvey had for many years been sexton of a church. Its congregation was made up largely of the old-time people who still lived together almost as before the war. Harvey swept it on special occasions and in cold weather started the fire. These two duties constituted the main bulk of his labor. Every Saturday night he made a trip to town and brought back a jug of liquor. All went well till the State went dry, and Harvey could get liquor for neither love nor money. Occasionally a good member gave him a dram, but they were few and far between; he couldn't stand the strain. One Saturday, instead of setting out for

town as usual, he went to the church, unlocked it, and went in. The next morning when the minister arrived he found the church open, but no Harvey; he called, but received no answer. Arriving at his study in the rear of the building he was greeted by the sight of old Harvey stretched full length on the floor dead drunk. Every drop of the church wine was gone. Uncle Harvey was a good church member, but the thirst had him and would not let go. So when the good sisters got some new wine they got a new sexton also. Uncle Harvey would tell you now that prohibition ruined him.

CAN YOU GUESS?

BY E. S. M'INTOSH.

Oh, it would break your heart to think
 How Hubby grinds and sweats
 To pony up the cash for all
 The diamonds Wifey gets!

And Hubby needs must work a month
 To duplicate the pile,
 That Wifey lost this afternoon
 At cards with Count de Style!

Wifey's at the ball tonight,
 While Hubby's keeping Baby;
 Jones is making love to her,
 And She's indignant—maybe.

Don't you think that Hubby's nice,
 Thus at home to wait,
 And keep the Kid and Governess,
 While Wifey goes the gait?

But, say, if Wife came early home,
 Dear Reader, can you guess,
 Which would she find her Hubby keeping,
 The Kid, or Governess?



Editors Table

H. C. DOSS,

MANAGER.

A GENERAL CRITICISM.

A cursory view of the college publications of the South brings in glimpses of a trend of tendencies which on the whole are commendable and bespeak rapid progress in worth and efficiency. With the larger institutions, articles of merely local interest are increasingly unpopular. Not only because ideas truly enjoyable are so in many localities, but also because in elevation of theme, the contributors are uniting for improvement. This rise of the tide of subject standards has not been unstrewn with wreckage; for wretched collapses are inevitable to seafaring powers unsuited to the task of piloting their craft through such perilous currents. But the swell, in spite of this, has brought in far more richly laden vessels than the monotonous commonplaces could float.

It is subject for the critic to investigate these shortcomings and to propose the soundest practices for their elimination. Throughout the history of Southern collegiate journalism, it cannot be said that a serious critical attitude among its writers was in harmony with the mass of material. To rise to a point of judicious discrimination and selection was impossible in the judgment of trifles. The very subject under observation was sufficient to steep with mediocrity any attention which might be hazarded it. But without risking untimely compliments upon the present outlook, it may be conservatively viewed with hope and confident expectation. The vital processes are surely at work, which, if they are not yet come to perfect fruitage, can still presage it with their pledges.

By some this magazine has been allotted spacious apartments in the edifice where these omens are to materialize. Not to be fitfully solicitous for the realization of these hopes, but constant in aggression, must be the attitude for their accomplishment. How far short of hoped for ends reality comes is a painful spur whose bricks are felt more keenly by no one than by those who essay to be responsible for success. However the increased recognition from competent judges, which our college periodicals are receiving, is quite enough to renew confidence and produce more sanguine views.

If the Southland is to produce winners of real power, it is but just to look among the writings in her colleges and universities for indexes of this strength; for under the conditions of our temperament, and social and intellectual status, judged from indications of history, it will be in these institutions that a vigorous literary activity will be nurtured. With this in view the college magazine takes on new meaning. Its dignity and importance may rise beyond all limitations. It can be made the seat of vital heart-throbs to give expression to deep moving impulses that are to raise us in due time to a loftier output of literary effort. We are no longer mere scribblers in a maze of crude provincialities, but may be, if our courage fail not, the founders of possibilities upon which may rise the elegance of far-reaching certitudes. S.



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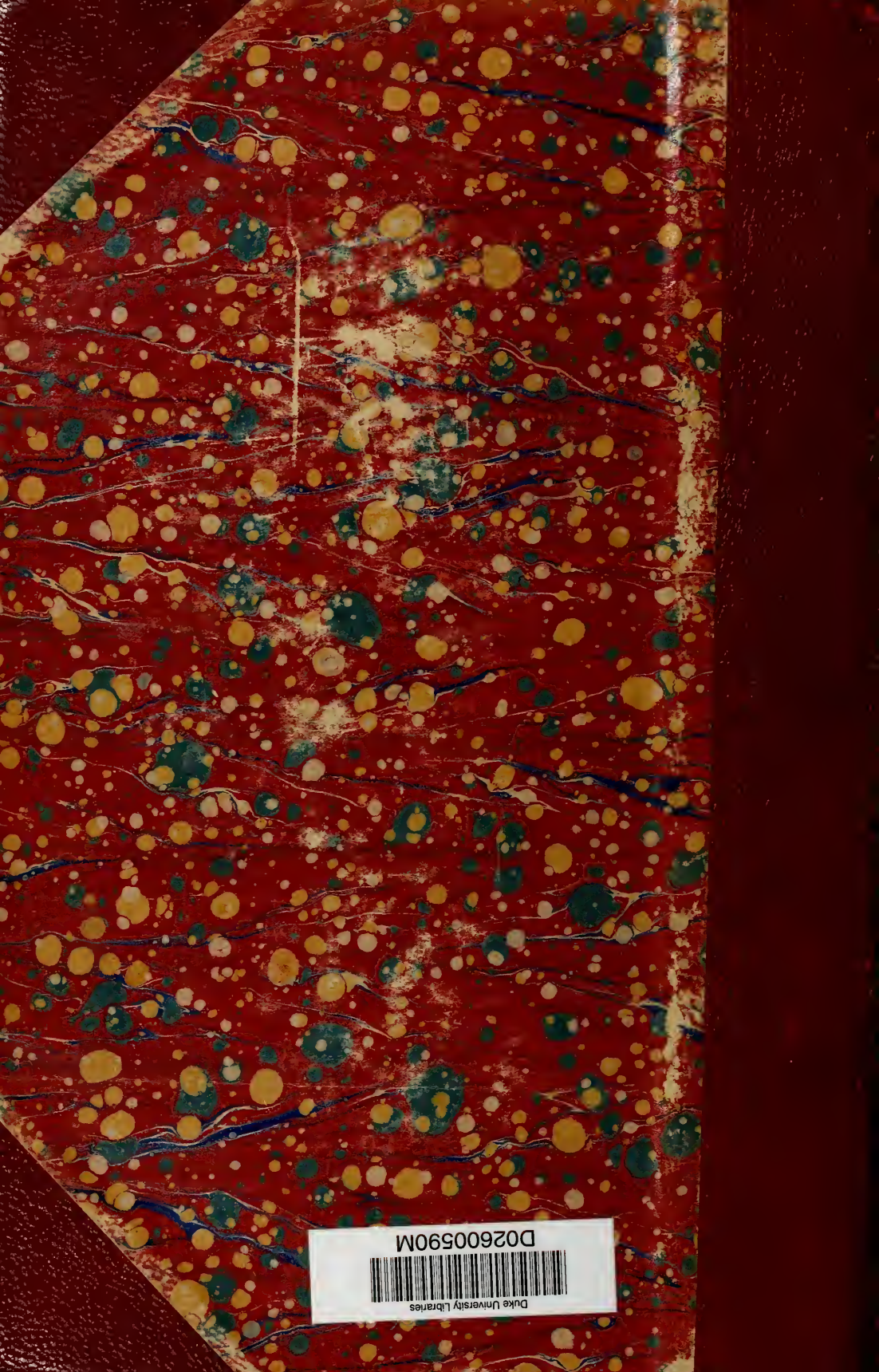


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